

# The Sleeping, Broadcast Silence

It's cold tonight. The silver poles, like icicles, stuck to our skin and won't let go. And these seats also  
Why can't everything be alright? To get away, run. With these walls so dark and I am calling out.  
Reactions through airwaves, stronger, silence.  
The anger is swarming, a sickness, a fault, never again will I try. To see through the faults of hope  
Single file lines leading to nowhere. Falling like flies landing in an order. But without this the world v