

# The Angels Were Singing

Matthew Perryman Jones

Talking to stone,  
Listening to birds  
With no more to say,  
I kissed my fingers  
And touched the red dirt

Wandering away  
Through the moon-colored field  
My heart was a weight  
Of rage and sorrow  
That longed to be healed

Then I started running  
To feel more alive;  
To wake up my senses  
That slowly had died

And I wondered if angels  
Were singing that night

Nothing's the same  
The colors aren't bright  
Since I kissed your face  
And slowly whispered  
My last goodbye

Thinking of Jesus  
At Lazarus's side  
That heavenly sadness,  
The shadows of light

His eyes saw the city  
Where all is made right

And I heard that angels  
Were singing that night

The angels were singing  
As we sat and cried  
Each tear was a chorus;  
A sacred reprise

And I finally was grieving  
That long goodbye

And I heard the angels  
...Singing that night