

Dream Theater, Wait For Sleep

Standing by the window
Eyes upon the moon
Hoping that the memory
Will leave her spirit soon

She shuts the doors and lights and lays her body on the bed
Where images and words are running deep
She has too much pride to pull the sheets above her head
So quietly she lays and waits for sleep

She stares at the ceiling and tries not to think
And pictures the chain she's been trying to link again
But the feeling is gone

And water can't cover her memory
And ashes can't answer her pain
God give me the power to take breath from a breeze
And call life from a cold metal frame

In with the ashes
Or up with the smoke from the fire
With wings up in heaven
Or here lying in bed
Palm of her hand to my head
Now and forever curled
In my heart and the heart of the world