Sleep

Eric Whitacre

The evening hangs beneath the moon
A silver thread on darkened dune
With closing eyes and resting head
I know that sleep is coming soonUpon my pillow, safe in bed
A thousand pictures fill my head
I cannot sleep my minds a flight
And yet my limbs seem made of leadIf there are noises in the night
A frighting shadow, flickering light
Then I surrender unto sleepWhere clouds of dreams give second sightWhat dreams may come both dark and deepOf flying wings and soaring leapAs I surrender unto sleep
As I surrender unto sleep

Songwriters
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