Midas Vision

Arena

Creeping out into the night
Keep your hands outstretched and
your eyes closed tightly
Running out on your own
Don't answer the door or the
telephone
This is no kind of a dream
Not a blessing but a curse
This is no illusion
You've had them before -
this isn't the first
Reaching out - so cold!
What did I say - did I do
To lose my hold on you
Everything you touch
With your finger tips -
Hurts so much
There's a fallen wish
it's shattered on the ground
like a broken gift
The Midas Vision
Was always beating in your heart
The foolish greed, the golden seed
Is dragging out of the reason
and tearing you apart!
Reaching out - so cold!
What did I say - did I do
To lose my hold on you?
Reaching out with
all that I could give
What should I say - should I do
To make you....
Holding out, holding out your hands
Open up, open up your eyes
Is that the knock
or the ringing of the bell
Open the door
to your own private hell.
Reaching out - so cold!

What did I say - did I do
To lose my hold on you?
Reaching out
with all that I could give
What should I say - should I do
To make you live again?
Reaching out - so cold!
What did I say - did I do
To lose my hold on you?
Reaching out
with all that I could give
What should I say - should I do
to make you live again?

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