

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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