

Phideaux

"Microdeath Softstar"

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The Bringer of the Future
Casts a shadow, watch it grow
He extends a single finger
Cuz there's only one way to go
And the Watchers on the sidelines
Polite to a tee like contestants on TV
They are you - they are me

So come round all you faithful
Watch him gather up the gold
When he's got the lot he lingers
Just to savour what he has sold
And the mesmerized are silent
Too stunned to believe
What their eyes have finally received
This is not a bad dream

Come now and witness
Time to behold
All we have planted
Has sprouted and grown

Was it enough for you? Did it please you?
Let the poison through
Was it enough for you? No perfume
Let the stench come through

If you catch them at the station ask them how they feel
When the cradle of creation is crushed under the
wheels

Do not speak oh do not speak cuz nothing's left but
Words to reap and what we sowed is ours to keep
Good day to everyone
Do not speak oh do not speak the words were lies
Our will was weak - lemmings poised to take the leap
Good day to everyone

I'd like to say it's over and we will be okay
I'd like to say it's over and that you feel the same

Once upon a time there was some writing on the wall
We all ignored until the time when there was war and
Feasts of famine at our door - once upon a time there
Was a line that we had drawn we wouldn't cross cuz it
Was wrong but lines are bendable and seldom very
long

Fear leaves a trace of something stale
A wasteland of memory of how we failed
All we need is time, all we need is time
But time's too damned unkind

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