

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.)