

Mattress Of Wire

Aztec Camera

I know the place that you've had visions of
There are no windows, no sunlight there
Three stories high and there are no stairs
It's anywhere that you're alone
As a child you had a ragged doll
That used to follow you around
We made a mound on some sacred ground
And never was it seen again

And when you speak, I still hear the fire
Of cheated desire for diaries embossed
Of days that you've lost
How can you sleep on a mattress of wire
Oh, how can you tire
Aspiring for sure to all that is pure

So say goodbye to all those ne'er do wells
Smile in religion and then smile farewell
Your magic doesn't need the failing spells
Of those that never understand
And manners, they will find no place
With those that have no saving grace
With you I see the irony
Of anyone who has no faith

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Of cheated desire for diaries embossed
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Of that I am sure