

Wait for Sleep

Dream Theater

Standing by the window
Eyes upon the moon
Hoping that the memory
will leave her spirit soon

She shuts the doors and lights
And lays her body on the bed
Where images and words are
running deep
She has too much pride to pull
the sheets above her head
So quietly she lays and waits
for sleep

She stares at the ceiling
And tries not to think
And pictures the chains
She's been trying to link again
But the feeling is gone

And water can't cover her
memory
And ashes can't answer her
pain
God give me the power to take
breath from a breeze
And call life from a cold metal
frame

In with the ashes
Or up with the smoke from the
fire
With wings up in heaven
Or here, lying in bed
Palm of her hand to my head
Now and forever curled in my
heart
And the heart of the world