

A Skeleton Of Something More

Sleeping at Last

In the darkest of nights,
The city of lights
Will pour unto us.
Creeping inside
Through our sleepy eyes,
Contagiously bright

Like sunlight and rain
Flooding through the veins
Of wilted vines.

But love travels like a rumor here,
Losing form with every ear,
A skeleton of something more.

But waking seems an awful dream.

We'll be waiting for the night,
Waiting for the night
To come and rescue us,
Feet off the ground.

Beaides, we're living in this house of cards
That pulls and pushes with the air.
Fearing a feather to the earth
Could destroy it and us,
Inside unaware!

All we want is something more
To dream about and to adore.
All we need is a little place
To close our eyes, to end this chase.
The living are moving,
Gracefully
And painfully rushing ahead,
While unraveling the most essential thread
Of the fabric that covers us.

We'll be waiting for the night,
Waiting for the night
To always come and rescue us,
Feet off the ground,
Our hearts become magnetized.

The warmth of the sun
Is melting the snowflakes
Before they hit the ground