

“A Break in the Silence”

The *Silence* is first broken  
As we come in through the stage door  
Not a single word is spoken  
As our gear is set upon the floor  
And there is *Silence*  
Of wood and steel and copper wire  
The sound it makes can quickly change  
By merely stomping the pedal laid on the stage  
To match that which I've come to desire  
And there is *Silence*  
Hollow tubes of wood, capped with plastic heads  
And metal disks held in the air by stands  
He bangs on these with sticks in hands  
For anything to break is something everyone dreads  
And there is *Silence*  
The man up front, he has no choice  
His microphone held in a stand  
Useless without it in hand  
For his instrument is his voice  
And there is *Silence*

As day turns into quiet night  
The room is filled with smoke and crowd  
Soon we'll start the sacred rite  
Of tuning strings and playing loud

A Break in the *Silence*

On through the night we play  
Only to the crowds delight  
As night gives in to day  
We end our show with dawns first light  
And there is *Music*  
When we pack up in the van  
The crowd has long since gone  
It's time to get what sleep we can  
The days work is finally done

*and all falls back to...*