

# Underoath, To Whom It May Concern

So hold your head up high and know it's  
not the end of the road  
Walk down this beaten path before you  
pack your things and head home  
At the end of the road you'll find what  
you've been longing for

I know cause my feet have the scars to  
show  
I was lost with vague direction and no  
place to call home

It's time for you to press on  
This is not your war  
Set your sights to North and press on  
This is not your escape  
Wash away what they thought of you  
Because in this place, we're all as good as  
dead  
...end cycle...

Behind the mask you'll find yourself alone  
It's not the end of road for you