

# 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