

Gary Numan, Prophecy

We are deceived
Valhalla is falling
We are betrayed
We are lost and forsaken
He's sold the world
Sold us all to the hunger
The body of Christ
Is as black as his soul

The word of the Lord
Is the lie of your father
This mortal sin
Is a voice of shame
Look at the storm
Like a dying apostle
Cruel and divine
Like the ghost of man

And now you realise
I am the truth

Worship the dead
The damned and misled
Tortured and bled
Like the voices of reason
Sacred and pure
Sanctified obsession
Holy and cured
Like a doorway to heaven

Sisterhood cried
Innocence lied
Purity died
With the angels of passion
Blessed are they
Who pay homage to rumour
I've seen the light
Shine on the grave of man

And now you realise
I am the truth

And I believed