

# Dust To Gold

## The Tea Party

I've got no patience for this, your philosophies twist  
And mess my mind up,  
I've known truth and its face, it's the cruelest embrace,  
And you think you taste it

This what you want, this what you need  
This what you want, beg for free

I've walked on that floor, and I've walked before  
You could even crawl it  
I've been through the strangest of mazes  
Somewhat self induced hazes  
I got through, and now back to you

This what you want, this what you need  
This what you want, beg for free

Because you're safe now, while hearts are cold  
You just wait until dust turns to gold

I've got no patience for you  
Because you've lied and misconstrued  
You've led us on

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