

## Fortune Favors the Brave

DevilDriver

Christ-like in the composition  
You're the brunt of the problem  
It's my bone of contention  
So many faults I fail to mention  
When the house is blowing down  
And you're fighting for the crown  
You got to learn to manifest the sound  
That gets them all running

You have a history of missing the point  
So let me point this one out  
Every time has it's season  
Every last moment it's reason

Fortune favors the brave  
This city is a dying whore  
It's too late to save  
And it will never change

Nauseous at the site  
Furious towards it's vice  
I get sick thinking about it  
Insane, faint-hearted  
When the house is blown down  
And you're fighting for the crown  
I get sick just thinking about it  
It gets them all running

You have a history of missing the point  
So let me point this one out

Change!

Don't let down, cold night  
Falling down to my knees