

Matt Brouwer

"Prophet Or Profiteer"

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I gaze at my reflection
Try to find a funny thing to say
Even though I do this every day
Strike up a conversation
Throw the good in with the evil that I find
But that kind of shit can blow your mind
Hey, you there in the mirror
Don't you know His anger
Comes rolling down like thunder
Hey, you there in the mirror
Don't you know the sadder
Is oftentimes the wiser
CHORUS
And I should be boxing the devil
But somehow I never seem to locate my gloves
I bail whenever push comes to shove
Oh, and all the wrongs I don't right
Just to curb this fucking appetite
The question is clear:
Will I be a prophet or a profiteer?
Now I'm gazing out my window
Try to translate all the neon light
Into something I can read or write
All of the words blur like mirages
In a desert of electric misery
And it'll stop my () eventually
Hey, you there in the mirror
Don't you start that fire
With the Almighty ()
Hey, you there in the mirror
Don't you know the answer
Is right around the corner
CHORUS
And the root of all that's evil
Grows deeper than this land
Upon which stupidly I stand
Accepting all I'm fed
All the lies until I'm dead
Till my ship comes rolling in
Hey, you there in the mirror
Why don't you drop that anchor

You're mighty close to harbor
Hey, you there in the mirror
Come back to me up yonder
Why don't you just surrender
CHORUS

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