

Son

Sleeping at Last

Show me
Who I am and who I could be
Initiate the heart within me
'til it opens properly

Slow down
Start again from the beginning
I can't keep my head from spinning out of control
Is this what being vulnerable feels like?

And I will try, try, try to breathe
'til it turns to muscle memory
I'm only steady on my knees
One day I'll stand on my own two feet

And I'll run the risk
Of being intimate with brokenness
Through this magnifying glass I see a thousand finger prints
On the surfaces of who I am

Show me
Where to find a silver lining
As the mercury keeps rising
'til the glass on my fever breaks

Show me
How to struggle gracefully
Let the scaffolding inside of me be strong enough to hold this tired
body up
Once more

And I will try, try, try to breathe
'til it turns to muscle memory
I feel the pressure in my blood
Building up and liberating me

So I will try, try, try to breathe
'til it turns to muscle memory
I'm only steady on my knees
But one day I'll stand on my own two feet

And I'll run the risk
Of being intimate with brokenness
Through this magnifying glass I see a thousand finger prints

I ran the risk
Of being intimate with my brokenness
I was given a gift of hope and a thousand finger prints
On the surfaces of who I am