

# The Church, Won't Let You Sleep

Lying face down in the dust  
Your body crippled with mistrust  
I wonder if you'll ever rise  
Too much of nothing wears you out  
There's a lot of that about  
I see it lingering in your eyes  
If you change the arrow's course  
Or feel the punch with all its force  
Remember passion never dies

I'll see you there  
Should you come through  
Patience sits

Her face all blackened up with soot  
Ragged clothes won't interrupt  
The precious gem that is your life  
The lover spurned and then replaced  
There's just forgiveness not disgrace  
And I say "Passion never dies"

And we'll return  
Our candles burn  
Patience sits

I won't let you sleep when there's fear in your blood  
I won't let you sleep when there's fear in your blood

And if you think that holding on  
Is already far too long  
Who's to be the judge of time?  
It won't seep out through your toes  
It only grows and grows and grows  
'coz passion never ever dies

When you return  
On your own terms  
Patience sits

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