

To Whom It May Concern

Underoath

So hold your head up high and know
It's not the end of the road
Walk down this beaten path before
You pack your things and head home At the end of the road
You'll find what you've been longing for
You'll find what you've been longing for I know 'cause my feet have the scars to show
I was lost with vague direction
And no place to call home It's time for you to press on
This is not your war
Set your signs, set your signs to North
Press on, press on
No, this is not your escape, this is not your escape Wash away what they thought of you
And press on, press on
'Cause in this place we're all
As good as dead end cycle
'Cause in this place we're all
As good as dead end cycle Press on, behind the mask you'll find yourself alone
It's not the end of the road, the end of the road for you At the end of the road
You'll find what you've been longing for
You'll find what you've been longing for
You'll find what you've been longing for

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