Hello, darkness, my old friend.

I've come to talk with 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 narow streets of cobble stone. '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 si-

tence.

And in the nak-
ed light I
saw ten thou-
sand people,
more, people talk-
ing without speak-
ing,
people hear-
ing without listen-
ing, people writ-
ing songs that voic-
es never share,
and no one dare dis-
rupt the sound of si-
tence.

"Fools", said I, "You do not
know si-

tence like a can-
cer grows. Har my words that I might teach you,
take my arms that I might reach you.

But my words like silent rain drops 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.

and the words that it was forming, and the sign said: "The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls

and电影节 halls, and whispered in the sound of silence.