

Sleeping At Last, All That Is Beautiful

all that is beautiful
will not be beautiful to me
unless its perfect
outside of these walls is an awful place
as far as i can tell

we are not the enemy we are not the enemy inside

we were victims of a constant loss
we were not the enemy

i am afraid
that opinions are contagious
i am afraid

that my plans will lose their place
we are not the enemy

we could hold our breath forever
or maybe for a while
the best will surely come
until then youll feel nothing
until then well feel nothing at all

all that is beautiful
will not be beautiful to me
unless its perfect
all that is beautiful
will not be beautiful to me
in all harmony in all of our disord
can we really know all tha is pure

we are not the enemy we are not the enemy
we were not the enemy