

The Cruellest Year

Assemblage 23

The cruelest year
Stole lives too young
And many more still
In the balance hung

We couldn't breath
Try as we might
Fragile as feedback
Hopeless as the night

But the course has run
The damage done
The slate wiped clean again

The cruelest year
Tore loves apart
Its greedy fingers
Rending blameless hearts

This empty space
Where once loved dwelled
Razed to foundations
Left an empty shell

But the course has run
The damage done
The slate wiped clean again

The cruelest year
Left us behind
The mangled wreckage
Of our lives entwined

We bore the scares
Mistakes we made
The walking wounded
In a grim parade

But the course has run
The damage done
The slate wiped clean again