

Turning Page

Sleeping At Last

I've waited a hundred years.
But I'd wait a million more for you.
Nothing prepared me for
What the privilege of being yours would do. If I had only felt the warmth within your touch,
If I had only seen how you smile when you blush,
Or how you curl your lip when you concentrate enough,
I would have known what I was living for all along.
What I've been living for. Your love is my turning page,
Where only the sweetest words remain.
Every kiss is a cursive line,
Every touch is a redefining phrase. I surrender who I've been for who you are,
For nothing makes me stronger than, your fragile heart.
If I had only felt how it feels to be yours
Well, I would have known what I've been living for all along
What I've been living for. Though we're tethered to the story we must tell,
When I saw you, well, I knew we'd tell it well.
With a whisper, we will tame the vicious seas.
Like a feather bringing kingdoms to their knees.

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