

Darkest Hour, For The Soul Of The Savior

That's all right because you wish you were dead
You live life with a hex over your head
A savior's mouth with a serpent's tongue
But don't forget you're like this with the chosen one
And I forget about my losing streak
But you never slip at a chance to remind
It sounds like you should save a prayer for me
But I'll take my chances with the unworthy
And you know the quick path
The righteous, the way back
I'll end up the only one
I'll end up the lost son
And you know the way back
The righteous, the way back
I'll end up the only one
I'll end up the forgotten
And you know the quick path
The righteous, the way back
I'll end up the only one
Swallow it all and wash it all down
It must be the weight of that crown
And all the lies seem to become me
Because it's easier than the truth
Failure; the only thing that seems to matter
It's not the fact that you're the walking dead
So save a prayer for me
Don't waste a prayer on me