

# Audioslave, The Last Remaining Light

Roll me on your frozen fields  
break my bones to watch them heal  
drown me in your thirsty veins  
where i watch and i wait  
and pray for the rain

curl like smoke  
and breathe again  
down your throat  
inside your ribs  
and through your spine  
and every nerve  
where i watch and i wait  
and you too the herd

and if you don't feel me now  
sun will rise  
still i'm in grief of the coming night  
in the last remaining light

seven moons and seven suns  
heaven waits for those who run  
down your winter and underneath your waves  
when you watch and you wait  
and pray for the day

and if you don't believe the sun will rise  
stand alone and greet the coming night  
and in the last remaining light

and if you don't believe the sun will rise  
stand alone and greet the coming night  
and in the last remaining light  
light  
light  
light