

From The Sky

Peter Bradley Adams

Are you tired from the battles fought?
All the years that you won or lost?
Are you tired and shaken from it all?

Are you scared that you'll lose control?
As you cling to the words you know?
In the silence you start to lose your hope.
In the silence you dream of letting go.

And maybe the clouds will open wide.
And maybe you'll let us see you smile....from the sky.

There's a sound as your breathing slows.
As the stillness around you grows, there's a sound that
you have always known.
There's a sound familiar to your bones.

And maybe the clouds will open wide.
And maybe you'll let us see you smile....from the sky.
From the sky.

Now an emptiness fills the room.
There's nothing left now for you to do.
You can go, someone calls for you.
You can go, to the arms that you once knew.
You can go, they're open wide for you.