

There's a song in my heart, a story in my bones;
A longing to journey the far road back home.
I feel it within me, something to say;
But to say it to "they" would be a mistake.
"They" do not listen, "they" do not care;
"They" do not tarry, or burden, or wear.

So, heavily I continue silently on,
Humming only to me the verse of my song.
An overwhelming sadness consuming my soul,
For I only matter as much as the message, you know.
And their deafness is a disease which eats at my body,
And I'll die with the words right there on my tongue;
Right there, before you, where hope should have hung.