## Sixpence None the Richer, Love, Salvation, The I

Love, Salvation, The Fear Of Death Music & Samp; Lyrics by: Matt Slocum, James Arhelger well I'm staring straight into the face of hell you're so close and you can't even tell I'm so wrapped up inside because I don't have much to love horrified I reel from pits unseen falling off my pedestal of plentiful deeds as it crumbles down on top of me I contemplate my lack of love Chorus come and save my soul before it's not too late I'm not afraid to admit how much I hate myself all these gongs and cymbals ring inside my head surrendered body to the flames has singed the skin can't speak in tongues and even if I could it's nothing because I cannot love Chorus Bridge well I'm staring straight into the face of hell I'm so close and I can't even tell I'm so afraid I'll amount to nothing 'cause I don't have much to love much to love much to love much to love