

Sleeping At Last, Love Never Fails

Underneath the braided sky
You were there to hold me
When I cried.

These sketches of heaven
Light our eyes with grace.

That night, where water carried reflections
Of October skies.

Although my words failed,
You knew what I was trying to say.
And though my hands weak by sorrow,
Still would never let go of this memory.
Where the trees bowed from the wind,
You whispered "I promise, I promise you"
You held my hands tight.
Comfort remains.