

Chandeliers

Sleeping at Last

When all of the pieces align,
When the balance is clearly defined,
We'll sigh and we'll settle down
For the first time

But held in museum display,
Time pulls us further away.
And when we rebuild it,
All of the details fade.

Into the tide,
Where the sun fills our eyes,
Only silhouettes
Will remain in the place
Where our rare bird of grace appeared.

In our pale imperfect light,
Our palms will stabilize,
And your brightness
Will close our heavy eyes,
And we'll dream with you.
We'll dream with you.

When we awake, we are left
With the eggshells inside of the nest
And the promise that one day soon,
It will come back to us...
When we reach into the night,
Where the water will rise,
Your wings will unbend.
In your brilliant display
All out worries will wash away.

On pale, imperfect eyes,
Chandeliers rely...
And the brightness will
Weave lace out of light
When we dream of you.

In our pale, imperfect light,
Our palms will stabilize,
And the brightness
Will close our heavy eyes,
When we dream of you.
We'll dream with you