

Fortune Favors The Brave

Devildriver

Christ-like in the composition
You're the brunt of the problem
 It's my bone of contention
So many faults I fail to mention
When the house is blowing down
 And you're fighting for the crown
You got to learn to manifest the sound
That gets them all running You have a history of missing the point
 So let me point this one out
 Every time has it's season
Every last moment it's reason Fortune favors the brave
 This city is a dying whore
 It's too late to save
And it will never change Nauseous at the site
 Furious towards it's vice
 I get sick thinking about it
 Insane, faint-hearted
When the house is blown down
 And you're fighting for the crown
 I get sick just thinking about it
It gets them all running You have a history of missing the point
So let me point this one out Change! Don't let down, cold night
 Falling down to my knees

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