

Into the West

Tim O'Brien

Lay down,
your sweet and weary head.
Night is falling.
You have come to journey's end.

Sleep now, and dream
of the ones who came before.
They are calling,
from across a distant shore.

Why do you weep?
What are these tears upon your face?
Soon you will see.
All of your fears will pass away.
Safe in my arms,
you're only sleeping.

What can you see,
on the horizon?
Why do the white gulls call?
Across the sea,
a pale moon rises.
The ships have come,
to carry you home.

And dawn will turn,
to silver glass.
A light on the water.
All souls pass.

Hope fades,
Into the world of night.
Through shadows falling,
Out of memory and time.

Don't say,
"We have come now to the end"
White shores are calling.
You and I will meet again.
And you'll be here in my arms,
Just sleeping.

What can you see,
on the horizon?
Why do the white gulls call?
Across the sea,
a pale moon rises.
The ships have come,
to carry you home.

And dawn will turn,
to silver glass.
A light on the water.
Grey ships pass
Into the West.