

In Silence

Panopticon

Lie beneath a cold blanket and watch the mountains sleep.

The train rolls by every hour, as I wake and dream.

The woods and the hills-faces so dear to me.

Frozen lakes, flatland snow, where I'm called I'll go. Such still quiet, then the whistle echoes.

My fragile sleep torn from me,
as many other things will be.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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