

Sixpence None The Richer "Love, Salvation, The Fear Of Death [remix]"

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well I'm staring straight into the face of hell
you're so close and you can't even tell
and I'm so wrapped up inside
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

Chorus
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

- Chorus -

[come and save, come and save my soul]

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]

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