

Phideaux, A Curse Of Miracles

In the streets I was drifting though the lanes
Everybody looked away, I felt tension and afraid
In the back of my head I feel terribly dead
Friday afternoon came a rustling from the room
I was strangely terrified by the things I heard inside
Then a voice so strong & loud said: it could be yours by now
Saturday at four I snuck back to the corridor
And slipped into the room, now quiet as a tomb
And there, written on the ground in dust:
it should be yours by now
And it's so strange, cuz in the back of my head
I still feel terribly dead so just go away
Leave me chained to the wall just like you've done it before
Everyone knows that it's my regular show
Is my deliverance near? I don't see it I don't hear
Where's the trumpets blowing fire and the angel hosted choir?
I keep waiting for the sound cuz it should be here by now
But there's no change, in the back of my head
The monster wants to be fed and I can't get away
Cuz when you've done it before what's it matter once more?
Everyone knows that it's your regular show
Once upon a time in the blinking of an eye
The oracle was mine like the sage had prophesied
It was whispered through the clouds
Said: it will be yours right now