

# Deep Purple, Time for Bedlam

Descending the cold steps of the institution for the politically insane  
Never to be seen again  
Saying farewell to daylight  
From henceforth I shall rot in a stinking bed of wet straw

Right from the ashes of life I learned to behave  
What to believe, what not to say, from cradle to grave  
Ah..... like a good little slave

Sucking my milk from the venomous tit of the state  
This clearly designed to suppress every thought of escape  
Ah..... I surrender to fate

No pity, no pity  
Don't want no pity for me in this filthy ceil  
I'll see you in hell  
See you in hell

Frozen in time, I'm a specimen pinned to my throne  
With an army of butterflies pilloried placid and prone  
Ah..... we were never alone

No pity, no pity  
Don't want no pity for me in this filthy ceil  
I'll see you in hell

After centuries of living with nothing but my convictions  
Broken fingers clawing through the walls of my incarceration  
Escaping the clutches of eternal damnation  
I was justified