

Not Silent

Abney Park

From our darkened apartments
From our empty homes
From our lonely psyches
we want to be left alone.

Were we asking for this?
or were we singing alone?
And though we try to escape it,
Now were stuck on this throne.

kind voices are silenced,
fearful they'll offend.
While the evil are screaming,
their voices never end.

Were we asking for this?
or were we singing alone?
And though we try to escape it,
Now were stuck on this throne.

Chorus:

not silent, not violent, but not proud of it.

too tolerant, of intolerance, but afraid of it.