

Between Silence and Sound

Kylesa

In absentia: without sound
Attribute wisdom to a still tongue
Breathe in stale air to heal all wounds
We see the end. We see the end
See the same lines and where they divide
Feeds on itself, the weakness collides
Too late for though when it's ignored
We see the end before it begins
Blood of ignorance continues to reign
It's automatic. The process the gain
On silent hands with silent demands
We see the end. We see the end
Procrastination is a fledgling friend
Imperfection as a guise
Automation has failed again
We see the end.