

Phideaux, 100 Mg.

My fingers are trembling
My hands have gone blue
My lungs are now gasping for air it is true
And I find my little self
Scared in this cage
But 100 Mg. would take it away

My wall it is cracking
My one safety zone
The door is in pieces outside of my home
And up on this roof where you'll find me now
100 Mg. taking me down

Sneaking through jungles of fall away ground
Tear at this forest try to get out
100 Mg. set your mind free
100 Mg. is all that I need

Finding a place in peace for a dream
Sorting out pieces of some ancient scene
Of a time when tears could freely flow
Before 100 Mg. dried up my soul
Before 100 Mg. turned me to stone