

## Save Me

Architects

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 my 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  
That the self loathing you endure  
You'll find hope scribbled on scrap paper