

Audioslave, Turn To Gold

SHINE!

I don't know why
all the fiction of your sleeping
doesn't visit you awake
I don't know how to get your storybook sunrise
to follow you above your cloudy day
all these gifts you left on you
with heaven painted on you
i wish this now with all my soul
may all your visions turn to gold
to have and hold
may all your visions turn to gold
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to have and hold
may all your visions turn to gold
terrified the world will never turn to look at you
and the sun won't see you shine
she'll resign for rose cooked blush just from your smiling
let the water form a cry
only better luck should greet you
the road should rise to meet you
i wish this now with all i know
may all your visions turn to gold
to have and hold
may all your visions turn to gold
may all your visions turn to gold
to have and hold
may all your visions turn to gold
loose inside your winter
feel the cold wind blowing
cutting through your head and through your ears
feel the fire growing
no more frozen danger
no more wrteched ice storm fear
may all your visions turn to gold
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