

Sting "Come, Heavy Sleep"

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Come heavy sleepe the image of true death;
And close up these my weary weeping eyes:
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vitall breath,
And tears my hart with sorrow's sigh swol'n cries:
Come and possess my tired through-worn soul,
That living dies, till thou on me be stoule.

Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
Allied to death, child to his blackfac'd night:
Come thou and charme these rebels in my breast,
Whose waking fancies doe my mind affright.
O come sweet sleepe; come, or I die for ever:
Come ere my last sleepe comes, or come never.

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