

TWO ENDS

WORLD

TO TURN
THE
EARTH

+ steel rhythms rain. +

i've watched you slip
behind these walls
a hundred times or more

towering almost above
the sun
in inhuman glory

i've watched you slip away
with er with the hours of each day
no closer to me.

(elusive in this sea
of smoke and shadow)

you've seen me crawling
through the dirt and wrecks
you've seen me caked in mud
while waiting at the edge
for the cool of night to fall.

elusive in this sea of smoke
and shadow
under the weight of gravity

i'm falling away
as steel rhythms rain
upon these words, unspoken
do you hear them scream?

how did we come to this place?
waiting on the first of may
or for some other day that never came
when will i see your face again?

i'm falling away as steel rhythms rain
upon these words, unspoken
do you hear them scream?
towering almost above the sun
as all of our inhuman glories fade

elusive in this sea of smoke
and shadow
under the weight
of gravity

take this day. take my hand.
and tell me there are things
that cannot wait.

*** over the undergrounds ***

we're running in the heat
of a red sun rising
above these wasted spaces
over the undergrounds of yesterday

beside ruins of tomorrow
unearthed
by winds of today
and the fallings of our many feet
in places they've never been

you may cut the throat
of every flower
but you can't stop
the spring from coming

i've been down
you've been out
at the edge of despondency
with skin alive
your hands and mine
will build a will to dream

you may cut the throat
of every flower
but you can't stop
the spring from coming

we've come too far
in all our journeys
to be held back by anything.

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live//work//dream

searching through the snow
for shelter
across this landscape
stripped of all our traces

spaces we once knew
as our reflections in some
glassy pool
long since gone.

alien eyes
occupy the empties left behind
in our surrendered minds

i can see you turning grey
with the passing of so many
unchanging days

we live, we work, we work, we breathe
we live, we work, we work, we eat
we sing, we work, we work, we dream
we live, we work, we work, we breathe

i can see you turning grey
with the passing of so many
unchanging days

(drifting away)

we live, we work, we work, we breathe
we live, we work, we work, we eat
we sing, we work, we work, we dream
we live, we work, we work, we breathe

with alien eyes
we watch the sun pass by
to sink beneath the sky
one more time

and now we're searching
through the snow for shelter
across this landscape stripped
of all our traces.

>>>>> last breaths <<<<<<

set adrift, delusion
the dream is dead

small fires burn, but they burn
ever brighter
here

empires and endless corridors
crash
down
around us
bathing in the last breaths
of our history.

these moments call our names
in a dead language
this glittering past
evaporates like mist
in august.

one world is dying
a new one struggles to be born

while we're hiding from this love
glowing with the dusk
beneath new flags
the future is closing in

it seems nearly close enough to touch
its' taste of burning rust is in the air tonight

beneath new flags the future is
>>>>> closing in <<<<<<

it seems close enough to touch
while we're hiding from this love
glowing with the dusk
under e n d l e s s skies
where the morning rises and we breathe
free from ourselves
who we thought we were
and who you said we are

are we who we thought we were?
is this who we are?
these moments call our names
in a dead language
this glittering past
drowning in the last breaths
of our history.

&&&&&&&& beneath a sinking sky &&&&&&&&

hiding from mirrors
shining jet in disrepair
awaiting angels from some distant
fading star

elysium evaporating

standing on earth
hallowed with radiation
wet with acid tears

defeat after defeat
holds us like a leaden weight
upon the silver altar

is this the end?
can we walk beneath a sinking sky
forever?

defeat after defeat
aching education
armour for the struggle

shoulder to shoulder
casting stones and petrol bombs
into the falling sky

this is not the end.

all songs by the silence industry cc by/sa/nc.
written / produced / recorded 2021 & 2022.

album photography/artwork by cesar malpertuis.

super secret tip: try playing You (let me conspire) and You (ambient)
on 2 devices at the exact same time.

email thesilenceindustry@yahoo.ca to say hi and share your own art.