

Hawksley Workman, No Stillness And No Rain

Remember your heart
The darkest assassination
Remember your purer times
And think of your joy
And arch of your inspiration
Stop saying "how lost am I?"

And if I cried it just might take forever
No stillness and no rain
The thought of loving you is gone
No stillness and no rain

You're not in control
You could just die tomorrow
And particles of your light
Would emanate on
To some cold and distant planet
And you would be wiser still

Who won't let go?
Who wants to make us still?