

Monks of Doom

"Miracle Mile"

Visit "[Miracle Mile](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

When your radar tower's on the ground
And the dots on the screen have no meaning at all
Try to guide myself by sight and sound
But my location seems wrong
So show me a place where something's right

Black smoke beating from miles of steel
Like cast iron ornaments upon the hillside
Like casks of solid oak, the whiskey starts to age
So take another drink my friend

Like a satellite waiting for the judgment day
Take another drink like a satellite
And hold it in waiting for the judgment day

When you walk along a desert shore
'Til the soles of your feet are not there anymore
Would you drop yourself down a ways
For the savior to come
And steal your minds away

Black smoke was beating from miles of steel
Dotting the hillsides of the miracle mile
Looking up into the sky
Points of light that go rushing by

We're just sitting on our hands
Like a satellite waiting for the judgment day
Waiting for the judgment day
Flat on our backs, holding it in
We're just waiting for you
And waiting for the judgment day

Flat on our backs, holding it in
We're just waiting for you
And waiting for the judgment day

Hey, the jokes on us
Rogue dreams reduced to snuff
Lots of talking on the left speaker than the right
Sid down

Visit [Monks of Doom](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.