

Desperate Times Desperate Measures

Underoath

Ive been crawling around
In the dark for a while
Sprawled out across the floor
Not collecting dust anymore
Define me a parasite, define my host Trapped beneath the floor
I slowly waste away
Now I pull my frail body into the chair
And look me in the face Oh, disappointments, so disappointing
This may be my last one
Its gonna be good and hard
It might be a touch out of key
A touch out of key When this thing breaks
I will be you, you will be me
Im afraid that this is really happening
When this thing breaks
I will be you, you will be me Lets hope this is short lived
And riddled with dizzy Oh God, the noise is ringing in my ear
Its so unclear, so unclear
I hear them talking
But cant make out the words
Speak up, speak clear I hear them talking
But cant make out the words
Speak up, speak clear God, where have I been?
Im a terrible company
With zero apologies
My God, where have I been?
Where have I been? While I sink to the bottom
Ill sing out as it fills with water
I hope Ive done enough When this thing breaks
I will be you, you will be me
Lets hope this is short lived
And riddled with dizzy When this thing breaks
I will be you, you will be me
Im afraid that this is really happening Im worn out
Im worn thin
I will never break through Im worn out
(Where have I been?)
Im worn thin
(Where have I been?)

I will never break through
(Where have I been?)Let me out
Let me out
Let me out

Songwriters

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