

Martyrs

The Devil Wears Prada

I know I'm always here
And I will always beg "forgive us"
It's just that I am always gone

So we'll start with a question
Why's this on me?
What's it have to do with faith?
There will always be us and me
I'm just sick of being lonely

Like the winds and her faint breeze
Like the church to set me free

I'm dead to those I tried to impress
I'm dead to those who had my trust
I'm dead to distance and to home
I'm dead to me, I died by the throne

Martyrs, hear me out
Never claim what's not forever
Never claim what's not forever
Judas, watch us weep
Live and die by your betrayal

More doubts to be answered
Where will it all end?
When is the Lord's hour?
There will always be us and me
I'm just sick of being lonely

Like the winds and her faint breeze
Like the church to set me free

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Martyrs, hear me out
Live and die by your lover's heart
Why's this on me? Why's this on me?

Martyrs, hear me out
Live and die by your lover's heart
Live and die by your lover's heart