

Life Underground

The Amity Affliction

You speak my name and shudder, but I'm still here.
I built a bridge here just to burn it, just to light my
faded path,
so I could see what's down below me, because how I
yearn to see you laugh.
Oh how I yearn to see you laugh.

So selfish were my footsteps and so foolish are they
are,
but there's not much I can do here now that I'm living
underground.
Speak now my precious whispers, float softly through
the breeze,
please float on by my loved ones and let them know that
I'm still here...

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And we sing woah oh woah, our voices carry through the
hills.
Woah oh woah oh, the whole world is standing still
we're singing for the dead,
for the lost and for the stolen
our hearts beat double time, and oh they feel so
broken, oh how they feel so broken.

Is this really what I wished for
when I felt my feet drag heavy on the earth?
Is this really the answer I sought when I was searching
for self worth?
Go now precious whispers, float my sorrow into the sea,
let the waves collapse above me, and wash away my
fucking memory.

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please float on by my loved ones and let them know that
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