

Architects, Save Me

I won't hold my hand out to anyone but you
I don't want to trust anyone but you
If I am to be saved my anybody I want it to be you
I take your hand
You'll find hope scribbled onto scrap pieces of paper
Like I found fate stuck to the curb
Save me now
I won't hold my hand out to anybody but you
There's still time to get hands around my fucking neck
It's time to realize that there is far more to this world than the self loathing you endure
You'll find hope scribbled on scrap paper