

## When Six Was Nine

Steel Prophet

As I fall in this floating box  
My mind is back to that day  
I had forgotten along the way  
Now the time has come, I see it's time to pay

My will is prophecy, my own mythology, an oracle to be  
The blood shed by my soul, the deal time controls, tears for  
Gifts you gave-IF SIX WAS NINE

The days I woke with resolve  
To do an act with meaning  
Seems I've lost power  
To change things for the better

When I was drawn toward you  
I needed all you had  
My instincts had been twisted  
I learned it all too late