

Anacrusis, Too Many Prophets

No talk of the future
So far from forever
Approaching tomorrow
But hoping for never
Cursed, we are cursed
Condemned to die from our birth

How many footsteps in line
Have flattened this land?
How many prophets have died
Right here where we stand?

Call, some call
Is answered in warning us all

These "signs" which surround us
Imagining most of
Some commitment urges us
To bring down all around us
Wish, this wish
Bent on ceasing to exist

How many questions have tried
To uncover some truth?
How many prophets have lied
Inventing the proof?
Call, some call
IS answered to sentence us all
To sentence us all...

Call, some call
Unanswered, awaiting our fall

So many footsteps...
Too many prophets...
So many questions...
Too many prophets...
Too many prophets...