

THE SOUND OF SILENCE

Hello darkness, my old friend,
I've come to talk to you again,
Because a vision softly creeping,
left its seeds while I was sleeping,
and the vision
that was planted in my brain
still remains
within the sound of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone,
narrow streets of cobblestone,
'neath the halo of a street lamp,
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
when my eyes were stabbed by the flash
of a neon-light
that split the night
and touched the sound of silence.

And in the naked light I saw
ten thousand people, maybe more.
People talking without speaking,
people hearing without listening.
People writing songs that voices
never share
and no one dare
disturb the sound of silence.

'Fools,' said I 'You do not know
silence, like a cancer, grows.
Hear my words that I might teach you,
take my arms that I might reach you'.
But my words
like silent raindrops fell
and echoed in the wells
of silence

And the people bowed and prayed
to the neon god they made.
And the sign flashed out its warning,
In the words that it was forming,
And the sign said, 'The words of the prophets
are written on the subway walls
and tenement halls',
And whisper'd in the sounds
of silence.