

## I Shall Not Complain

Stateless

I see a boy walk in from the wilderness  
His hair is soaked in rainwater  
His eyes are flashing with the fear of the angels  
He found them in the trees

I see a girl sat by a waterfall  
She's stitching beams of light through  
Button holes in the sky  
She starts a crippled ballet dance to bring the rain  
But now as the lightning flashes  
We sail into the storm

Take hold, hold of her reigns, and start to climb away  
With blinding grace she sails through the storm clouds  
Dancing on the waves that she brings

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