

# Two Sides Of Silence

Linton Kwesi Johnson

To us  
Who were  
Of necessary birth  
For the earths hard  
And thankless toil  
Silence has no meaning  
There is never a feeling  
Of tranquility  
Or mere quietness  
Never a moment  
Of soundless calm  
From within or without  
Our troubled selves  
How can the clamor  
Of sounds be stilled?  
There is no void where  
Noises can collect  
And be made mute  
How indeed  
Can there be silence  
When our hearts beat out  
A sonorous beat  
Meeting the beating drums  
Of an African past  
When our eyes shed  
Solid tears of iron blood  
That falls on concrete ground  
Inside our ears  
Are the many wailing cries  
Of misery  
Inside our bodies  
The internal bleeding  
Of volcanoes  
Inside our heads  
The wrapped in thoughts  
Of rebellion  
How can there be calm  
When the storm is yet to come?  
This unending silence  
Taut, impervious, unbending  
Not lending an ear  
To the most delicate of sounds  
Awaits the blast of bombs  
Which man will explode  
To break this silent bond  
To (?)

To the use to create  
Hills of soft obedience  
Where sweet-clothed sounds  
Can rebound  
And their echoes glide  
Like a carefree bird  
In rhythmic calm  
To a mellow  
Pure, silent space

Songwriters

JOHNSON, LINTON KWESI

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