

Karate "Cacaphony"

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Don't say a word Not because I know what you mean
Not because I've heard you say this before But in this
semblance of Democracy It's like vacuum for what you
overheard Don't say a word Don't call me back Not
because I'm busy watching TV on my day off And you
might startle me with rational words Contradicting all
the things that I've heard So don't call me back Now a
word is tense and bare Like a trigger just a hair away
from being pulled You know I can't pretend to know
how this is going to end But don't you feel like you're
being fooled? Yet you don't say a word Are you at
work? I called this morning but I guess I was late Now
we're both waiting for the day that the dreams wane
With possibilities permanently sealed Atrophied after
their purpose revealed: To keep you at work Have you
gone out? I called but the place was too loud
Cacophony, I couldn't make out If you wanted me over
tonight Another private tease as sense comes by
daylight? Or we could go out Nouns pass for narration
and camp sights for nations But you're just driving out
of range You struggle with phone, but it doesn't matter,
I'm not home Besides, I've got nothing to say Don't say
a word

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