

# 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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