

## Prophet

### Cemetery of Scream

He had no eyes  
He saw much more than us  
Fire in his hands  
Stigmata of the Universe

He came to reign  
Over our dying world  
Nobody knew him  
And he knew everyone by name

There in his book  
So many dates, so many fates  
There in his Book of Death  
Your final scream and my last breath  
Mysterious signs  
Symbols and scribbles everywhere  
On every yellowed page  
All in his Book of Death

He said no word  
Yet we have to obey  
His silent orders  
We understood them very well

Inside the ring  
Of cosmic energies  
He shaped black matter  
Using the strongest gravity

There in his Book  
So many dates, so many fates  
There in his Book of Death  
Your final scream and my last breath  
Mysterious signs  
Symbols and scribbles everywhere  
On every yellowed page  
All in his book of Death

Stigmata of the Universe...  
Cos he knew everyone by name...  
We understood them very well...  
Feeling the strongest gravity...