

Alkaline Trio, I Was A Prayer

I am waiting 'til there's nothing left
I'm a prayer, all you see is breath
I am empty, I am skin and bones, I'm a ribcage
Well, I'm out the door with apathy
But I'm coming home with sympathy
I am realized, I am shamed, I choose to stay here

You got a sign, so I paid the ransom
You felt sorry, so I felt the wrath come
Had a nice grip on my life 'til you twisted my arm
My arm

There's a song I love so much I stole
Every precious note I took, I sold
Now I spit out words, do you see my lungs on the dance floor?
To a hopeless cause, I sold my soul
A romantic plastic piece of shit you can mold
Until I break into chokable pieces

You got a sign, so I paid the ransom
You felt sorry, so I felt the wrath come
Had a nice grip on my life 'til you twisted my arm
My arm

And I open up like the back of a book
I ruin everything with just a quick look
And I settle down like a rocket explodes
Hit the ground, but how far out who knows

You got a sign, so I paid the ransom
You felt sorry, so I felt the wrath come
Had a nice grip on my life 'til you twisted my arm
My arm