

Wait for Sleep

Dream Theater

Standing by the window
Eyes upon the moon
Hoping that the memory
Will leave her spirit soonShe shuts the doors and lights
And lays her body on the bed
Where images and words are running deep
She has too much pride to pull
The sheets above her head
So quietly she lays and waits for sleepShe stares at the ceiling
And tries not to think
And pictures the chains
She's been trying to link again
But the feeling is goneAnd water can't cover her memory
And ashes can't answer her pain
God, give me the power
To take breath from a breeze
And call life from a cold metal frame

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