

(\*Fin)

Anberlin

Feels like you're miles from here  
In other towns with lesser names  
Where the unholy ghost doesn't tell  
Mary or William exactly what they want to hear  
You remember the house on Ridge Road  
Told you and the devil to both just leave me alone  
If this is salvation, I can show you the trembling  
You'll just have to trust me, I'm scared  
I am the patron saint of lost causes  
Aren't we all to you just near lost causes?  
Aren't we all to you just lost?  
Tommy, you left behind something  
That'll mean everything right before you die  
What if you gained the whole world?  
You've already lost four little souls from your life  
Widows and orphans aren't hard to find  
They're home, missing daddy, who's saving the abandoned tonight  
Wish your drinking would hurry and kill you  
Sympathy's better than having to tell you the truth  
That you are the patron saint of lost causes  
All you are to them is now a lost cause  
All you are to them is now, causes  
Billy, don't you understand?  
Timothy stood as long as he could  
And now, you made his faith disappear  
More like a magician and less like a man of the cloth  
We're not questioning God  
Just those He chose to carry on His cross  
We're no better, you'll see  
Just all of us, the lost causes  
Aren't we all to you just lost causes?  
Are we all to you lost, lost causes?  
So all we are to you is all we are, is all we are  
All we are is all we are  
Patron saint, are we all lost like you?  
Patron saint, are we all lost like you?  
Patron saint, are we all lost like you?  
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Patron saint, are we all lost like you?  
Patron saint, are we all lost like you?  
[Incomprehensible]  
Take what you will, what you will and leave  
Could you kill, could you kill me?  
If the world was on fire and nothing was left  
But hope or desire  
And take all that I could require, his vision  
Or am I on the floor, over-desperate  
Hold hands, streaming of blood again?

And then take full weight of me, guard my dreams  
Figure this out, it's me on my own  
A helpless, hurting, hell Will you stay strong as you promised?  
'Cause I'm stranded and bare  
Meanness is washed up in all that I am  
[Incomprehensible] Then grace takes me to a place  
Of the father you never had  
Ripping and breaking and tearing apart  
This is not heaven, this is my hell

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