

Abydos, Silence

One word in the cold
Can bid you a part of their closet
We call it the unseen room
Discovered with a breath

I can say we are not alone
They imitate our noises
Of cracking deals and screaming floors
To keep us innocent

They' re knocking at my door
My faith keeps them outside
But non stop are these noises
Of the silence in my head

I've waited for this moment
The hurting season before the tears
So bittersweet is burning
Before it disappears

Silence can tell me where to go
A golden hall of ghosts is in my head
Silence so individual
Can no one hear the voices
From another world

Did you ever feel a cold air in your chamber
Or you're aware of places where you've surely never been
Did you ever have a dream and suddenly remember
Reflecting databases from a stranger's memory

Then you received a message
of something you have heard
at last in languages of a child.
Cause only when you listen to
..wild.. wild wild
So bittersweet is burning
So bittersweet is burning
Before it disappears

Silence can tell me where to go
A golden hall of ghosts is in my head
Silence so individual
Can no one hear the voices
From another world

Oh so many faces crossing we have never seen
In a lonely city not unusual
Suddenly you meet a certain stranger day by day
May could be an angel or a seraphim

They're waiting for this moment
The hurting season before the tears
So bittersweet is burning
Before it disappears

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