

# 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