

## 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