The Quiet

Harmjoy

Hear the Quiet
I strain my ears to hear the quiet
'Cause that's where
The answer lies.
If you can't understand
The meaning of my silence
Then how can you
Understand my words?
Heed the emptiness
Between the words.
In the absences of sound
Hide what should be heard.
Within the spaces lies the basis
Of destruction or seduction.
You want to be heard?
Be the whisperer. Be the whisperer.
Know what's true is rarely spoken.
It always remains unsaid.
The most to fear is not emotion
But silence inside your head.
Those who are most quiet
Are most eloquent.
The things that can't be heard
Are the most relevant.
The pause behind a breath.
The shadow after death
The silent crying.
The angel flying
You want to be heard?
Be the listener. Be the listener.
The sound of falling snow,
Quietness can be deafening
A wordless quarrel, so unsettling.
A stare across the room.
The air inside a tomb.
Silence unveils
The mind's complexity.

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