

# The Oracle

## Still Phantoms

These lights are gone  
My ears hear no sound  
Folding between the skin and bone  
We will hear and know  
Folding back our ears  
And slow grows our heart  
Searching for, searching for  
Searching for the sound  
The secret in your eyes  
Is your voice dead to me?  
Or just too far away?  
Searching for the sound  
I?m listening  
When scenery is taken  
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