

Everything To Help You Sleep

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What is it like to be empty?
Full of only echoes
And my body caving in
A cathedral of arching ribs
Heaving out their broken hymns

Thought I made out your reply
The seconds between sound and light
And I could have sworn the sirens were the
Holy ghost just speaking in morse code

Lord, Lord, Lord, is there some way to make it stop
'Cause nothing that I do has ever helped to turn it off
And everything supposed to help me sleep at night
Don't help me sleep at night, anymore

From a distance, light from stars
Entry wounds or puncture marks
Leaking from your arms through the
Perforated dark

'Cause Lord, Lord, Lord, is there some way to make it stop
'Cause nothing that I do has ever helped to turn it off
And everything supposed to help me sleep at night
Don't help me sleep at night, anymore

So could you hear from heaven on earth
If I scream a little louder
I know you would have heard
Say there's no way I could be further
If I scream a little louder I know you would have heard it