

## Awakening "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 Lamé 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 Iâ'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

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