Sleep

Eric Whitacre

The evening hangs beneath the moon
A silver thread on darken 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 can not sleep my mind's aflight and yet my limbs seem made of lead
If there are noises, in the night
A frightening shadow, flickering light
As I surrender unto sleep
Where clouds of dream, give second sight
What dreams may come both dark and deep,
Of flying wings and soaring leap
As I surrender unto sleep (x3)
Unto sleep
Sleep (x10)

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