

Phideaux, Beyond The Shadow Of Doubt

Stole the raven into my sweet dreams
Like a cloud coming down
Disturbed my slumber
Like some kind of fiend
Rising up from the ground
And the signs will lead us in time
Will lead us in time
Don't leave us behind just lead us in time
Angels stormed through my mind
Like a swarm rushing in from the rain
A chorus calling (the vice so appalling)
Predicts a great change
And in time the omens divine emerge from behind
To burst from the mind reveal the design
To lead us in time towards the sublime
Look!
What we've done
We've raised the stakes the serpent has come
There can't you see?
The cards reflect it most emphatically
Oh I feel it now
As surely as the shadow of an owl
What can we do? Imperiled is the paradise to doom
Oh so many trees like lovers lips locked eternally
But wait! Beware the saws
They're scratching out the forest with their claws
Time will lead us in time