

# Make Space (feat. Peter Moore)

## Estas Tonne & One Heart Family

Make Space  
Make Space  
Make Space  
For a state of Grace

Donâ€™t you know your busy schedules is just a tool you use  
it keeps you asleep  
it prevents you from deepening into the arms of Love

But the truth is  
the door to the house of Godess stands open  
and sheâ€™s always her  
just waiting, hoping  
That you will make  
Some space

To take a break

To breath

To rest

From the mindless grind  
Of the trap rat race for that face to face embrace  
with Grace

So here is the question

Will you love learn Loveâ€™s lesson

Can you pause and listen  
do you take a chance and make the choice  
for that still small voice  
will you make a date with fate before she sighs  
(zucht)

Too Late  
and once again you realize  
youâ€™ve missed your chance  
for that long, slow dance

with your demonic dream girl  
and ones again you realize

Too Late!

Your whole mad world was just a whirl  
a swirl along the surface of a future imperfect,  
tense, nervous, a headache, a fake of baked mistake  
and you are only awake

Too Late!

as the lights go out, shouting

WAIT!

I am not done

I mean, I had some fun, but,  
surely there was more I could have been,  
I've been asleep and dreaming.

and what's worse  
I've been having nightmares  
I missed the sunrise  
I missed the day  
my eyes stayed shut

I lost my way

and the last, last ray's  
of the setting sun, sink fast  
into the endless rest  
into the edgeless, restless ocean  
of unconsciousness.

There is so much beauty  
so much beauty  
so much, so ..

how do we let duty  
take up so much time  
it's a crime

So make Space  
Make Space

Make Space now

Make Space  
for that face to face embrace with Grace

Sheâ€™s waiting  
just anticipating  
that you will call  
to hear the good news  
The Goddess loves You

You You

For you are all  
the time is not a torture  
time is more like  
a jewel to her  
a ring around her finger.

So linger along  
relax and smile  
because eternity is in love with us  
productions of time

Switch off the phone  
tune in, turn on

and wake up!

No one will miss you  
Theyâ€™ve got their own issues  
So many places to go  
So many people to see  
So many things to do  
and so many facts to know.

So  
Make Space  
Make Space  
Make Space now

Because you never know  
when loveâ€™s rowâ€™s  
might come again

No you never know  
when loves rowâ€™s  
and bloom again

Make Space  
For that  
State of Grace

She is waiting â€¦.

Lyrics Submitted by Cindy Koopmanschap

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