

Concentric circles
Forever closing in
Another travesty
That never should have been

The latest entry
On an ever-growing list
And yet you never change your ways
Your denial still persists

Run away, run away
Run away from the setting sun
Run away, run away
Run away from the things you've done

With accusing fingers
You jut into the air
To single out the ones
You blame for your despair

But the mirror's broken
No reflection can it afford
Only scattered glances
Of its pieces on the floor

Run away, run away
Run away from the setting sun
Run away, run away
Run away from the things you've done

The ground beneath you
Will crumble into dust
The breath that forms your words
Will never fill your lungs

And as your senses dull
A thought enters your mind
"I'm that one who caused all this
there was no one else this time"

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Run away from the setting sun
Run away, run away
Run away from the things you've done