

## In Darkness Let Me Dwell

Sting

In darkness let me dwell; the ground shall sorrow be,  
The roof despair, to bar all cheerful light from me;  
The walls of marble black, that moist'ned still shall weep;  
My music, hellish jarring sounds, to banish friendly sleep.  
Thus, wedded to my woes, and bedded in my tomb,  
O let me dying live, till death doth come, till death doth come  
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