

Tiny Voices

Bad Religion

The brown and orange sky holds its breath
as the sun retreats to the distant horizon,
and our hearts palpitate anxiously as we soon will lay supine,
and wait for sleep to overcome us

And from somewhere in our black,
subconscious minds when we're asleep,
comes a haunting swelling mass of voices,
resonating, its screams of forgotten victims and the cries of i
nnocence,
and the desperate plea for recognition and recompense

Tiny voices, echoes of our heritage,
our long and sallow faces turn the other way,
tiny voices, harbored deep within
as we outwardly deny that they have something to say,
and if we don't confront them they will never go away

The billions of tiny pinhole embers fade into a morning sky
filled with poignant morose wonder,
waking, we bear a cosmetic peace that verifies the turmoil
which we carry deep inside