

Sleeping At Last, Slowly, Now

Just when we think
There is a chance...
There is never quite enough time left
To prove our beliefs,
To prove we are strong.

We jsut need some sleep.
We just need some time to clear our crowded minds.

But the curse of opinions and their views
Are promising defeat,
Replacing love with doubt and helplessness.

We just need some sleep.
We just need some time (to catch our breath)

The fear that we feel In our troubled hearts...
Is told to be what will make us last.

We'll prove that we are strong,
Though our lines are bleeding through.
We are becoming whole, slowly now.

We just need some sleep
To dream away these fears.
We just need some time
To clear our crowded minds.