

A.C. Newman

"Prophets"

Visit "[Prophets](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I was a silent partner.
I found myself with the rabble who stood on the mount,
hipshot, thinking, but not out loud:
"There are too many prophets here."

On the unlucky side of a stab in the dark,
I took it in silence, I took it to heart.
I carried it quietly over the wall.
There were too many prophets there.

I was behind it.
Strike on, zero.
Strike on, zero.

I was a silent partner for once,
and I had been split into two sections.
Here is my heart and here is my song.
There are too many prophets here.
I am divided.
Strike on, zero.
Strike on, zero.

I was a silent partner,
I know the part of the forest where you shouldn't go.
Now out of the woods and out in the day,
I see there's too many prophets here.

Strike on, zero.
Strike on, zero.
Strike on, zero.
Strike on, zero.

Visit [A.C. Newman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.