

# Writing On The Walls

## Underoath

Maybe we, why don't we sit right here for half an hour  
We'll speak of what a waste I am and how  
We missed your beat again I swear we need to find some comfort in  
This run down place  
To bridge the gap of this conscious state  
That we live in  
I'm short on time How come you try and fit the shape of  
What they tell you But mostly what they show you  
That brings us home  
I pray for you to move on At this rate we can't keep up but I sure  
Can't just sit still  
I'm taking back all the things I said  
Keep me filled in, I swear I'll come We walk alone back home You're almost gone and I'm ok to give you  
Time to be afraid  
I still see your shadow but never your face again  
I remember your presence I hope to God you come down  
I hope to God you can feel this now I know there must be some way out of  
Here and all of them will be waiting there

Songwriters

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