

A Miracle

Webbie

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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