

# Falling Upon Deaf Ears

## As I Lay Dying

The sound of silent voices surveying my thoughts  
Regularity defining perfection  
Neither sorrow nor contentment  
Whispering emptiness, frail words collapse  
My weight only stirs the ground  
How long can I hold your hand as you walk over graves  
You search for tears of compassion  
Yet find the comfort of winter  
Reassurance dead like the falling leaves  
Losing hope in your unchanging ways  
All of my strength cannot save you  
If you are unwilling to help yourself

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