

# 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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