Chris Cornell, Mission

Pulled through you, and drowning in your swirl
Circling, unfolding in your will
I'm going to glide on the winds of your breathing
And alight on your guarded heart
I'm gonna tear all your temples down
I'm on a mission now
Smoldering down inside your mood
Slithering and fanning in your eyes
I'm going to dive through your crying
And sleep in your hair, rise from your ashes
And kneel in you prayers, tear all your temples down
I'm on a mission now
And I have nothing
But then the have is not as good as the want
I'm gonna glide on the winds of your breathing
Writhe in your calm
And provide your release
Weave into your wanting and needing
And reside in the heart of your strongest beliefs
I'm gonna tear all your temples down
I'm on a mission now
And I have nothing
But then the have is not as good as the want