

Prophet

Fit for a King

The sound of a soul when it falls apart
Shakes the world to its core
When every heart beats as one
What happened to them when yours stopped

Tell me (tell me)
Tell me (tell me)
Tell me there's more to this
Release (release)
Release (release)
Release the grip of death
They always told us there's a greater plan
But who's in charge when your life's in your own hands?

Prophet, what are your words for me?
Savior, am I too blind to see?
If you can create all of the stars
Then why can't you mend a broken heart?

You raised your voice in the distance
Begging for a light
A voice so quiet we missed it
You held onto hope so tight

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Savior, am I too blind to see?
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Then why can't you mend a broken heart?

Prophet, I'm trying to believe
Savior, why aren't you saving me?
If you can create all of the stars
Then come down and show me who you are

Don't let the world devour me
(Bleh!)

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