

Sting "Carrion Prince (o Ye Of Little Faith)"

Visit "[Carrion Prince \(o Ye Of Little Faith\)](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

The afternoon has gently passed me by
The evening spreads its sail against the sky
O ye of little faith
You follow in my step
We crumble on the ground before you dry...

The universe is but a question mark
Hangs above my head there in the dark
O ye of little hope
I thought that I could croak
The truth has stretched you far from me, too far...

Oh Pilate, you speak to me so clear
Your voice of hell has filled my soul with fear
O ye of little blood
You call lies in the mud
Your hands are always washing them...

The afternoon has gently passed me by
The evening spreads its sail against the sky
O ye of little faith
You follow in my step
We crumble on the ground before you dry...
Oh Pilate, you speak to me so clear
Your voice of hell has filled my soul with fear
O ye of little blood
You call lies in the mud
Your hands are always washing them...

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