

# All of My Prophets

## Waxwing

All of my prophets were singers of sad songs,  
So it's no wonder that I've been the victim of,  
All of my prophets were singers of sad songs,  
So it's no wonder that I've been the victim of  
A wavering faith  
A wavering faith, call me weak if you like  
My body gets tired  
Of it's internal driver  
Relentless unsatisfied and wired  
Look at where you're coming from  
All she's been through and all you've done  
Stop beating on the ones you love  
I am the Instrument you've all Awaited  
Humble I've been humiliated  
I've seen things you'll never see  
I know what you want to be  
So listen if answers you seek  
Turn your eyes inside out  
Come to expect all you've doubted  
Everything's laid out for you, nothing need be told you  
You will know the truth

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