

## Silence, A Stranger

The Arcadian Wild

Silence is a stranger that I've never let inside  
I hear him knocking, but I do not dare reply  
God knows what he would say if I opened up my door  
I'll keep up this clamor so he can't tell me the score

Solitude's an old friend from the other side of town  
When he comes across the river I pretend I'm not around  
His voice brings me comfort and his counsel's always wise  
But I can't stand to face the disappointment in his eyes

Quiet, come another time  
Isn't on my side  
I need to look alive

Suffering, my mother, she has loved me since my youth  
Never have I wondered if her teaching wasn't true  
When she speaks she whispers gently, never does she shout  
But sometimes when I'm weary, it feels good to drown her out

Quiet, come another time  
Isn't on my side  
Give me a reason why  
I should let it lie  
I need to look alive

Stillness is a woman I'm too cowardly to kiss  
A hallowed thing too holy for my unclean lips  
She told me she loved me, but I ran away and hid  
I'm convinced she'd do the same if she saw beneath my skin

Quiet, I'm listening this time  
I need you on my side  
I'm out of reasons why  
I can't keep up this fight  
I want to feel alive