

The Midas Effect

Malefice

The greed compels you to sell your soul for wealth
Blinded by materialistic and selfish veiws
With not a moment to spare, you wish your life away
again
So let the darkness consume you
You tied the rope yourself
And what you really want isn't always what you'll get
With not a moment to spare, I watch you sign your life
away

Be careful what you wish for lest it comes true
Punished for his temptation
The Mdas touch finally opened his eyes

I watch events unfold
The curse of the touch of gold

So you get what you ask for, an unspoken truth
Money can't buy you everything, especially respect

With not a moments haste
Your world comes crashing down on you

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Reverse this and siperse this
An overwhelmin sense of regret
Another liar to rely on, what more else can you expect?
Awaken from this trance pull yourself together
Engage your mind, remove all fantasy

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The curse, of the touch of gold

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