

The Samples "Prophet Of Doom"

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How can I pretend there's no end sitting in this boat?
All alone on the sea just something drifting by
I always will remain somewhat grim about the future
But here I can dream I'm floating by your house
And the water turns to grass and disappears

Somewhere out in space there's a tree with someone
underneath
Seeking shade from their sun that I can't even see
I'd like to see their face in alien moonlight
But now all around, the sea begins to stir
I'm reminded where I am they disappear

A mile or two below solid ground is waiting for me now
At least I will return to what I'm made of

How can I pretend there's no end sitting in this boat?
All alone and the sea will surely swallow me
I always will believe we still have a future of some kind
But now floating to your door
Floating to your door and the water turns to grass
Floating to your door

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