# Prophets

## Counterparts

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 thenMaybe I was better naive, or maybe I was better when I couldn't seeI 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 thenMaybe I was better naive or maybe I was better when I couldn't seeI have seen a friend or martyr bleed
And for what?
For the stranger tied to us, we got a story ready to speakAlways the loudest who voiced only their ignorance (x2)We know a story ready to speakThe rock should be, an anchor for the weakLike thisA struggle of feeling
A struggle of guilty
A prophet of sympothyWe know story ready to speakAlways the loudest to voice only their ignorance (x2)We know a story ready to speak
And this is its reasoningMaybe I was better naive, maybe I was better when I couldn't see

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