

Second Best

Orthodox

Tell me who gave fate the right to decide!
The prayers are sent in droves
But it feels like God has fallen behind
Tell me who gave fate the right to decide!
And tell me why I should even try
Because I can't change your mind
I can't hold you up
When you won't admit you're stuck
Still so much left to lose;
The time's come for you to choose
I'm fucking sick of second best
I know I'm not worth it!
Tried to hold you up
Did you even give a fuck?
I'm losing you
And though I'm prepared as I could be
I'm still not ready for you to leave
There is nothing I can do
Nothing... and I'm losing you
Tell me who gave fate the right to decide!
The prayers are sent in droves
But I see now, you don't care to try
Continue to test my patience
Continue to push and pull
Continue to choose a substance
Don't stop till your casket's full
I'm fucking sick of second best
So fucking sick of second best