

Missing, The "Listen"

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"you can hear it in a world unseen
as it is stripped away by a vast killing machine
the earth is soaked with blood
and as the bodies mount i feel there is enough
of the silence

what is happening to our world?
don't know
and i ask you
is there any hope for our twisted world at all?
is there any hope for our desperate, twisted world?
full of silence

you can hear it in a city slum
or in the sharp report of a child's smoking gun
a virus sweeps the land
meanwhile another woman dies by her husband's hand
she is silenced

what is happening to our world?
don't know
and i ask you
is there any hope for our twisted world at all?
is there any hope for our desperate, twisted world?
full of silence

you can hear it in a child's cry
as a vulture sits and waits for her to die
you say there is a god
if there is i ask you
where is your god now?
he is silent

and their bellies are empty
and their eyes are full
of a life they lost
and a hope they never had
the streets they call their home
tell me, why is it that we cannot feed our own?

the meek shall perish

there's nothing to inherit
unless there's change
we are drowning
in the silence

listen
listen to the sound of silence
listen
listen"

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