

Desperate Times, Desperate Measures

Underoath

I've 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.
It's gonna be good and hard.
It might be a touch out of key.

When this thing breaks. I will be you, you will be me.
I'm afraid that this is really happening.
Let's hope this is short lived and riddled with dizzy

Oh, God the noise! Is ringing in my ear.
It's so unclear. I hear them talking.
But can't make out the words.
Speak up. Speak clear.

God, where have I been.
I'm terrible company. With zero apologies.

While I sink to the bottom.
I'll sing out as it fills with water.
I hope I've done enough.

I'm worn out.
I'm worn thin.
I will never break through.
Let me out