

Dickies

"The Sounds Of Silence"

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Hello darkness, my old friend. I've come to talk with
you again.
Because a vision softly creeping left its seeds while I
was sleeping
and the vision that was planted in my brain still remains
within the sound of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone, narrow streets of
cobblestone
'neath the halo of a street lamp, I turned my collar to
the cold and damp
when my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light
that split the night and touched the sound of silence.

And in the naked light I saw ten thousand people,
maybe more.
People talking without speaking, people hearing
without listening.
People writing songs that voices never shared, no one
dared disturb the sound of silence.

"Fools," said I, "you do not know, silence like a cancer
grows.

Hear my words that I might teach you, take my arms
that I might reach you."
But my words like silent raindrops fell and echoed in
the wells of silence.

And the people bowed and prayed to the neon god
they made
and the sign flashed out its warning in the words that it
was forming.
And the sign said "The words of the prophets are
written on the subway walls
and tenement halls and whispered in the sound of
silence."

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