

A Fault Line, a Fault of Mine

Underoath

I'm not scared, but this is happening
I'm not afraid, but this is real
It all comes at once
From every single direction This time I'm not sleeping at all
How could this be real
I've failed you
I was lying when I said I was looking north
I was too scared to show what I am
Bear with me this is all I have left
This night be more than a simple conversation It's been dancing around in my head
For quite some time
Just the thought
Of cleaning up myself

Songwriters

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