

**Eliot Morris****"Awake"**

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In the gray of last November,  
In the winter months that follow,  
There was left my soul and spirit,  
In the waters of my sorrow,  
Then I painted perfect pictures,  
And a smile that no one questioned,  
But inside we both were breaking  
From the weight of our transgressions, of love

And then we lay awake at night,  
And we're staring at the ceiling,  
And the violence of this fight,  
Is the silence that we keep when we're awake, awake

In my mind I found this window,  
With the curtains gently flowing,  
To the music of the angels and the summer breezes  
blowing,  
There I waited on your whisper,  
And your reachin hands to find me  
And the doorstep of the morning,  
I awoke with arms still empty, oh no,

And then we lie awake at night,  
And we're staring at the ceiling,  
And the violence of this fight,  
Is the silence that we keep when we're awake, awake  
When we're awake, awake

And then we lie awake at night,  
And then we're staring at the ceiling,  
And the violence of this fight,  
Is the silence that we keep when we're awake, awake  
When we're awake, oh oh

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