

Can you hear the silence we fill this room with? These
are the noises you will
never make, the melody for a deaf audience.
And I feel so naive to have believed in you and your so-
called innocence. I
was wrong. These are the thoughts you'll fight forever.
Can you hear the silence and your comforting passivity?
These are the words
you'll never hear, the message you will never get.
Wasting what is left.
Spitting my blood to the face of humanity. Wasting what
is left. I said it
before and I'll say it again.
And I feel so naive to have believed in you and your so-
called innocence. I
was wrong. Trying so hard to reach you; all in vain.
Useless.
Wasting my time on your polluted mind. These are the
noises you'll never make.
The melody for a deaf audience. Comforting yourself in a
passivity.
The revolt you will never endorse. In the end, I said if
before and I'll say
it again: we're better off dead.