

We Came As Romans, To Move On Is To Grow

I've been sleeping on stones...

My mistakes are easier made a second time.
And I can't move on since I've closed my eyes.
Since I've closed my eyes.
I've cut off myself from everybody else.

To move on is to grow,
Yet I haven't been able to accomplish either.
I know the way to go,
Yet I can't bring myself to move forward.

I've been sleeping on stones and they've formed to my spine.
My once straight back, now a crooked line.
I've broken no bones and I appear to be just fine.
My life's been emptied from the inside.

Every decision is easier made a second time.
Every decision is easier made a second time.
But once you start down one line.
The distance becomes greater to change your mind.
To change the way you're living your life.

To move on is to grow,
Yet we can barely accomplish either on our own.
We know the way to go,
Yet we follow those with their eyes closed.

I've been sleeping on stones...

We've been sleeping on stones and they've formed to our spines.
Our once straight backs now just crooked lines.
When we all wake up inside the beds in which we lie.
We will wish we had stopped the first time.

When we wake up to the lives that we've created.
We'll see we built nothing, but destroyed it.
So turn around and head back the way you came.

I'll follow you, encourage you
I'll follow you, encourage you
we'll be steadfast in our way.
And as we make it back to where our lives branched off.
We will take the path we should have taken all along.
Once you start down one line.

The distance becomes greater to change your mind.
To change the way you're living your life.

To move on is to grow.