Martyrs

The Devil Wears Prada

I know I'm always here
And I will always beg "forgive us".
It's just that I am always gone.So we'll start with a question.
Why's this on me?
What's it have to do with faith?
There will always be us and me.
I'm just sick of being lonely.Like the winds and her faint breeze.
Like the church to set me free.I'm dead to those I tried to impress.
I'm dead to those who had my trust.
I'm dead to distance and to home.
I'm dead to me, I died by the throne.Martyrs, hear me out.
Never claim what's not forever.
Never claim what's not forever.
Judas, watch us weep.
Live and die by your betrayal.More doubts to be answered.
Where will it all end?
When is the Lord's hour?
There will always be us and me.
I'm just sick of being lonely.Like the winds and her faint breeze.
Like the church to set me free.I'm dead to those I tried to impress.
I'm dead to those who had my trust.
I'm dead to distance and to home.
I'm dead to me, I died by the throne.I'm dead to those I tried to impress.
I'm dead to those who had my trust.
I'm dead to distance and to home.
I'm dead to me, I died by the throne.Martyrs, hear me out.
Live and die by your lover's heart.
Why's this on me? Why's this on me?Martyrs, hear me out.
Live and die by your lover's heart.
Live and die by your lover's heart.

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