

Everything Sleeps

Listener

We can't change our world with more of the same of this (with words we've made up) it matters how we live. And even darkness has to sleep, or take its turn, in the sky. This is it? But everyone can see this, and that sounds like a dream I'd like to make one day, but sacrifices must be made. We are all bold and we all fade. Until there's no soil left to sow. Watching dust float in the sunlight. Until there's nothing left on the bone. Drawing maps in our breath on the window. It won't always be this way, and sometimes nothing works. But if we give everything we have every single time. We might get to live what's next. This voice is barely a whisper. It is nothing. I am not this. You are everything.

Wait! Listen, I will try and choke out some kind of mystery. We might not all get sleep, but we will all be changed, and then death won't be able to count a victory. My friends my enemies our bodies are empty, but even being empty has potential. The space between my head and heart I try and fill it with simple, or innocence the shade behind our eyes. Our soul is at our teeth so speak through it. We can't keep what's not ours. It piles up and turns back to dirt. There's work in making long lives, but what is that worth? When those who have nothing can see more clearly How can we see more that way? Instead of making laws for our own gain. When everything sleeps, how long will you? Everything sleeps, how long will you? There are warning signs louder than words can say. Because sometimes words get in they way. Where there is nothing. There is God. God is everywhere.