

End of the Underground

Hawthorne Heights

Woah, woah

This tragedy is such a masterpiece.
We set the table and we watch them feast.
On the blood and the tears.
They drain from the years.
From the work of the young, young pioneers.

Let's go down together for one more chance.
The skeletons are screaming for one last dance.
It's all the same, the same old sound.
This is the end of the underground.

Woah, woah

The story has such a common theme.
We sign the line and we join the scene.
For the blood and the tears.
They drain from the years.
From the sweat of the young, young volunteers.

Let's go down together for one more chance.
The skeletons are screaming for one last dance.
It's all the same, the same old sound.
This is the end of the underground.

Please know that, you're not alone
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You're not alone
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You're not alone

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