

In the night  
Bedsheets sweat, fingers fret,  
And darkness pleads for light.  
Craving you covers me like heat;  
Some dreams are pure and some I can't repeat.  
Tomorrow is a bitter pill,  
To think of you and me, each alone, in the night, still

In the night  
Bombs are made, planets fade,  
And you dare decide who's right.  
Patience is a weeping sore.  
I'm holding cues I should have waited for.  
You'll not be loved again like this, you'll see ...  
But knowing you, loving you, you will, but not by me.

In the night  
Screaming lies, covered eyes  
Betray your heart in plain sight.  
The unblemished youth is a dream,  
Nothing to prove that I've ever been.  
Shades of how I see you fall across the bed,  
When I have laid alone, in the night, and bled.