

# Build

**Sleeping at Last**

Out there  
Blink and you'll miss it  
Is the promised land  
(Or at least somewhere different)  
Pressed up to the glass to see it-  
I get distracted by my own reflection  
Like a live-wire, hope flickers  
Against the pitch black  
In rich contrast-  
Hypnotized by the horizon  
I hold out my hand-

I just want to build  
Some kind of bridge  
To where the source material lives  
I want to build  
Brick by brick, until I am changed-

For a minute I'll be endless  
For a minute I'll be brave  
For a minute I'll make sense of  
All of my mistakes

I've poured over the blueprints  
I've stuck to the plan-  
Even a little ahead of schedule  
But still missing parts of who I am  
My active imagination  
Fills in the empty space-  
The pencil reaches wide  
But like anything held too tight  
It breaks

I just want to make  
Some kind of mark  
Permanent ink  
Right from the start  
I want to draw  
Line by line  
Until I am changed-

I just want to build  
Some kind of bridge  
To where the source material lives  
I want to build  
Brick by brick, until I am changed-

For a minute I'll be endless  
For a minute I'll be brave  
For a minute I'll make sense of  
All of my mistakes  
And for a minute I'll be endless  
For a minute I'll be home  
For a minute I'll make something  
To forever call my own

I'll always wrestle with patience-

The dissonance of purgatory  
But I'll try to make use of the tension  
In this first and second act of my story