

# Prophet

## Fit for a King

The sound of a soul when it falls apart  
Shakes the world to its core  
When every heart beats as one  
What happened to them when yours stopped

Tell me (tell me)  
Tell me (tell me)  
Tell me there's more to this  
Release (release)  
Release (release)  
Release the grip of death  
They always told us there's a greater plan  
But who's in charge when your life's in your own hands?

Prophet, what are your words for me?  
Savior, am I too blind to see?  
If you can create all of the stars  
Then why can't you mend a broken heart?

You raised your voice in the distance  
Begging for a light  
A voice so quiet we missed it  
You held onto hope so tight

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Prophet, I'm trying to believe  
Savior, why aren't you saving me?  
If you can create all of the stars  
Then come down and show me who you are

Don't let the world devour me  
(Bleh!)

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