**Original lyrics – Silvervest**

**Full Break Room**

Last night that us, outside shouting,

One word then another word.

Sound was inside me and sound outside.

One tree cut down, trunk piled, sprouting leaves, spreading even in death.

What is underneath sound?

What is lives through sound?

What holds our history?

We wonder in courtyards, in bed, in the breakroom, with strangers, with you.

Chanting one word, then another

Sounds inside, sounds outside us.

Turning towards what is now soundless

Hearing beyond cricks and cracks of our language as sounds in silence.

Hearing beyond cricks and cracks of accents

To silence.

We try to capture, hold and keep

The fallen trees of our people, yet

Downed trees are still living. As decay, living as change,

Brittle to soft, rot to seed

Sprouting as us, in silence.

We carry truth, nothing but. You, now me, that us

The seen, the unseen

The understood, the misunderstood. }2x

Last night that us sprouting, even in death,

planting one word then another,

Sound inside and sounds outside.

Ancestor cut down, the history of us, that us.

Turning to what is soundless.

Budding as us

What is underneath sound?

What is lives through sound?

What holds our history?

We wonder in courtyards, in bed, in the breakroom, with strangers, with you.

CODA:

Living as change itself

Budding in silence.