

Empty Prophets

Sylosis

Spit the truth out, cast it aside
I see you constantly bleeding the blurred lines
Stand offended, cry wolf again
I assure you we're not the same

Yet our veins flow with the same soured blood!

Shallow words from apathetic heads
Nothing more than empty prophets

I see a world tearing itself apart
And those who wish to profit

It's not the sentiment of your speech
But there are holes in the words you preach
I know I'm not a better man
But I can smell bullshit when it's in front of me

Yet our veins flow with the same soured blood!

And in the end, all it comes down to
We wanna hear a voice echoing our own
Something to take our minds off our empty lives
To know we're not really all alone

Stop searching for glory
You are your own obstruction and ruin
Stop searching, you'll find nothing
Nothing behind those empty, eyes!

This illusion you hide behind
Is your broken axe to grind