

# 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

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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?

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Live and die by your lover's heart  
Live and die by your lover's heart