

# The Prophet

## Dreams of Sanity

[The old man's Komodia]I would never think of me as a hero  
A bringer of wisdom of hope and of peace  
I never could think of me in a vortex  
of hope of future and vitality.I can spread my thoughts to flood the room  
Embracing and webbing the people reborn.  
The love they are feeling I never can taste;  
The sadness the hatred remains my own.So many souls - they long to be saved,  
Some beasts, some sinners, some lost in their fate.  
For all to rescue my lifespan's too short,  
Refuse all the evil - divine all the gods?[Ref.:] I never asked for a higher believing  
I never questioned the way I was born  
I never wanted to walk among angels  
I never wanted to be so alone.[Bridge:] Alone with my powers - alone in my mind  
(The) holder of darkness - the bringer of light.  
This melancholy circle of giving - not taking  
Can not be endured by me.I'm here to flare a sign  
To guide the lost on to their fate.  
Like I (once) sent Dante his story to take.  
But no one holds that candle for me.So as the years of helping and bleeding  
Had passed away my will to live.  
I returned to the sea of my time and my being,  
I melted into (the) waves as it was my will.

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