

## Lack Of Limits

### "Unquiet Grave"

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The wind doth blow today my love, a few small drops of  
Rain  
I never had but one true love, in cold clay she is laid  
I'll do as much for my true love, as any young man may  
I'll sit and mourn upon her grave for twelve months and  
A day

The twelve-month and the day being gone a voice  
came  
From the deep  
Who is it sits all on my grave and will not let me  
Sleep?  
'Tis I, 'tis I, thine own true love who sits upon your  
Grave  
I crave a kiss from your sweet lips for that is all I  
Seek

When shall we come together again  
When shall we meet again, sweetheart?  
When the autumn leaves that fall from the trees

Are green and rise up again

A kiss you crave from my cold lips, but my breath is  
Earthly strong  
One kiss of my cold clay lips and your time would not  
Be long  
My time be long, my time be short, tomorrow or today  
May gods or devils have my soul but I'll kiss your lips  
Of clay

See down in the garden green where we used to walk  
The sweetest flower that ever I saw is withered to a  
Stalk

The stalk has withered dry my love, so will our hearts  
Decay  
I'll make myself content my love, till death calls me  
Away

