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 runningYou 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 reasonFortune favors the brave
This city is a dying whore
It's too late to save
And it will never changeNauseous 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 runningYou have a history of missing the point
So let me point this one outChange!Don't let down, cold night
Falling down to my knees

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