

# 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