

Waxwing, All Of My Prophets

All of my prophets were singers of sad songs,
So it' no wonder that I've been the victim of,
All of my prophets were singers of sad songs,
So it's no wonder that I've been the victim of
A wavering faith
A wavering faith, call me weak if you like
My body gets tired
Of it's internal driver
Relentless unsatisfied and wired
Look at were you're coming from
All she's been through and all you've done
Stop beating on the ones you love
I am the Instrument you've all Awaited
Humble I've been humiliated
I've seen things you'll never see
I know what you want to be
So listen if answers you seek
Turn your eyes inside out
Come to expect all you've doubted
Everything's laid out for you, nothing need be told you
You will know the truth