

Blue Foundation, Grand

We fling ourselves fearlessly,
With lights upon our faces
into insecurity and unity

We dream ourselves fearlessly,
With laughter in our eyes,
But no one has a steady look at last

You go in the morning, the morn before light
Warm is the bed and my back where youd lie

Slowly my awakening, my breathing in haze
And so I know I do belong here,
I will sing to the day