

## Quicksand

### Sleeping at Last

There are wires in between  
Human heart and machine.  
I will wait for mountains  
To tell me you're okay...

On paper my future will lay.  
I'll fold every failure into a crane.

Trust is quicksand,  
Claiming everything I have,  
All to give me life, all to give me life.

Slow down, hide your eyes!  
The sun is setting fire  
Through glass, branches deep.  
I cough only to breathe.

Trust is quicksand,  
Claiming everything I have,  
All to give me life, all to give me life.  
One thousand more to go,  
I'll send every prayer from below.  
I was swallowed by a whale.

Slow down, you're all words  
And love is made of yarn.  
Scissors,  
A slip of the hand, a slip of the tongue;  
God knows I meant no harm, I meant no harm.

In between every promise and lie there is a kiss.  
In between tempers and suitcases there is a kiss.

In between medicine and the sick there is a kiss.  
In between arrows, aim, and release, there is a kiss.

(Anchors in reverse  
Lead us back to birth.)