

# Dreams Of Sanity, The Prophet

(The old man's Komodia)

I would never think of me as a hero  
A bringer of wisdom of hope and of peace  
I never could think of me in a vortex  
of hope of future and vitality.

I can spread my thoughts to flood the room  
Embracing and webbing the people reborn.  
The love they are feeling I never can taste;  
The sadness the hatred remains my own.

So many souls - they long to be saved,  
Some beasts, some sinners, some lost in their fate.  
For all to rescue my lifespan's too short,  
Refuse all the evil - divine all the gods?

(Ref.:) I never asked for a higher believing  
I never questioned the way I was born  
I never wanted to walk among angels  
I never wanted to be so alone.

(Bridge:) Alone with my powers - alone in my mind  
(The) holder of darkness - the bringer of light.  
This melancholy circle of giving - not taking  
Can not be endured by me.

I'm here to flare a sign  
To guide the lost on to their fate.  
Like I (once) sent Dante his story to take.  
But no one holds that candle for me.

So as the years of helping and bleeding  
Had passed away my will to live.  
I returned to the sea of my time and my being,  
I melted into (the) waves as it was my will.