

# Sleeping At Last, Heaven Breaks

It always starts like this,  
A harmless and simple thing to fix.  
Contagious and spreading quick  
Like cracks in ice,  
Wholly claiming our lives  
While we sleep.

We'll pray for Heaven's floor to break,  
Pour the brightest white on blackest space,  
Come bleeding gloriously through  
The clouds and the blue.  
Forcing one place from two,  
Killing formulaic views,  
Only love proves to be the truth.

When heaven meets the earth,  
We will have no use for numbers  
To measure who are and what we're worth.

When Heaven meets the earth,  
We will have no need for mirrors  
To tell us who to be  
And where we fit into this awkward point of view.

When angels meet the earth, may our bodies be light.  
When angels meet the earth, may our heavy hearts untie.  
When angels meet the earth, may our bodies be light.  
May our bodies be light for you.