

Underoath, There Could Be Nothing After This

In the end we tend to think of how it
began
I could never explain the picture it painted,
and how it made me feel
Now the ceiling is in motion
The light centered and overlooked
You want to see me disappear? Well, so do I
Such a quiet evaporation

We're nothing but hollow vessels in search
of what makes us alive
I never said this was my revolution when
you looked me in the eye
Oh, how I've walked this white line so
many times before
What a feeble attempt just to feel alive

This is for you and your hopeless case
You never would leave me in your wish to
fail every time
Every time I try

So talk about it
At least it makes you feel something inside

Who have I become
Oh God, everything all around me is
crumbling at my feet

I stare so delicate and ashamed
at the shell I've shed myself from

In the eyes of my ghost
and I will never look back again