

Aperture

Sleeping at Last

Happiness is somewhere I have been before-
A blurry photograph that I have since ignored.
I'll carefully adjust the aperture once more,
Until I set the record straight.

I'll brush aside the dim, make room for the bright.
I'll be an editor, no, a curator of light.
I'll let my better angels always set me right,
Until I even out the score.
Until I even out the score.

God, it has been quite a year-
I've lived a little bit and I've died a little more.
I know that I've asked it before,
But please let the scale tip here in my favor.

What was once the sweetest melody I've heard
Is now a memory reduced to little words.
I'll tune the orchestra and play the overture,
Until I pinpoint every note.

Give me the heart of an archeologist,
That I may dig until I prove that I exist.
A subterranean cathedral in my midst,
Where echos come to rest.
Where echos come to rest.
Is this where echos come to rest?

God, it has been quite a year-
I've lived a little bit and I've died a little more.
I know that I've asked it before,
But please let the scale tip here in my favor.

Until I set the record straight,
Until I set the record straight,
Until I can set the record straight.