

# Paulson, All At Once

All at once sight becomes a sound, the sky becomes a shroud.  
Tickles roof of mouth.

Two lines at a time, a voice is heard but what did it say, what could that have meant?

You swept the rug out from under me,  
you pulled the plug out so I won't see.

God gave chase but the people found their stride and He could see this was their time.  
And all at once the pages turn themselves  
and I'm just glad I didn't get in, wasn't in their way.

You swept the rug out from under me,  
you pulled the plug out so I won't see.