

Brocas Helm, Prophets Scream

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