

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