

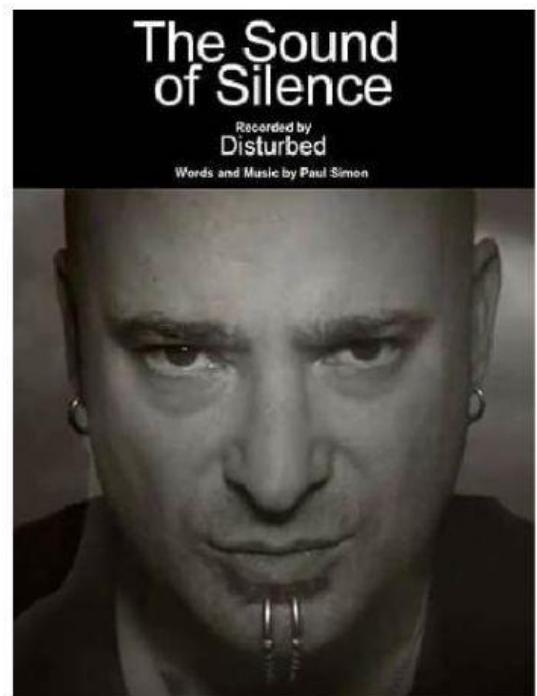
The Sound of Silence

Disturbed

Hello darkness, my old mate / friend
I've come to talk with you today / again
Because a vision softly creeping / coming
Left its seeds while I was sleeping / dreaming
And the vision that was planted in my brain / head
Still remains
Within the sound of raindrops / silence

In restless dreams I walked down / alone
Narrow streets / squares of cobblestone
'Neath the halo of a street tower / lamp
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed
by the flash of a neon lamp / light
That split the night
And touched the sound of silence / darkness

And in the naked light I watched / saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more
People talking without speaking / words
People hearing without sounds / listening
People writing songs that voices always / never share
No one dared
Disturb the sound of darkness / silence



"Fools" said I, "You do not know
Silence like a cancer looks / grows
Hear my words that I might tell / teach you
Take my arms that I might reach you"
But my words like tiny / silent raindrops fell
And echoed in the wells of water / silence



And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon god they made / created
And the sign flashed out its warning
In the sentences / words that it was forming
And the sign said, "The words of the prophets
Are written on the subway doors / walls
And tenement halls"
And whispered in the sounds of silence

SILENCE IS
A TRUE FRIEND
WHO NEVER BETRAYS.

CONFUCIUS