

# Currents

## Sleeping At Last

The air is visible around you, rising up  
And off your lips in slow currents, and I watch  
As your face is framed in its slow currents, drifting curls  
A trailin' path, a long draft becomes a tress of blue ash  
If it is born in flames then we should let it burn  
Burn as brightly as we can  
And if it's got to end then let it end in flames  
Let it burn all the way down  
The air is visceral around us  
Turning in its simple steps on slow currents  
And I watch as it pirouettes and spins in slow motion  
A long drag becomes a slow dance in a halo of ember  
If it is born in flames then we should let it burn  
Burn as brightly as we can  
And if it's got to end then let it end in flames  
Let it burn all the way down  
All the way down

And if this is ever meant to end  
Then I hope it ends where it began  
So hot with love, we burned our hands  
If this is ever meant to end  
Then I hope it ends where it began  
So hot with love, it burns our hands  
If it is born in flames then we should let it burn  
Burn as brightly as we can  
And if it's got to end then let it end in flames  
Let it burn  
(Let it burn)  
If it's got to end  
(Let it burn)  
If it's got to end  
(Let it burn)  
It ends where it began  
So hot with love, it burns our hands

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