

Silence

Scott Matthews

Same time in this still hour
I can realign my wayward mind
Peaks high, the misty mountains
Make for clear eyes and sacred sounds

In silence my head is liberated
When I think of you
In silence nothing's complicated
In my solitude where I can hear myself

Slow the pace and stop the clock
To the daily race you'll never win

And find a space to reassemble
Any hopes misplaced, time to begin
Unreel your finds from a reeling mind
New sounds to soothe

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