

Lie Still, Sleep Becalmed

[John Cale](#)

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.

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