

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