Goddess Gagged

Solidarity

Oh God
The sound they must have heard in the distance
A wilderness of sound and movement
Repeating itself across the narrows of the mountainside
The cries of creatures crashing, kill them
The human voices heralding the hillside
Their bellows bouncing, ripe with resonance
From here the unimportant call
Receive the unimportant answer
Oh goddess, who bore us what we must have done
Goddess, who bore us what we must have done
Bury your daughter and pray for a son
The wind and the rain
(Oh goddess, who bore us what we must have done)
Spoke a language of wonder
(Bury your daughter and pray for a son)
To a species rising thickly to a dialog with thunder
From an empty space between no good with the rest
Clear the empty space between bad and worse
Language unravels and irony hurts, yeah
In the common place between hunger and thirst
The words that could find us, a blessing or curse
The words that can find us, the ideas diverse
Now can I hear the song without verse?
The sound, of the sound, of the sound
Of the sound, uttered first
With the burst into nothing so silent
So silent and soft
The sound, of the sound, of the sound, uttered first
Burst into nothing so smoothening and soft
The silence inside you when the music is stopped
The silence inside you when the music is stopped
When the music is stopped

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