

You've got it all
But you've got it all wrong
You don't know you're a poor unfortunate soul

Oh I know, you make it seem like you feel whole
So they don't know
You're a poor unfortunate soul

You put on a faith facade
Think you're holy when you're not
I hate to break it to you baby
But you're simply lost
You can right all the wrongs
Just to feel you belong
But simply calling out sins don't bring you closer to God

You're just a ghost at most
A set of empty bones
Searching for anything and everything to make you feel whole
When it gets cold
Oh, oh, oh

You don't know
No you don't know
You are all alone
You poor unfortunate soul
You can't control
Where your body lets you go
Oh you're all alone
You poor unfortunate soul

And you say that I've got it all wrong
'cause you just know I'm a poor unfortunate soul
But there's no way that there's weight in the words that you preach
When you're claiming your faith and contradicting your speech
So I sit here and listen to your tongue and cheek
I know that when you sit and pray you're only praying for keeps

'Cause you're a ghost at most
A set of empty bones
Searching for anything and everything to make you feel whole
When it gets cold
Oh, oh, oh

You don't know
No you don't know
You are all alone
You poor unfortunate soul
You can't control
Where your body lets you go
Oh you're all alone
You poor unfortunate soul

You're shallow and empty and filled with regret
I think that chest must be heavy from that cross on your neck
You only wear 'cause you're weary of what comes after your death
Don't think I didn't notice

Don't think I didn't know
You're just a poor
Poor unfortunate soul
Poor unfortunate oh
Poor unfortunate soul
Poor unfortunate... (keeps signing in the background)

You've got it all
And you've got it all wrong
And you never know, never know, never know
You poor unfortunate soul

Don't think I didn't mean this