

## **Matt Caplan**

# **"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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