

# Donny Brook, The Water Turned To Ash

An aged bottle of dream  
Adjusting to your need  
I won't drink your water  
Our tap flows clean  
Your sore voice  
Guides me to sleep again

Charcoal legends do not sleep  
So pay the horde a toll to keep  
If you pass through the blood mark gate  
You'll see no ice on the boiling lake

Your sore voice guides me to sleep again(2x)

I won't drink your water  
I refuse to drink your water  
I refuse  
Your sore voice

So when the banshee kissed the gold  
After the torchlight burned the past  
Their methods bought their secrets sold  
Then the water turned to ash

Your sore voice guides me to sleep again(repeat chourus)

I refuse to drink  
The water turned to ash

Vision you as the widow  
Dressed in royalty  
Motion me to the window  
Count to three