

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