

The Projectionist

Sleeping at Last

When I was young I fell in love with story,
With the eleventh hour, with the blaze of glory.

The theater lights dim and all goes quiet.
In the darkest of rooms, light shines the brightest.

When hands are tied and clocks are ticking,
An audience convinced: we're leaning in,
Holding our breath again.

Just when we thought the game was over
The music lifts and our dying solider lives!
And we breathe a sigh of relief.

We're leaving, we're leaving our shadows behind us now.
We're leaving, we're leaving it all behind for now.

But even dust was made to settle
And if we're made of dust, then what makes us any different?
I guess we give what we've been given:
A family tree so very good at giving up
When we've had enough.
Though truth is heavier than fiction,
Gravity lifts as the projectionist rolls tape.
And it makes us brave again
And it makes us brave again
And it makes us brave.

So we're leaving, we're leaving our shadows behind us now.
We're leaving, we're leaving it all behind for now.
And it makes us brave again
And it makes us brave.
We're leaving, we're leaving 'em all behind for now.