

## Clockwork

### Sleeping at Last

There is glass between our touch,  
Phantom limbs of former love...  
And the truth is that I am so terrified

That the callous is deeper  
Than the surface of our skin.  
And it takes us twice as long,  
It takes twice as long to heal.

We'll lift up the ground to see  
The system of roots beneath.  
Gears turn, endlessly,  
To bring the world back to life  
Like clockwork, when it dies.

The cadence of beating hearts,  
The clock of its moving parts  
Grows louder and louder  
From this restless earth...

Future gardens wait patiently below  
And somehow we smell them blossom  
Through the snow.

Still unsatisfied,  
We chase what we're denied.  
As generations wait,  
We can't resist the taste of possibility.  
Gears turn, endlessly,  
To bring us back to life again.  
Like clockwork, we begin