

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 at the end of the road
I know 'cause my feet have the scars to show
I was lost with vague direction and no place to call home...

Yeah!

It's time for you to press on
This is not your war
Set your sights,
Set your sights to North
Press on, press on
This is not your escape,
This is not your escape
Wash away what they thought of you
Lock your sights, 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