

# Waiting for Morning to Come

## Being As An Ocean

I still lie awake at night  
Dreaming, doubting, reveling  
Please, give my hand the words to write,  
because I need this off my mind  
Please, give my tongue the language to speak,  
refuse to bend to this world of blight  
Communication, bleed from my veins to the page  
Unlock the capillaries, my inner securities  
Given a prevue to all of this pain,  
I'm only aching from their weight

I'll still sing about Love  
Even when it's so hard to trust  
Still point towards compassion  
Though sometimes I'm scared of being touched

In truth, this is our escape as much as theirs  
Dancing, sweating, bleeding  
Passion, give my lungs the air to declare your name  
Because I've seen gardens wither in apathy and shame  
Seen the prevailing of frozen water over the splitting rock  
The sweeping of snow o'er the plains

I'll still sing about Love  
Even when it's so hard to trust  
Still point towards compassion  
Though sometimes I'm scared of being touched

Give me strength to raise your banner  
Testify, "Not all is lost!"  
Communion, from the crowd to the stage  
Baptism in the rhythms  
We all lose our way, we all long to be saved,  
we all bleed the same!  
We're only aching from the weight

Give us strength  
Give us passion  
Baptism in the rhythms

So child, take up your courage, quiet your mind  
They are only the strains of living, the vibrating of the strings  
We have to learn to see the beauty in the struggle,  
play on when our fingers bleed  
I'll take existence, in all its substance, count it all a blessing  
This life will stretch and grow you,  
we're only aching from beating out the time  
And no matter how we mistrust the light,  
we're all waiting for morning

(Honestly, it's mostly late at night when clarity comes to me,  
after all the chaos and light.  
The dark prevails around me,  
holding the lives of sleeping friends, the wheel in my fists,  
the road and its bends.

Between that second and third cup of coffee,

during my eighth or so cigarette, warmth and  
Life run through me despite the chill of mountain wind.  
It's then that my spirit takes comfort, awash with thankfulness.  
That amidst all of this struggle, our hearts can find rest.

Even when the void creeps in around you, it is Light that will win.  
So child, take up your courage, quiet your mind.  
They are only the strains of living, the vibrating of the strings.  
We have to learn to see the beauty in the struggle,  
play on when our fingers bleed.

Let us take existence, in all of its substance,  
and count it all a blessing.  
This life will stretch and mold you;  
we're only aching from the growing pangs.  
And this beautiful thing remains:  
that no matter how we mistrust the light,  
we're all waiting for morning.)