

(*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?
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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