

South

Sleeping at Last

Some truths, over time, can learn to play nice.
Some truths are sharper than knives.
Some truths we only see in the corners of our eyes.
Some truths we wish we could hide.

Some truths can save us,
Some take our lives.
Some truths are fire
And some truths are ice.

No matter what category you fit into,
Truth's got its sight set on you.

If truth is north
Then I am true south.
I can't figure it out-
God knows.
Always looking up
'Til my eyes give up.
That's how I lost touch
Of who I am and who I was.

Some truths were sewn into our DNA.
Some truths unravel and fray.
Some truths keep growing taller than giants.
Some truths take our breath away.
Some truths get tired
The longer we wait.
Well, some truths get tired
The longer we wait.

If truth is north
Then I am true south.
I can't figure it out-
God knows
I'm always looking up
'Til my eyes give up.
That's how I lost touch
Of who I was.
If truth is north
Then I am true south.
I can't figure it out-
God knows I've tried
Always looking up
'Til my eyes give up.
That's how I lost touch
Of who I am and who I was.

Some truths are gentle, forgiving and kind.
Some truths are hard to define.
Some truths are crooked, with rough edges too,
But some truths wear like comfortable shoes.

Some truths are loyal
As the shadows we lead.
Some truths are stubborn as gravity.

No matter what category you fit into,
Truth's got its sight set on you.