

Prophecy Gun

Yeasayer

You hear the calling, you want to spread the word.
Your prophecy gun's crying to be heard.
You must not know my lack of devotion.
Don't want your white clouds, celibate oceans.

The sky is falling, into the world to come.
Abraham's bosom can't include everyone.
So while you dream of Blonde Eschatology.
Ezekiel's sermons seem so unreal to me.