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In Silence

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In Silence

Fin Malone

No poetry in silence let's suffer together
I rode through the day no matter the weather
Familiarity looping backwardly
All the noise, how true can I be?
I feel the cold.
I feel the rivers and the trees
The mountains and deserts, forests and valleys
Something called, deep from within
So I took to the road
Left it all behind
Rewind

An old man sings me a song about love
On a steel post, a worker's glove
Wild horses gaze, I stop to see
A stranger's laugh makes me smile.
Shelter from hail after days of hell
Reluctantly I say fare thee well
At sunset, friends share their food and drink
Memories memorialized as you pass in a blink

Through endless Misery hills I have roamed
Through mountain, canyon, desert alone
Catacomb tomb, my mind left me here
My body, broken, trembled in fear
I've seen this land for what it really is
People claim to see broken pieces
But I see broken people, we're all the same
We live our lives framed by fame
With pocketed scars and subsiding dreams
With blood on our face, I can hear the screams

We ride through the day no matter the weather
No poetry in silence let's suffer together