

# Sting, Carrion Prince (O Ye Of Little Faith)

The afternoon has gently passed me by  
The evening spreads its sail against the sky  
O ye of little faith  
You follow in my step  
We crumble on the ground before you dry...

The universe is but a question mark  
Hangs above my head there in the dark  
O ye of little hope  
I thought that I could croak  
The truth has stretched you far from me, too far...

Oh Pilate, you speak to me so clear  
Your voice of hell has filled my soul with fear  
O ye of little blood  
You call lies in the mud

You hands are always washing them...

The afternoon has gently passed me by  
The evening spreads its sail against the sky  
O ye of little faith  
You follow in my step  
We crumble on the ground before you dry...  
Oh Pilate, you speak to me so clear  
Your voice of hell has filled my soul with fear  
O ye of little blood  
You call lies in the mud  
You hands are always washing them...