

Prophets

Wovenwar

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 then Maybe I was better naive, or maybe I
was better when I couldn't see I 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 then Maybe I was better naive
or maybe I was better when I couldn't see I have seen a friend or martyr bleed
And for what?
For the stranger tied to us, with no authority to speak Always the loudest who voiced only their ignorance
(x2) With no authority to speak The rock should be, an anchor for the weak Like this A struggle of feeling
A struggle of guilty
A prophet of sympathy With no authority to speak Always the loudest to voice only their ignorance (x2) With no
authority to speak
And this is its reasoning Maybe I was better naive, maybe I was better when I couldn't see

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