

# Midas

## Khepri

(Browne/Maitland)

Midas was sitting alone on the brink

It was only his time he was wasting

Holding a photograph framed with silver

He just couldn't turn into gold

And you won't believe the things that he'd say

He sits in the shade of the dreams that escaped him

She comes to him in his mind

Drifts in and out of his time

From a place with no day and no night

Will I be alright

Alright

Alright

Silas was shifting the dust from his memories

So little time left for saving

Out in the snow and she never came home

It was hard just to live through the cold

God only knows the things that he says

Are tricks of the trade to save from remembering

(Chorus)

God only knows the things that he says

Are tricks of the trade to save from remembering

(Chorus)

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