

Loss

Underoath

I made myself a victim and I counted up the score
I called your pill my medicine and made myself your whore
I told myself I loved you and that we needed space
You kill me with your silence, tie me up with grace

You can pray but you're always gonna carry the weight
You can beg but you're never gonna bury the shame
What a waste, what a waste, no we'll never escape
Yeah, you'll still be left with
Still be left with loss
You're stuck living in your skin
Till the bitter end
You can pray but you're always gonna carry the weight
Yeah, you'll still be left with
Still be left with loss

It was 3 AM and I was begging God to teach me to get high
He told me ride it out, make Him proud and stare straight at the sky
Now I'm stuck in this white-tiled hell
Lining up in a straight jacket
Yeah, I know that I said I need help
This ain't help, it's a bandage
Don't fix my
Head

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Loss

I'm lost
I failed, was this all just for nothing
God, I thought I'd feel something
Was this all just for nothing
I can't feel a thing

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