

# White Ash

The Weeks

Ten men sleep outside the city gates but they don't speak to me  
they're not begging and they do not plan to leave  
I can't be anymore than the turn of a century  
He's not lying, just whistles through his teeth

Children cling to the coat-tails of some filthy queen they're not begging, they are far too proud for that  
Old men weep, how this new world's dirty and is full of fiends  
they're not trying, just searching for a fix

I will lie awake, I found shelter in my fireplace  
White ashes come to life, take my hand but count me twice  
I was perfect and unplanned, strong enough so still I stand  
We were never at a loss, we will fight at any cost

Oh, what simple lives we lead in the corners of our map  
And it's so far to see and it's a run we're taking it back

We felt cheap, no one breathes the same in this southern heat on a dark night just sweating through the seams  
On hands and knees, stay below the smoke so that we can breathe  
No one planned this, it was how it had to be

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