

Thứ Bảy Tuần Thánh

The marvelous SOUND OF SILENCE

Hello darkness, my old friend
I've come to talk with you again
Because a vision softly creeping
Left its seeds while I was sleeping
And the vision that was planted in my brain
Still remains
Within the sound of silence

In restless dreams, I walked alone
Narrow streets of cobblestone
'Neath the halo of a street lamp
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light
That split the night
And touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light, I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more
People talking without speaking
People hearing without listening
People writing songs that voices never shared
And no one dared
Disturb the sound of silence

"Fools" said I, "You do not know
Silence like a cancer grows
Hear my words that I might teach you Take
my arms that I might reach you"
But my words, like silent raindrops fell And
echoed in the wells of silence

And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon god they made
And the sign flashed out its warning

In the words that it was forming
Then the sign said, "The words on the prophets are written on the subway walls In
tenement halls"
And whispered in the sound of silence

