

# Dream Theater, Wait For Sleep

Standing by the window  
Eyes upon the moon  
Hoping that the memory  
Will leave her spirit soon

She shuts the doors and lights and lays her body on the bed  
Where images and words are running deep  
She has too much pride to pull the sheets above her head  
So quietly she lays and waits for sleep

She stares at the ceiling and tries not to think  
And pictures the chain she's been trying to link again  
But the feeling is gone

And water can't cover her memory  
And ashes can't answer her pain  
God give me the power to take breath from a breeze  
And call life from a cold metal frame

In with the ashes  
Or up with the smoke from the fire  
With wings up in heaven  
Or here lying in bed  
Palm of her hand to my head  
Now and forever curled  
In my heart and the heart of the world