

Bad Blood

Sleeping at Last

You fixed your eyes on us,
Your flesh and blood,
A sculpture of water
And unsettled dust.

When there was bad blood in us,
We learned our lesson:
Genesis to the last generation.

So we wrestle with it all-
The concept of grace
And the faithful concrete
As it breaks our fall.

Our questions are all the same.
Identical words; how they feel brand new against different time frames.
Identical words against different time frames.

We know it all by heart-
The whole is greater
Than the sum of it's parts.

We've heard it all before-
In beauty there echoes a speck of our source.
In beauty there echoes a speck of our source.

Like firewood,
Burning bright
In the dead of winter,
By only a flicker
We cling to this life.

So we huddle over maps;
Is it faith or prediction,
Will or tradition
Until we collapse?
We argue our bearings
Until we collapse.

We study our story arcs-
Inherently good,
Or were we broken right from the start?

Our hesitant fingerprints
Trace every mountain,
Lace every valley
Until we're convinced...

That we know it all by heart-
Every blade of grass
Bears our mark.

In the name of being brave,
Though it's just another word for being afraid.

We know it all by heart-
The whole is so much greater

Than the sum of these parts.
We've heard the truth before,
For in beauty there echoes a speck of our source.
In beauty there echoes a speck of our source.
In beauty there echoes a speck of our source.