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.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/