

# Sleeping At Last, Hold Still

Why is it impossible now  
To trace every echo  
Back to its birth?  
Why is it impossible now  
To kiss every fever away?

There is truth that's hiding  
Behind every wall that surrounds us.  
It takes a lifetime  
To pull the bricks away.

Why is it impossible now to know?  
(Is this the way to understand?)

With the weakest of ears  
We'll try only to hear  
The sound of our voice,  
Louder than fear of waking up  
Alone.

Let conversations carry  
The unraveling of skin.  
The ink will pour an answer  
In children's handwriting.

If all words are cameras,  
Hold still.  
Shutters slide to unveil  
Fingerprints of angels  
And a language made of film.

With surgical precision,  
We'll cut every piece into order.  
And beneath soft faces,  
We'll climb halfway to God.

Why is it impossible now to know?  
(Is this the way to understand?)  
Why is it impossible now  
To trace every echo  
Back to its birth?