

# Too Many Prophets

## Anacrusis

No talk of the future  
So far from forever, approaching tomorrow  
    But hoping for never  
    Cursed, we are cursed  
Condemned to die from our birthHow many footsteps in line  
    Have flattened this land?  
    How many prophets have died  
Right here where we stand?Call, some call  
Is answered in warning us allThese signs which surround us  
    Imagining most of some commitment  
    Urges us to bring down all around us  
Wish, this wish bent on ceasing to existHow many questions have tried  
    To uncover some truth?  
    How many prophets have lied  
Inventing the proof?Call, some call  
    Is answered to sentence us all  
    To sentence us all  
    Call, some call  
Unanswered, awaiting our fallSo many footsteps  
    Too many prophets  
    So many questions  
    Too many prophets  
    Too many prophets

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