

Writing on the Walls

Underoath

Maybe we
Why dont we
Sit right here for half an hour
We'll speak of what a waste I am
And how we messed up it again

I swear we need to find some comfort in this run down place
To preach the cup of this constant state that we live in
And I try, I try

How can you try
To place us all
To fit the shape of
Until we break
Falling down, Yeah
You to move on, move on!
You must do what they show you
At this rate we cant give up
Taking back all the things I've said
Taking back all the things I've said
My seconds just stand still
Hear me through then I swear I'll go

We walk alone
We walk alone
We walk alone
We walk alone
We walk alone
We walk alone
Back home
Alone, Back home

You're almost gone and I'm okay
I still see your sorrow
To give you time to be afraid
Put over your face again
I remember your presence

I'll hope to God you come down
I'll hope to God you feel this now
I'll hope to God you come down
I'll hope to

I know there must be some way out of here
And part of them will be waiting there