

The Angels Were Singing

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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