

July For Kings, Bed Of Ashes

Do you hear those distant voices
and sounds through the flames
the deafening drone
of these clanking machines
in the lights
it's the same
we're trying to free
the sculpture from the stone
we'll take the rhythm from the throne
if the radio is dying
listen to me won't you listen to me

I don't want to lie in a bed of ashes
I don't want to burn in a midnight sun
I don't want to know if the system crashes
I don't want to go if it's just begun
I don't want to lie in a bed of ashes
I don't want to burn in the midnight
sun
in the midnight sun

I scream like a madman in the morning
no one heard a thing
I had hoped for a more effective warning
no one felt the sting
someone's savior never saved
take it away 'till there's nothing left to say
the radio is dying
listen to me
won't you listen to me

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Dancing like a child
will we feel at all
or just smile in another pretty prison
the wires frayed and broken free
it's loud as hell but I don't want to listen
is existentialism so desperate?
condition may seem painful but it won't last
I just march, march
sometimes I get the last laugh

Machines and dreams
to make the choices for you
machines and dreams
I won't go out like that
machines and dreams
to make the choices for your
machines and dreams--
I won't go out

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I don't want to burn in the midnight sun
I don't want to know if the system crashes
I don't want to go if it's just begun
I don't want to lie in a bed of ashes

I don't want to burn in a midnight sun
I don't want to know if the system crashes
I don't want to go i don't want to go
I don't want to lie
I don't want to go
I don't want to lie
I don't want to go