Hidden Cameras, The "A Miracle"

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Sent from God

A holy visit

I wake up in the night

"What is it?"

I'm startled and I'm cold

And I believe that I have problems in my dreams

I feel like I'm the only one

Who can carry your disease

In my head you are suffering

In my head you are

In my head you are suffering

In my head you are

He brings me flowers that are gold

And honey from the bees

And he places a blossom in my hair

And undresses me

And he tells me that I'm the only one

That can carry his disease

I'm made to be an animal by his love

And to bear his baby

In my head you are suffering

In my head you are

In my head you are suffering

In my head you are

[Incomprehensible]

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