

# 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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