Sleep

Beth Nielsen Chapman

And sleep I think to myself
For all of us, for all of us
Beating fiercely against the wind
Or lying there with broken hands
Wondrous wings and blinded eyes
That see even beyond seeingThe same heart crushing sorrow

The same unspeakable loveliness

All at the same time

How beautiful and sadAnd peace I think to myself

For all of us, for all of us

Each and everyone alone

Reaching out form endless dreams

With open hearts and fragile souls

Like children always seeking homeWhere love is as easy as breathing

And breath is as light as the atmosphere

All at the same time

How frightening and sweet it is The same heart crushing sorrow

The same unspeakable loveliness

All at the same time

How beautiful and sad it is And sleep I think to myself

For all of us, for all of us

Sleep I think at last

Oh, sleep in Heavenly peace

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