

## As Satellites Go By

Lamb

Every soul a brightness  
And the darkest night  
Every life a lightness  
Space and time in flight  
Being still in motion  
Clouds go rushing by  
A drop becomes an ocean  
When the river's dry

Could it be we're stars' reflections  
Tiny sparks in one great velvet sky  
Perfect in our imperfection  
As satellites go by

Firey constellations  
Burning to the death  
Tender our connections  
In a single breath

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Tiny sparks in one great velvet sky  
Perfect in our imperfection  
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What are we anyway  
But thousand year old carbon?  
Bodies from the dust  
Of souls that went before us.  
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