

The Sound of Silence

Garou

Hello darkness, my old friend,
I've come to talk with you again,
Because a vision softly creeping,
Left its seeds while I was sleeping,
And the vision that was planted in my brain
Still remains
Within the sound of silence

In restless dreams I walked alone
Narrow streets of cobblestone,
neath the halo of a street lamp,
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of
A neon light
That split the night
And touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more
People talking without speaking,
People hearing without listening,
People writing songs
that voices never share
And no one deared
Disturb the sound of silence.

Fools said I, you do not know
Silence like a cancer grows
Hear my words that I might teach you,
Take my arms
that I might reach you
But my words like silent raindrops fell,
And echoed
In the wells of silence

And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon God they made
And the sign flashed out its warning,
In the words
that it was forming
And the signs said,
the words of the prophets
Are written on the subway walls
And tenement halls
And whisperd in the sounds of silence.