

I Was a Prayer

Alkaline Trio

I am waiting 'til there's nothing left
I'm a prayer, all you see is breath
I am empty, I am skin and bones, I'm a ribcage
Well, I'm out the door with apathy
And I'm coming home with sympathy
I am realize, I am shame, I choose to stay here You got a sign, so I pay the ransom
You felt sorry, so I fucked her outcome
Had a nice grip on my life 'til you twisted my arm
My arm There's a song I love so much I stole
Every precious note I took, I sold
Now I spit out words 'til you see my lungs on the dance floor
To a hopeless cause, I sold my soul
A romantic plastic piece of shit you can mold
Until I break into chokable pieces You got a sign, so I pay the ransom
You felt sorry, so I fucked her outcome
Had a nice grip on my life 'til you twisted my arm
My arm And I open up like the back of a book
I ruin it within a drift, I kept looking (??)
I settle down like a rocket explodes
Hit the ground while I file every note (??) You got a sign, so I pay the ransom
You felt sorry, so I fucked her outcome
Had a nice grip

Songwriters

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