

We Came As Romans, Cast The First Stone

I'll cast the first stone
Just to take the attention away from me
Anything to protect my reputation
Because I feel like that's all I have, all I know

What do I look like in their eyes?
Is it something desirable?
Or am I nothing?

What do I look like in their eyes?
What do I look like in their eyes?

I'll cast the first stone
Like I am the last one to blame
Just to shift their condemning eyes away
I'll cast the first stone
Like I am the last one to blame
Just to break their denouncing gaze

Why should I wait to hear their verdict?
Why do I care about who they think I should be?
Why should I wait to hear their verdict?
Why do I care about who they think I should be?

I have been bending over backwards for every reason but the right one
I have placed value on things that don't deserve it

Now what do I look like to those who matter?
Why did I waste all this time on the temporary?
It's too easy to take the wrong things to heart
Especially from those who seem to have misplaced their own

I won't say that I'll never cast another stone
Or that I am the last one to blame
But I want to stop living like anyone else's opinion
Of who I should be is a regulation in my life

I shouldn't forget there's a difference
Between living for other's approval and just living for others