

Zeigeist, The "Black Milk"

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Your eyes gave me a look
Of dull despair
Tied up with him and yet
You're not aware
That I can change your life
If you dare
Come join this group of men
Stay and share

We are the prophets of sorrow
We always pray for the night
We build no life for tomorrow
And never talk of the light
We are the prophets of sorrow

Black milk cries out for you
And show my chest
You tremble as I try
To touch your breast
Break free and scream out loud
Not the best
So stupid, small and dumb
As the rest

We are the prophets of sorrow
We always pray for the night
We build no life for tomorrow
And never talk of the light
We are the prophets of sorrow

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