

Come Heavy Sleep

Sting & Edin Karamazov

Come heavy sleepe the image of true death
And close up these my weary weeping eyes
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vitall breath
And tears my hart with sorrows sigh swoln cries
Come and posses my tired thoughts worn soul
That living dies, that living dies, that living dies
Till thou on me be stouled
Come and posses my tired thoughts worn soul
That living dies, that living dies, that living dies
Till thou on me be stouled
Come shape of rest and shadow of my end
Allied to death child to his blackfac'd, his blackfac'd night
Come thou and charme these rebels in my breast
Whose waking fancies doe my mind affright
O come sweet sleepe come or I die for ever
Come ere my last, comes come ere my last sleepe comes
Or come, or come never

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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