

# Grant Hart, Remains To Be Seen

Supposing, too much to assume  
Saying nothing but speaking volumns  
Silence broken with shattering sounds  
Books for no one, where are they bound  
I can see the blind who are leading the blind  
Always somewhere somebody's leaving behind  
Tiny traces, evidence for us to find  
Just a moment only an outline  
No substance, no shred of belief  
Sweeping seconds and the smoke from burning leaves  
Suddenly they're carried away  
Written on, written off and tossed away  
I can hear the words that are spoken to me  
From a void of invisibility  
What they say is all they are trying to mean  
What is left is all that remains to be seen