

Saints+Martyrs

Hateful Hopeless

Hot tears Hot Mess
Holding tight to Holding patterns
Hand still shaking
Nothing matters
Heart cut open
No consoling
Hair in a halo under water
You be the saint, I'll be the martyr

Verse:

How'd I end up here again
How'd I hide this from my friends
Guess it's hard to see it when
You care but you just don't Understand
The waves they come and go
And I still feel alone
Smiling in the storm
When it's over, I'll let you know

Chorus:

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You be the saint, I'll be the martyr

Washed up on shore
With Prozac in my system
Wishing once more
I hadn't been so insistent
Wish I could wipe what you witnessed
Wish you hadn't heard hope you listened
Just hold me down for the distance

And I'll try hard to forgive this

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Hot tears Hot Mess

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Hand still shaking

Nothing matters

Heart cut open

No consoling

Hair in a halo under water

You be the saint, I'll be the martyr again, again, and again and again, and aga-in

Hateful Hopeless

Hot tears Hot Mess

Trying hard to break these patterns

Hands still shaking

But we matter

Heart cut open

It's ok, don't sew it

Reach my hand out of the water

This time I swear I won't be the martyr again...