

## C N End

Arno Carstens

As the quiet rhythm of life returns  
Oh is there a place where it no more burns  
And what little limb should we sever here  
Is there a place where there's no more fear

Shall we pursue our happiness  
Or will this be our only gift  
Do you think we've shown our gratitude  
Is this only hope our fragile faith

No more  
I c n end upon day, upon day

And as the kindest rhythm of life returns  
Is this the place where we no more burn  
And what little limb should we sever here  
Is this the place where there's no more tears

No more  
I c n end upon day, upon day

Oh princess what a mess  
I really thought you did your best  
And oh princess what a mess  
All of this sick success

No more  
I c n end upon day, upon day