

The Prophet

Shihad

You build it up
I tear it down
You are the silence
I'm the enemy of sound
I can't keep hiding
Feel dead inside
I do my best to make you think I'm still alive

Want to feel engaged
From heart to brain
The world's a mess
And I could care less

So let's work it out
Let's make a start
Feel more alone when we're together than apart
Because you mean the world to me
As you know
We both want the same things, I suppose

From one soul to the other
We're waiting to recover
There's no communication
Two souls in celebration