

# Bad Blood

## Sleeping at Last

You fixed your eyes on us,  
Your flesh and blood,  
A sculpture of water  
And unsettled dust.

When there was bad blood in us,  
We learned our lesson:  
Genesis to the last generation.

So we wrestle with it all-  
The concept of grace  
And the faithful concrete  
As it breaks our fall.

Our questions are all the same.  
Identical words; how they feel brand new against different time frames.  
Identical words against different time frames.

We know it all by heart-  
The whole is greater  
Than the sum of it's parts.

We've heard it all before-  
In beauty there echoes a speck of our source.  
In beauty there echoes a speck of our source.

Like firewood,  
Burning bright  
In the dead of winter,  
By only a flicker  
We cling to this life.

So we huddle over maps;  
Is it faith or prediction,  
Will or tradition  
Until we collapse?  
We argue our bearings  
Until we collapse.

We study our story arcs-  
Inherently good,  
Or were we broken right from the start?

Our hesitant fingerprints  
Trace every mountain,  
Lace every valley  
Until we're convinced...

That we know it all by heart-  
Every blade of grass  
Bears our mark.

In the name of being brave,  
Though it's just another word for being afraid.

We know it all by heart-  
The whole is so much greater

Than the sum of these parts.  
We've heard the truth before,  
For in beauty there echoes a speck of our source.  
In beauty there echoes a speck of our source.  
In beauty there echoes a speck of our source.