Darkest Hour, For The Soul Of The Savior

That's all right because you wish you were dead You live life with a hex over your head A savior's mouth with a serpent's tongue But don't forget you're like this with the chosen one And I forget about my losing streak But you never slip at a chance to remind It sounds like you should save a prayer for me But I'll take my chances with the unworthy And you know the quick path The righteous, the way back I'll end up the only one I'll end up the lost son And you know the way back The righteous, the way back I'll end up the only one I'll end up the forgotten And you know the quick path The righteous, the way back I'll end up the only one Swallow it all and wash it all down It must be the weight of that crown And all the lies seem to become me Because it's easier than the truth Failure; the only thing that seems to matter It's not the fact that you're the walking dead So save a prayer for me Don't waste a prayer on me