

I Don't Feel Very Receptive Today

Underoath

This door has been shut for days
And it's all too familiar
Can't I just crack a window
Can't I just shake it off?

I'm sure I've tasted this before, before, before...
I'm sure I've tasted this before...

Everything is out of reach
And I just want to see outside
The air (the air) has been getting thin

I feel like cutting it open tonight, tonight
And falling on the floor

There's nothing left unused in here
There's nothing left to say

I haven't talked in days
And I'm really not too sure
What I sound like anymore
My vision has gone and my mouth is full, is full of sores

I feel like dripping it dry tonight
Over and over again
It's time (it's time) to open up the door