

# Micro Softdeathstar

Phideaux

Is it too much for you too soon, does it haunt you? Are you afraid to follow through?

Is it too much for you too soon, like perfume when it turns on you

Fear sucks the senses like a leak, feast upon the emptiness that is increased

All you need is time but time recedes behind

I'd like to say I'm wrong, the passing years don't seem that long

The stream of fate goes on and on and on

I'd like to say I'm strong, never do I feel afraid Of all the mistakes I made along the way

Fear stalks the senses like a beast, feast upon the loneliness that is unleashed

But all we need is time, all we need is time, but time retreats behind

Through the eye of time go I

Stalk the senses, stalk the beast, stalk the senses, come the beast

By the side of all we knew we sat and talked and sat and talked

Up around the river bend i was separated from you Up around the river bend we were separated in two

If you pass them at the station you must ask them what they see

If you walk away without question you will never find what you seek

All the worries were wrong - worse was what had begun

Did you diddle, did you daddle, did you run away from the scene?

Where is sanctuary from the battle that is coming into being?

There's no walkabout on the morning of the day of catastrophe

If you wake up finding it boring, try ignoring what you see

Don't you see?

Bring down the rain to wash what remains

Running down the fire escape I burn myself but that's okay

Must keep on moving keep the faith that maybe we can get away

Waiting for the winds to change and radiation blows away

I scan the crowds for signs of you - I'll wait for you, I'll wait for you

I'm only losing storms may be round me, there's no illusion for me

If you walk away without question, will you recognize  
what you see  
On the morning of the disaster that is vaster than  
you'd believe  
All my anger is gone, only sadness hangs on  
Worse is what has begun - is has begun

There's no illusion, stars may be lonely, no more  
intrusion of me  
There's nothing left for me, there is nothing more from  
me  
I'm singing to the rain