

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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