

# Prophecy

Status Praesents

Hearin something you can't hear  
Trailed by power from the deep  
As a tool of unknown conscience  
My mind is filled by prosy voice

Have no interest and no reason  
Even no clue what's going on  
Pushed to do things different way  
If it's true than we should pray

Hard to speak when no one listens  
To the describes of my visions  
Gang of sightless and one sacred  
World can't accept my small secret

What do I still feel  
Inside

What's up?  
Who's knocking on my door?

We can't see whats round the corner  
Slip away - leave door open wide

Silent sources covered by noise  
Useless efort of my voice  
Yes it hurts it burns my brain  
I struggle in my ring of pain

Scream inside outside and ever  
Prophet for now and for never  
Band is playing and they dance  
Water dips their evidence

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