

A.C. Newman, Prophets

I was a silent partner I found
Myself with the rabble that stood on a mound
Hipshot thinking but not out loud
There are too many prophets here
On the upper side of the sound of the dark
I took it in silence I took it to heart
I carried it quietly over the wall
There were too many prophets there
I was behind it
One by one by one by one
One by one by one by one
Stand by zero
Stacked on zero
One by one by one by one
One by one by one by one
I was a silent partner for once
And I was split into two sections
Here is my heart and here is my song
There are too many prophets here
I am divided
One by one by one by one
One by one by one by one
Stand on zero
Stacked on zero
I was the silent partner I know
The part of the forrest where you shouldn't go
Now out of the woods and out in the day
I see there's too many prophets here
One by one by one by one
Stand on zero
One by one by one by one
Stacked on zero
One by one by one by one
Stand on zero
One by one by one by one
Stacked on zero
One by one by one by one