

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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