

# John Cale, Lie Still, Sleep Becalmed

Words: Dylan Thomas

Lie still, sleep becalmed, sufferer with the wound  
In the throat, burning and turning. All night afloat  
On the silent sea we have heard the sound  
That came from the wound wrapped in the salt sheet.  
Under the mile off moon we trembled listening  
To the sea sound flowing like blood from the loud wound  
And when the salt sheet broke in a storm of singing  
The voices of all the drowned swam on the wind.  
Open a pathway through the slow sad sail,  
Throw wide to the wind the gates of the wandering boat  
For my voyage to begin to the end of my wound,  
We heard the sea sound sing, we saw the salt sheet tell,  
Lie still, sleep becalmed, hide the mouth in the throat,  
Or we shall obey, and ride with you through the drowned.