

# Too Many Prophets

Anacrusis

No talk of the future  
So far from forever  
Approaching tomorrow  
But hoping for never  
Cursed, we are cursed  
Condemned to die from our birth

How many footsteps in line  
Have flattened this land?  
How many prophets have died  
Right here where we stand?

Call, some call  
Is answered in warning us all

These "signs" which surround us  
Imagining most of  
Some commitment urges us  
To bring down all around us  
Wish, this wish  
Bent on ceasing to exist

How many questions have tried  
To uncover some truth?  
How many prophets have lied  
Inventing the proof?  
Call, some call  
IS answered to sentence us all  
To sentence us all...

Call, some call  
Unanswered, awaiting our fall

So many footsteps...  
Too many prophets...  
So many questions...  
Too many prophets...  
Too many prophets...