

# 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