

# 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, we got a story ready to speak  
Always the loudest who voiced only their ignorance  
(x2) We know a story ready 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  
We know story ready to speak  
Always the loudest to voice only their ignorance  
(x2) We  
know a story ready 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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