

## tottl₽ tHE EA₽TH

+ 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 w i t h 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 s u n 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.

~~ to turn the earth. ~~ (we're) standing here in empty space with the mouths of all the hungry heavens static settles on the world sings between the statues we're swimming in the sound of secrets and the hammering of drums i've been drinking from this bitter fountain for so long can i still taste the waters? we weather winds of consequence making peace with a constant state of war cold sweat beads upon your brow as you push to turn the earth once more somewhere there is sunlight setting on a many hued horizon and so many fiscal years fading like the plans we layed in some other days. i've been drinking from this bitter fountain for so long can i still taste the waters? we've been holding up the sky together do you remember how it feels not to bear this weight? cold sweat beads upon your brow as you push to turn the earth once more into the fires of today we race headlong tell me baby,

do you still think about tomorrow?

\*\*\* 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 vou'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. 000000 000000000 60 0000000000 00000000 0000000 00000000 0000000000000 00000000000 0000 30000 .0000000 00000000000000000000 0000000 00#000000000000 (0000000000,(0000000000000) 00 0 000000000 0 , 000000000000 300 0000000 do (d(d . @@ 000 000000000

##### 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 eves 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 from ourselves free 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.

:::::::: you (let me conspire) :::::::: so many seasons of the salt of earth drip from your graceful motions you reflect the rays of a hundred suns sundering these walls of purple isolation ( let your petals fall like rain across my face ) shivering in the wake of storms you bring the rainscent on your wrists blankets me like sleep will these moments pass before our dreaming eyes? before we can crash like waves upon the shores of here and now let me conspire with you forever soaked in restless songs sensations dance windswept across our skins reflecting rays of a hundred suns sundering these || walls || standing so tired around us. shivering in the wake of storms you bring the rainscent on your wrists blankets me like sleep this hunger feeds the blood that flows like rivers in our veins let your petals fall like rain across my face let me conspire with you forever soaked in restless songs sensations dance our skins windswept across don't let this moment pass (before our dreaming eyes) let's crash like waves upon the shores of here and now.

&&&&&& 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.

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album photography/artwork by cesar malpertuis.

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