

# Anthem

## Assemblage 23

We are born of stone  
And etched by wind  
Cast aside to live or die  
We are the pawns in our own game Like refugees  
Of silent wars  
We step on ever-shifting ground  
Promoting what we undermine For countless days  
We walked alone  
Directionless and vulnerable  
Sitting targets wearing smiles No one of us will go unscathed  
By private battles we have braved  
A vicious circle we have built  
Constructed from our shame and guilt The flags we wave  
Are set afire  
To warm the bones of infant dreams  
Even as our present is set ablaze The tinderbox  
We sit upon  
Decays in churning mists of fog  
And crumbles down into the sea No one of us will go unscathed  
By private battles we have braved  
A vicious circle we have built  
Constructed from our shame and guilt We lie embraced  
In the arms of dawn  
The fading echoes of pointless time  
Statuettes of Ignorance And even as  
The clock hand sweeps  
We pay no mind to where we are  
Surely we're not allowed to die No one of us will go unscathed  
By private battles we have braved  
A vicious circle we have built  
Constructed from our shame and guilt

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