The chaos of life
Calling in the twisting veins
Where lifeblood pumped and the children came to drink
Now blackened and dry
The husk of our existence
Lies parched and cracked on this barren land

## Silence

The stillness speaks of nothing
From the blank slate horizon to the ceiling of the sky
Life for life
The cacophony of the carnival forgotten
Only shadows and memories
Lingering in the hands of the earth
Carried on the endless journey of the wind

We call no more Their mouths are alive with selfish yield We have no tongue to speak Drained of being Once we sheltered in the hollow inside Now we are spectres Ghosts of the flood Some day the rains will come again So long we have waited Lost between planes Nothing but the echo of a perpetual cry We will dance in the gathering waters When breath shudders coldly Through the carcass of our essence Bringing out throats alive Drowning stone and dust We will call again Call to the eternal, empty skies We will call again