

# Kurt Elling, ESPERANCA

There's a secret that never dies -  
like a song of hidden meanings that we never apprehend.

There are questions just as old as time  
and the answers that come never quite make amends.

Even so, when you look at time  
you can get a subtle feeling of the way it ought to be.

Take a good look at your own real life  
and you'll see if you want what you've gotten to be.

It's a hope, a sign, a measure of quiet rapture -  
of love and what may come after.  
It's let-ting go, and letting no answer be an answer.

How did smoke learn how to fly? - Where do birds go off to die?

Why does coal sleep in darkness? - Do dreams live in apart-ness?

Is a number forever? - where's the soul of the water?

How old is old November? - No one here can remember.

If I die, where does time go? - Do the bees feel ver-ti-go?

To get love - is there potion? - Or is love on-ly mo-tion

Holy lift, holy reading - holy gift, holy needing.

Holy sound, holy waiting - holy spark a-ni-ma-ting

holy food, holy breathing - holy light in-ter-wea-ving.

Holy night, holy hand-write - holy flight, holy in-sight:

holy sun, holy brother - holy moon, holy mother.

Holy dream, holy vision - holy scheme, holy mission:

holy one to a-no-ther - holy me, holy other.

Holy lives, holy blending - holy start, holy ending.