

Prophets

Kahwe

There's a height I couldn't reach nor about the wings that carry me
There's a feeling never found nor about the words to bring it out but then Maybe I was better naive, or maybe I
was better when I couldn't see I felt the water over me, a cold and lonely welcoming
And not a sign that'd say I'd find nor the warmth of Messiah's hand on mine but then Maybe I was better naive
or maybe I was better when I couldn't see I have seen a friend or martyr bleed
And for what?
For the stranger tied to us, we got a story ready to speak Always the loudest who voiced only their ignorance
(x2) We know a story ready to speak The rock should be, an anchor for the weak Like this A struggle of feeling
A struggle of guilty
A prophet of sympathy We know story ready to speak Always the loudest to voice only their ignorance (x2) We
know a story ready to speak
And this is its reasoning Maybe I was better naive, maybe I was better when I couldn't see

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