

Melinda Doolittle

"Prophet"

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Far away across the fields
Mortal men
Regain the seal

Of those before the winds of pain
When the Hollow Men
Staked their claim

And where the Word became flesh
Was where the world
Became cleansed

And in the streets the children ran
When heresy
Would claim the hand

Of the Prophet of man

And on their feet the Lame arose
And by his Grace
The lost came home

Yet through a frame of idolarty
We choose to ignore
We choose not to see

The Prophet of man

And in the darkness of chosen cell
I am awake but ever falling
And to listen with an honest heart
I know I'd always hear the calling

And where the Word consumes the flesh
Is where the light
Of life is blessed

The Prophet of man
The Son of man

