

# Sleeping At Last, A Skelleton Of Something More

In the darkest of nights,  
The city of lights  
Will pour unto us.  
Creeping inside  
Through our sleepy eyes,  
Contagiously bright

Like sunlight and rain  
Flooding through the veins  
Of wilted vines.

But waking seems an awful dream.

We'll be waiting for the night,  
Waiting for the night  
To come and rescue us,  
Feet off the ground.

Besides, we're living in this house of cards  
That pulls and pushes with the air.  
Fearing a feather to the earth  
Could destroy it and us,  
Inside unaware!

All we want is something more  
To dream about and to adore.  
All we need is a little place  
To close our eyes, to end this chase.  
The living are moving,  
Gracefully  
And painfully rusing ahead,  
While unraveling the most essential thread  
Of the fabric that covers us.

We'll be waiting for the night,  
Waiting for the night,  
Waiting for the night  
To always come and resue us,  
Feet off the ground,  
Our hearts become magnetized.

The warmth of the sun  
Is meling the snowflakes  
Before they hit the ground.