

# Prophets Scream

## Brocas Helm

In your eyes you've clearly seen  
A shadow of what  
time may bring  
The end is near  
the prophet screamed  
So you no longer  
chase that dream All our days the end's been told  
A bomb won't let  
our rage grow old  
Hope is gone our future sold  
That feeling has the fatal hold If the dream is sacrificed  
I fear the end will be the price  
Of the prophet's scream

Lyrics provided by

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