

# We Came As Romans, Everything As Planned

I don't sleep at night  
I just lay and think  
About if everything went just how I've planned  
And how nothing is going how I've planned  
I'm tied down to the bed I've made  
The one I've said that I have left  
I shouldn't speak before I know  
I've built and rebuilt the bed I lay in  
But I always end up restless in the same place  
I don't sleep at night  
And I don't know what to think  
About the life I've made for myself  
Or have I created my own hell?  
Did I set myself up to fail?  
Tried to take care of everyone else  
Neglected taking care of myself  
How can I take care of anyone else?  
The one thing I wanted most  
Was lost because of my own  
My own irresponsibility  
Do I get as many chances as it takes?  
Or have I not earned them?  
Tell me that I have earned them  
Tell me that I can...  
Start sleeping through the night  
Will you tell me that I've created a life for myself  
None of us were made to fail  
I know without taking care of myself  
I can never take care of anyone else  
Will I start to sleep at night?  
Or will I just lay and think?  
About how if everything went just how I've planned  
Or if I'm better off it never has  
Will I start to sleep?  
Or will I just lay in bed?  
Will I start to sleep at night?