

Prophecy

Son Lux

Tell yourself that you
Need to bleed but you
Don't deserve this
You don't deserve this
Tell yourself that you
Must believe but you don't

Not a single word
Not a single word

What wish was left behind
When they shoved you aside?
What was sacred, held to flame
Till the smoke and embers came
Then you silenced all your reverie
To buried prophecy
It's time to raise the dead
It's time to lift your head and begin
To listen to yourself

Don't stand in your own way
Don't stand in your own way
I won't stand in your way

Tomorrow will not wait
You're out of time to tell yourself
What you need to hear
That you are not less
You don't deserve less

Now be haunted by those promises
You once made to yourself
Now it's time to make the bed
Time to raise your head and begin
To listen to yourself

Don't stand in your own way
Don't stand in your own way
I won't stand in your way

Don't stand in your own way
Don't stand in your own way
I won't stand in your way

Tomorrow will not wait