

Ghosts

Sleeping at Last

If you listen just right, you can almost hear it
The symphony of secrecy, life, and fear
(the search for love, but finding fear)

Like a moth to the flame we become helpless
To the beautiful ghost
That true love sheds.

We all are running our very own races,
Set upon the most dangerous of places.
Are through it all,
We are left with a void in our chests,
We're aching to fill

The doves come to gather our every need,
They lift them up to Heaven
Through the mouths from which we speak.

God will you help us understand the meaning of it all?
Will you send your angels down to us at our every call?
Sometimes it seems the world is passing us
Faster than my eyes can adjust.

I can't decide if I'm living or I'm dying,
So I test your love and I test your love,
I test your love.

The doves come to gather our every need,
They lift them up to Heaven
Through us now....
The doves come to gather our every need,
They lift them up to Heaven
Through the mouths from which we speak.

Like a moth to the flame we become helpless
To the beautiful ghosts
That true love sheds.