

Sleeping, The "Broadcast Silence"

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It's cold tonight. The silver poles,
like icicles, stuck to our skin and won't let go.
And these seats alone might as well be covered up with
a foot of snow because getting up seems so difficult.
As sad as it seems to me just sitting down, witnessing
a silence come back.
Why can't everything be alright?
To get away, run. With these walls so dark and I am
calling out.
Reactions through airwaves, stronger, silence.
The anger is swarming, a sickness,
a fault, never again will I try.
To see through the faults of hopeless lives failing to
shine.
Single file lines leading to nowhere.
Falling like flies landing in an order.
But without this the world wouldn't turn.

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