

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 soon Upon my pillow, safe in bed
A thousand pictures fill my head
I cannot sleep my mind a flight
And yet my limbs seem made of lead If there are noises in the night
A frightening shadow, flickering light
Then I surrender unto sleep Where clouds of dreams give second sight
What dreams may come both dark and deep
Of flying wings and soaring leap As I surrender unto sleep
As I surrender unto sleep

Songwriters

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