

Jupiter

Sleeping at Last

I wrote it down in the winter of 1610.
Just a secret under lock and key until then.
While collecting the stars, I connected the dots.
I don't know who I am, but now I know who I'm not.
I'm just a curious speck that got caught up in orbit.
Like a magnet it beckoned my metals toward it.

Make my messes matter.
Make this chaos count.
Let every little fracture in me
Shatter out loud.

Make my messes matter.
Make this chaos count.
Let every little fracture in me
Shatter out loud.