

Tribute To Nothing

"Silent Symbols"

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We communicate,
With silent symbols,
A dozen witnesses to see,
The spectacle,
Of words and speech signs,
And motions,
A quiet warnings misinterpreted,
Cut out then discarded,
A minor thought,
A separated conscience,
Calculated separated conscience.

You think I have,
A secret meaning,
But it's you,
That has the meaning,
You'll wait a long time,
For a reason.

And now these walls we build,
Around us crumble,
Piece by piece,
And then the puzzle piece falls,
A pattern formed and quickly written,
Written quickly,
A brand new fire to fuel our cause,
Experience it can't be defeated,
A great awareness misinterpreted,
Pain of mind against each other.

You think I have,
A secret meaning,
But it's you,
That has the meaning,
You'll wait a long time,
For a reason.

And if my thoughts made patterns,
Then maybe I could hold on.

