

## Noble Aim

### Sleeping at Last

Chances are we are the same;  
Against the odds, against the grain  
We lean, like gardens toward light,  
But we wait, like evening for night,  
Don't we?

Chances are we are alike;  
Against what better judgement writes  
We ache like children for love,  
For a purpose worthy of  
Such a noble aim,  
Such a noble aim,  
Such a noble aim as love.

Chances are we bruise the same;  
A family tree desperate for rain.  
A thirst only deserts know best.  
A hurt so at home in our chests.  
Call it stubbornness or bravery,  
To let our branches continue to reach,  
With such a noble aim,  
With such a noble aim,  
With such a noble aim as love.

Every broken branch and loosened leaf  
That we've grown to ignore,  
Is now a part of something greater than before.  
Every nest that rests upon our limbs,  
Seeking shelter from the storms,  
Is a purpose worth being broken for.

Chances are we are the same;  
Against the odds, against the grain  
We lean, like gardens toward light.  
We reach with all of our might  
For such a noble aim as love.