

Sleeping At Last, Needle & Thread

When the world welcomes us in,
Were closer to Heaven than well ever know.
They say this place has changed,
But strip away all of the technology
And you will see
That we all are hunters,
Hunting for something that will make us okay.

Here we lay alone in hospital beds,
Tracing life in our heads;
But all that is left
Is that this was our entrance and now its our exit,
As we find our way home.

All the blood and all the sweat
That we invested to be loved
Follows us into our end,
Where we begin to understand

That we are made of love,
And all the beauty stemming from it.
We are made of love,
And every fracture caused by the lack of it.

You were a million years of work,
Said God and His angels, with needle and thread.
They kissed your head and said,
Youre a good kid and you make us proud.
So just give your best and the rest will come,
And well see you soon.

All the blood and all the sweat
That we invested to be loved
Follows us into our end,
Where we begin to understand

That maybe Hollywood was right:
When the credits have rolled and the tears have dried,
The answers that we have been dying to find
Are all pieced together and, somehow,
Made perfectly mine.

We are made of love,
And all the beauty stemming from it.
We are made of love,
And every fracture caused by the lack of love.