

Falling Up, Good Morning Planetarium

The fight is over now, the bright lights turned somehow
The strength I have is running out, the current pulls me down

I'm wondering
Is anybody out there, who's cold and incomplete, inside?
I can hear Him calling
Come and follow me, my child

The twilight turns to day, with all your love displayed
The stars they bow in awe, when the lost return to you

Draws up my heart deep from the well
I know He's finding every lost and broken dream