

Sleeping At Last **"Say"**

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Say what you really want to say
And the truest of forms will show
Finally you'll find your soul

They impose the endless fight
To always be perfect
It seems they have been chosen
To be above the rest
But the contradiction stands
Between these perfect lives
And the words that they've misread
There was no reading

Say all the things that you really want to say
The truest of forms will show
Finally you'll find your soul
Say all the things that you really want to say
The truest of forms will show
And finally you'll find your soul

The landscape of being
Are endlessly competing, back and forth
For an answer to existence
That we can never find
In all of the places that we've searched out
In all of the pulses that we've taken
There was no reading

Say all the things that you really want to say
The truest of forms will show
Finally you'll find your soul
Say all the things that you really want to say
Then you'll find the truest of forms will show
And finally we'll find our souls

Give us the answers
And give the ability to hear

The landscape of being
Are endlessly competing, back and forth
For an answer to existence
That we can understand

Perhaps were looking far too closely
We can't see
All the evidence in it's entirety
The air in our lungs
The complexity of our love

Say all the things that you really want to say
Then you'll find the truest of forms will show
And finally you'll find your soul
Say all the things that you really want to say

Say what you really want to say
And the truest of forms will show
Finally you'll find your soul

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