

Candlebox, Underneath It All

Oh my dying hands deny
As seasons dance around
I am but one amongst the losing race
The massive fear resounds
I come before the greater good of men
My lessons learned to lie
I am a son of war, my father's son
I've amassed a forced ally

Who travels on? Who travels on?

These empty souls charade
As colors fade then fold
I've begun to spin
The hands of time my love
Desperate men are sold
I come before the greater good of men
My lessons learned to lie
You're hanging on by the threads of your lesser sins
At the expense of your decline

Who travels on? Who travels on?

And I come from near and far
And I come from face to face
And I come to carry on
Underneath it all,
Oh underneath it all
Oh underneath it all

I come to carry on
Underneath it all