Sleeping At Last, Quicksand

There are wires in between Human heart and machine. I will wait for mountains To tell me you're okay

On paper my future will lay. I'll fold every failure into a crane.

Trust is quicksand, Claiming everything I have, All to give me life, all to give me life.

Slow down, hide your eyes! The sun is setting fire Through glass, branches deep. I cough only to breathe.

Trust is quicksand, Claiming everything I have, All to give me life, all to give me life. One thousand more to go, I'll send every prayer from below. I was swallowed by a whale.

Slow down, you're all words And love is made of yarn. Scissors, A slip of the hand, a slip of the tongue; God knows I meant no harm, I meant no harm.

In between every promise and lie there is a kiss. In between tempers and suitcases there is a kiss.

In between medicine and the sick there is a kiss. In between arrows, aim, and release, there is a kiss.

(Anchors in reverse Lead us back to birth.)