History (Repeats Itself)

A.O.S

History repeats itself
Coiling down into the future
When it's one second to twelve
The hands touch and follow deeperHistory repeats itself
I didn't learn, I wouldn't listen
I couldn't see the books were on the shelf
For my good sense, I never missed 'emWish I was standing by the shore
Feel the wind blow in my face
See the waves roll in for an encore
They take a bow, they know their placeI do not want, I do not feel
I've turned away in myself
I can't find anything that's real
But history repeats itself

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