

Accidental Light

Sleeping at Last

On your mark, get set...
A million miles past the finish line
My heels lift
At this imaginary starting line.
The trigger slips;
My heart was racing well before it's time.
Time's running out, it's always running out on me,
As the road up ahead disappears.

Though it's all been said,
And this empty dictionary is all that's left,
I'll try to change the world in a single word.
My hands are shaking, ready or not.
Invisible ink well it's all I've got.
So I'll concentrate and pick from these barren trees.

Time's running out, it's always running out on me,
And every road I discover disappears under my feet -

Some call it reckless, some call it breathing.

Have i said too much or not enough?
Is it overkill or is it giving up,
To measure out the distance of an echo's reach?

If it's all broken mirrors and a chance roll of the dice,
Then I'll risk everything for a glimpse of accidental light.

Time's running out, it's always running out on me,
And every road I've discovered disappears under my feet -

Some call it reckless, I call it breathing.