

Keep No Score

Sleeping at Last

God, let her listen
With ears to the ground.
Let voiceless approval
Turn into sound.

In death there are hidden, invisible keys
That only when swallowed
Reveal where they lead.

Life is a mess
We wake up to,
A single thread of a deeper truth.

Is this a graveyard
To bury her heart?
Or is it a garden,
Where new life will start.

'Cause God, when life here ends,
We'll beg you for more.
In temper we'll hate you,
But please keep no score.

Life, it is a mess we wake up to,
A single thread of a deeper truth