

# Prophecy

Son Lux

Tell yourself that you  
Need to bleed but you  
Don't deserve this  
You don't deserve this  
Tell yourself that you  
Must believe but you don't

Not a single word  
Not a single word

What wish was left behind  
When they shoved you aside?  
What was sacred, held to flame  
Till the smoke and embers came  
Then you silenced all your reverie  
To buried prophecy  
It's time to raise the dead  
It's time to lift your head and begin  
To listen to yourself

Don't stand in your own way  
Don't stand in your own way  
I won't stand in your way

Tomorrow will not wait  
You're out of time to tell yourself  
What you need to hear  
That you are not less  
You don't deserve less

Now be haunted by those promises  
You once made to yourself  
Now it's time to make the bed  
Time to raise your head and begin  
To listen to yourself

Don't stand in your own way  
Don't stand in your own way  
I won't stand in your way

Don't stand in your own way  
Don't stand in your own way  
I won't stand in your way

Tomorrow will not wait