

(\*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 will 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?  
Patron Saint, are we all lost like you?  
Patron Saint, are we all lost like you? (Lost causes, all we are is all we are)  
Patron Saint, are we all lost like you? (To you, lost...)

Patron Saint, are we all lost like you?  
Patron Saint, are we all lost like you?  
Patron Saint, are we all lost like you?

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 bring forth, is this hell  
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. 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  
Is God. Take this and all,  
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.