

A Plea For Purging "While The Sparrow Sleeps"

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Outside these city walls I sing
while the sparrow sleeps.
These hands couldn't raise any higher.
This heart couldn't find a deeper hole.
With your blood on my hands,
I speak more about you than with you.
The work of my hands is not yet my prayer.
If a song is just a song, will my voice be heard.
You who are so close
if you would ask, then ask
how high could one man's praises raise?
My lips are longing for the kiss of your praises.
Outside these city walls
I sing while the sparrow sleeps.
These hands couldn't raise any higher.
This heart couldn't find a deeper hole

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