Silence

From Ashes Rise

No rest from the labor at the whip's end, when portraits of toil invade.
No rest from the stinging of the needles, when we covet their highs.We can't run from the swarm when we live in the hive,
and the game is soon lost when we pray to the skies.
We can't run from the storm under black clouded skies.
We can't run from the swarm when live in the hive.Are we deaf to the silence, or the roar of the machines,
or the hammering of the gavels, or the thunder of the crowds,
or the voices in our heads, or are we deaf from the silence?

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