

Emergency Broadcast :: The End Is Near

Underoath

At the end of it all
We will be sold for parts
We will try to rebuild
But we ate it all away
All ambitions now run dry
Someone stop this thing, turn it off
In search of new life
Nothing will be left to walk this earth again
Turn it off Our hopes and dreams
Will be swallowed
We always said it wouldn't end up like this
We will be the new ice age
We will be the new plague
Disguised as a colony
We will wipe them all away
Feast your eyes
Or just rip 'em out
This is it for us
It's time to panic
We always said it wouldn't end
It wouldn't end up like this
We are the cancer
We are the virus
Tell me it's not too late

Songwriters

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