

I like A Noise

Dying Passion

I like a noise of my choice,
The lullaby of my mother's voice,
The chirping of birds as they rejoice,
The staping of the candidates in poise

Can you hear it?
Can you hear that noise?
Can you hear it?
Can you hear that noise?
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Can you hear that noise?
Can you hear it?

I like a noise in rythmic melodies,
The rattling of the rain in synchrony,
The crashing of waves in my balcony,
The rushing of the wind in the canopy.

Can you hear it?
Can you hear that noise?
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The human heart has hidden treasures,
In secret kept, in silence sealed,
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,
Whose charms were broken if revealed?

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I like a noise to signal life,
The boom of unforeseen brightness,
The whooping of boys' numbness,
So amusing - in the midst of strife.

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