

# Phideaux, 100 Mg.

My fingers are trembling  
My hands have gone blue  
My lungs are now gasping for air it is true  
And I find my little self  
Scared in this cage  
But 100 Mg. would take it away

My wall it is cracking  
My one safety zone  
The door is in pieces outside of my home  
And up on this roof where you'll find me now  
100 Mg. taking me down

Sneaking through jungles of fall away ground  
Tear at this forest try to get out  
100 Mg. set your mind free  
100 Mg. is all that I need

Finding a place in peace for a dream  
Sorting out pieces of some ancient scene  
Of a time when tears could freely flow  
Before 100 Mg. dried up my soul  
Before 100 Mg. turned me to stone