

# Theatre of Tragedy, Silence

This interference's shifting  
A soft accent cascading  
A second glimpse of falling TVs  
Draws me in too easily  
Some kind of nonchalance  
Contains my will to chance  
The avidity of youth  
The navety of you  
Somewhere where silence ended is where I reassemble  
My lens to take your photograph  
Which I throw away autographed  
And there's an illegal tender  
And there's a senseless sensor  
And there's a notion we don't need  
And they leave just like you  
Never come undone  
You deceive just like me  
Next to me  
Though I'll never even see you  
Next to you  
Never seen such beauty  
Two persons in a vista  
The third one says she's hollow  
A moist and lashing spoken tongue  
The words silent since I was young  
In the flickerlight we're interlaced and face to face  
Someone is blurring now, abiding time as I avow  
And there's a soft surrender  
And there's a stark contender  
And there are notions we do need  
I will never come undone