

## Into Dust

Metal Church

When everything's coming up roses  
The thorns will still leave scars on my hands  
Just pour me a scotch and a soda  
I'll get drunk and I'll act like a man  
I gotta get some of that magic

I hear your voices calling  
A song I dare not trust  
And all my sleepless dreaming  
It all turns into dust

I stopped all the screaming, crying  
Yet I still don't understand  
All that you live for is dying  
An hourglass empty of sand  
I gotta be someone less tragic

I hear the wind is calling  
A song I dare not trust  
And all my sleepless dreaming  
It all turns into dust

In lifeless shadows dreaming  
My life is left unfeeling  
And yet beyond this door  
There must be more

Freedom's become too expensive  
The price is much more than you see  
But freedom creates an illusion  
The freedom to save me from me  
I gotta get some of that magic

I hear those voices calling  
I hear those voices calling  
I hear those voices calling  
I hear those voices calling