

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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