

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