

Architects, Save Me

I won't hold my hand out to anyone but you

I don't want to trust anyone but you

If I am to be saved by anybody I want it to be you

I take your hand

You'll find hope scribbled onto scrap pieces of paper

Like I found fate stuck to the curb

Save me now

I won't hold my hand out to anybody but you

There's still time to get hands around my fucking neck

It's time to realize that there is far more to this world than the self-loathing you endure

You'll find hope scribbled on scrap paper