

Canon

"No One Speaks Out Loud"

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Willows weep from winds to swoon
Pulling boughs from whence they loomed.

Laughter seared sounds from afar,
Lacking joy yet squalled with scars.

Land where no one speaks out loud.. is ours.

Banshees cry of grave impend
Stories wander to their end.

Lies a final resting place
Seal our fate within it's gates.

Land where no one speaks out loud.. awaits.

Seal our fate within its gates

Land where no one speaks out loud.. awaits

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