

The moon is down,
and heaven is waiting
for us to find her in our sites
with focus that's strong
but my strength keeps slipping.

Now we're all the terminal cases,
but were so determined to thrive.
And those with defeat on their faces,
are those that we must keep alive.
And I admire your strength.
You keep us going on.
You keep us fighting long after the fire.

You've measured our strides,
marked the degree of our fever.
Charted the log.
Made sure the temperature's rising.

To fan the flames,
and brandish our new courage proudly,
as if it were ours from the outset.
As if we were never alone.

The moon is down,
and heaven is waiting,
for callers and entries
as we're calling out:
"This is ours, ours, ours. This one is ours!"

Now we're all the terminal cases,
but we're so determined to thrive.
And those with defeat on their faces,
are those that we must keep alive.
And I admire your strength,
you keep us going on,
you keep us fighting,
long after the fire.