

## Broadcast Silence

### The Sleeping

It's cold tonight. The silver poles, like icicles, stuck to our skin and won't let go. And these seats alone might as well be covered up with a foot of snow because getting up seems so difficult. As sad as it seems to me just sitting down, witnessing a silence come back.

Why can't everything be alright? To get away, run. With these walls so dark and I am calling out.

Reactions through airwaves, stronger, silence.

The anger is swarming, a sickness, a fault, never again will I try. To see through the faults of hopeless lives failing to shine.

Single file lines leading to nowhere. Falling like flies landing in an order. But without this the world wouldn't turn.