

Writing On The Walls

Underoath

Maybe we
Why dont we
Sit right here for half an hour
We'll speak of what a waste I am
And how we missed your beat againI swear we need to find some comfort in this run-down place
To bridge the gap of this concious state that we live in
And I'm short on timeHow come you try
To place us all
And fit the shape of
And I break
What they tell you
You to move on, move on!
But mostly what they show you
At this rate we can't give up
I'm takin back all the things I've said
I'm takin back all the things I've said
But I sure can't just sit still
Keep me filled in and I swear I'll comeWe walk alone
We walk alone
We walk alone
We walk alone
We walk alone
Back home
Alone, back homeYou're almost gone and I'm okay
I still see your shadow
To give you time to be afraid
But never your face again
I remember your presenceI hope to God you come down
I hope to God you feel this now
I hope to God you come down
I hope to, GodI know there must be some way out of here
And all of them will be waiting there