

Mission

[Chris Cornell](#)

Pulled through you, and drowning in your swirl
 Circling, unfolding in your will
I'm going to glide on the winds of your breathing
 And alight on your guarded heart
 I'm gonna tear all your temples down
 I'm on a mission now
 Smoldering down inside your mood
 Slithering and fanning in your eyes
I'm going to dive through your crying
 And sleep in your hair, rise from your ashes
And kneel in you prayers, tear all your temples down
 I'm on a mission now
 And I have nothing
 But then the have is not as good as the want
I'm gonna glide on the winds of your breathing
 Writhe in your calm
 And provide your release
 Weave into your wanting and needing
And reside in the heart of your strongest beliefs
 I'm gonna tear all your temples down
 I'm on a mission now
 And I have nothing
 But then the have is not as good as the want

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