

Philosopher Kings, The

"The New Messiah"

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If ever there was God,
Please let him shock my heart.
I'm no good no more.
All my prayers fall short.
I'm not strong enough,
I'm not strong enough.

And you are the new messiah,
Turning my blood into fire.
Our tongues are twisted like wire,
In the visions your body inspires.
Come cross a river of fire,
To sleep in this bed of desire.
I'm letting you go to my head,
Oh, like a bullet to the brain. (x2)

When I first saw your brown eyes,
I swear that I'd seen your face before.
But I can't say where or when.
Were you heaven sent?
Or just hell bent on taking me in?

Or are you the new messiah,
Turning my blood into fire?
Our tongues are twisted like wire,
In the visions your body inspires.
Come cross a river of fire,
To make up this bed of desire.
I'm letting you go to my head,
Oh, like a bullet to the brain. (x2)

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I'm not strong enough,
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And you are the new messiah,
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