

# Prophet of Doom

## The Samples

How can I pretend there's no end sitting in this boat?  
All alone on the sea just something drifting by  
I always will remain somewhat grim about the future  
But here I can dream I'm floating by your house  
And the water turns to grass and disappears  
Somewhere out in space there's a tree with someone underneath  
Seeking shade from their sun that I can't even see  
I'd like to see their face in alien moonlight  
But now all around, the sea begins to stir  
I'm reminded where I am they disappear  
A mile or two below solid ground is waiting for me now  
At least I will return to what I'm made of  
How can I pretend there's no end sitting in this boat?  
All alone and the sea will surely swallow me  
I always will believe we still have a future of some kind  
But now floating to your door  
Floating to your door and the water turns to grass  
Floating to your door

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