Into the West

Peter Hollens

Lay down your sweet and weary head
Night is falling. You have come to journey's end.
Sleep now. Dream of the ones who came before.
They are calling from across a distant shore.
Why do you weep? What are these tears upon your face?
Soon you will see all of your tears will pass away.
Safe in my arms, you're only sleeping.What can you see on the horizon?
Why do the white gulls call?
Across the sea, a pale moon rises.
The ships have come to carry you home.
All will turn to silver glass.
A light on the water, all souls pass.Hope fades into the world of night
Through shadows falling out of memory and time.
Don't say we have come now to the end.
White shores are calling. You and I will meet again.
And you'll be here in my arms, just sleeping.What can you see (what catches your eye) on the horizon?
Why do the white gulls call?
Across the sea (oaceans away), a pale moon rises.
The ships have come to carry you home.
And all will turn to silver glass
A light on the water, grey ships pass
Into the West.

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