

# 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