

Love, Salvation, the Fear of Death

Sixpence None The Richer

Well I'm staring straight into the face of hell
You're so close and you can't even tell
I'm so wrapped up inside
Because I don't have much to love

Horrified I reel from pits unseen
Falling off my pedestal of plentiful deeds
As it crumbles down on top of me
I contemplate my lack of love

Come and save my soul
Before it's not too late
I'm not afraid to admit
How much I hate myself

All these gongs and cymbals ring inside my head
Surrendered body to the flames has singed the skin
Can't speak in tongues and even if I could it's nothing
Because I cannot love

Come and save my soul
Before it's not too late
I'm not afraid to admit
How much I hate myself

Well I'm staring straight into the face of hell
I'm so close and I can't even tell
I'm so afraid I'll amount to nothing
'cause I don't have much to love
Much to love
Much to love
Much to love