

## Scrubs

### "Her Silence"

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Eyes of sienna muse and dance  
To our tune of subtle romance  
Exchanging of conversing stares  
Casts a tune so potent, so rich, so rare  
Eyes that speak whispering words and more  
Gentle images opens dream's door  
So graphically elicit so delicately explicit  
Is your beauty and every gaze

Trapped in this routine so shapeless  
But I can't let myself speak nonsense  
Such a trivial thing those first words  
And who am I but a songless bird

[pre-chorus]  
Forever in need of substance  
But won't find it in that empty dance

[chorus]  
You deserve so much more  
I want to give what I adore  
My heart bleeds it's bloodied tune  
A silent serenade for you

Can't find the words to articulate  
A fantastic text to saturate  
With these words I shall release myself  
From your eyes to be never confined

I can't speak empty words  
So is silence the option?  
The comforting warmth of absent phrase  
Trust in the quite dignity of sight

Where are the impeccable lines?  
Where are golden stanzas, surreal?  
The couplets of rich poetry?  
Dancing words of passion and romance?

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