

William Elliott Whitmore

"Cold And Dead"

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Well sing with me a hymn
For the light that has dimmed
For the heart that no longer beats
And even until death when nothing else is left and the
pain has finally ceased
And the sun will never shine on this cold dead heart of
mine

Sing with me a hymn
For the body that's grown weary
For the voice that's forever still
And my lips will utter praise
Until the end of days for the space that can not be
filled
And the sun will never shine on this cold dead heart of
mine

Well I will be your roof
Your shelter from the storm
Your footing against the wind
And I'll mend for you my dear
Those hopes that have been torn
And I hope our paths will cross again
And the sun will never shine on this cold dead heart of
mine
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