A.C. Newman, Prophets

I was a silent partner I found Myself with the rabble that stood on a mound Hipshot thinking but not out loud There are too many prophets here On the upper side of the sound of the dark I took it in silence I took it to heart I carried it quietly over the wall There were too many prophets there I was behind it One by one by one One by one by one Stand by zero Stacked on zero One by one by one One by one by one by one I was a silent partner for once And I was split into two sections Here is my heart and here is my song There are too many prophets here I am divided One by one by one One by one by one Stand on zero Stacked on zero I was the silent partner I know The part of the forrest where you shouldn't go Now out of the woods and out in the day I see there's too many prophets here One by one by one by one Stand on zero One by one by one by one Stacked on zero One by one by one by one Stand on zero One by one by one Stacked on zero One by one by one