

Lopez On The Runway

"Prophecy! Mastery!"

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"Prophecy! Mastery!"

God, my God, you died alone
With no one at your side
For I was no where to be found
And my hands were unoccupied
Except for polished stones
I used to throw at your feet
But I stopped a week ago

And I fear the end of the spear
As any ordinary man
But I'll just let it slip away
Slip through my sweaty hands
I'm no servant, I'm a fool
I'm no servant, I'm a fool
You're no teacher you're a martyr
You're no teacher you're a martyr

Prophecy! Mastery!

And balconies on penthouse buildings
Are where we mark the change in our scripts
Instead we laugh, we don't kiss

And father, o father
Will play his role so well
He doesn't need a second actor
Just a second liver

Sweet relief floods from your frozen hands
When the fire blazes veins
And brings the rising tide on in
On in to play

And deviations
Are welcomed only in small bursts
We don't need a rebellion
Or a teenage hearse

From the skies your eyes are the same

From the skies your eyes are the same
I'm no servant, I'm a fool
I'm no servant, I'm a fool
You're no teacher you're a martyr
You're no teacher you're a martyr

And you played the game so well
Some may mistake you for a pro
But I know you're just an amateur
An amateur with amateur goals

I'll hurl stones and the innocent
If they're not already broken
They deserve the punishment
It's me, not for them

And I'll fool everyone but you
A critic worthy of truth
If you want it it's yours
If you pry it from closed hands

And I'll crack open my Bible
If I get the time
And skim crusty pages
For answers I can't find in my sin

From the skies your eyes are the same
From the skies your eyes are the same
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I'm no servant, I'm a fool
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