

Kylesa

"Between Silence And Sound"

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In absentia, without sound
Attribute wisdom to a still tongue
Breathe in stale air to heal all wounds.
We see the end. We see the end.
See the same lines and where they divide
Feeds on itself. The weakness collides,
Too late for thought when it's ignored
We see the end before it begins.
Blood of ignorance continues to reign
It's automatic. The process, the gain.
On silent hands with silent demands.
We see the end. We see the end.
Procrastination is a fledgling friend.
Imperfection as a gulse.
Automation has failed again.
We see the end.

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