Quicksand

Sleeping at Last

There are wires in between
Human heart and machine.
I will wait for mountains
To tell me you're okay...On paper my future will lay.
I'll fold every failure into a crane.Trust is quicksand,
Claiming everything I have,
All to give me life, all to give me life.Slow down, hide your eyes!
The sun is setting fire
Through glass, branches deep.
I cough only to breathe.Trust is quicksand,
Claiming everything I have,
All to give me life, all to give me life.
One thousand more to go,
I'll send every prayer from below.
I was swallowed by a whale.Slow down, you're all words
And love is made of yarn.
Scissors,
A slip of the hand, a slip of the tongue;
God knows I meant no harm, I meant no harm.In between every promise and lie there is a kiss.
In between tempers and suitcases there is a kiss.
In between medicine and the sick there is a kiss.
In between arrows, aim, and release, there is a kiss.(Anchors in reverse
Lead us back to birth.)

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