

THE
ELUSIVE
VOID



The Elusive Void

Everybody's talking
The whispers down the corridor
My ears ringing from the absence of silence
Baffled by their inability to recognize each other

I can't help but hear it all
The noise is deafening
Elusive to the cure that numbs misdirection
Caught in the chaos of it all
Begging and pleading

How is it that the rattle and raging has no end
I think vanity has won the day here
I guess being opinionated gives them presence
Not realising that void is what separates the heard

Ever wonder why predators hunt in silence

