

# Dead Soul Tribe, The Messenger

We're leaving tomorrow  
We'll travel on through the morning light  
Leaving in sorrow  
Carrying something that must get through

So many waiting  
To hear the news that I have for you  
Won't be relating  
Though it is something that you once knew

If I tell you I'm not afraid  
I'd be lying to you  
Peace from inside  
That I'm trying to get to  
The warmth of an infinite sun  
Will be lighting my way  
Let in the light  
And the dark leaves you

I'm gonna let it be known  
I'm gonna let it be shown  
I'm gonna set it free  
Come tomorrow  
I'll be on my way

We're Grieving tomorrow  
Leaving our home for the circus life  
It has to mean something  
Could never mean more than its sacrifice

So many wondering  
Why we have come from so far away  
Only to bring you something  
Something already inside of you

The heart is the temple of feeling  
The mind is the cage of the soul  
The people are blind  
That you follow behind  
Leading you over the edge  
And into the hole

Singing tomorrow  
The unholy verse of this threnody  
Ringing in sorrow  
Bells of the new fallen sacrilege

We're bringing tomorrow  
News of the world from a second sight  
The pounding of hooves and black wings  
Burden the beast of our own device