

The Messenger

Dead Soul Tribe

We're leaving tomorrow
We'll travel on through the morning light
Leaving in sorrow
Carrying something that must get through
So many waiting
To hear the news that I have for you
Won't be relating
Though it is something that you once knew
If I tell you I'm not afraid
I'd be lying to you
Peace from inside
That I'm trying to get to
The warmth of an infinite sun
Will be lighting my way
Let in the light
And the dark leaves you
I'm gonna let it be known
I'm gonna let it be shown
I'm gonna set it free
Come tomorrow
I'll be on my way
We're Grieving tomorrow
Leaving our home for the circus life
It has to mean something
Could never mean more than its sacrifice
So many wondering
Why we have come from so far away
Only to bring you something
Something already inside of you
The heart is the temple of feeling
The mind is the cage of the soul
The people are blind
That you follow behind
Leading you over the edge
And into the hole
Singing tomorrow
The unholy verse of this threnody
Ringing in sorrow
Bells of the new fallen sacrilege
We're bringing tomorrow
News of the world from a second sight
The pounding of hooves and black wings
Burden the beast of our own device

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