

For the Soul of the Savior

Darkest Hour

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 serpents 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

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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 walking dead,
so save a prayer for me,
don't waste a prayer on me