

# Life Underground

## The Amity Affliction

You speak my name and shudder, but I'm still here.  
I built a bridge here just to burn it, just to light my  
faded path,  
so I could see what's down below me, because how I  
yearn to see you laugh.  
Oh how I yearn to see you laugh.

So selfish were my footsteps and so foolish are they  
are,  
but there's not much I can do here now that I'm living  
underground.  
Speak now my precious whispers, float softly through  
the breeze,  
please float on by my loved ones and let them know that  
I'm still here...

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And we sing woah oh woah, our voices carry through the  
hills.  
Woah oh woah oh, the whole world is standing still  
we're singing for the dead,  
for the lost and for the stolen  
our hearts beat double time, and oh they feel so  
broken, oh how they feel so broken.

Is this really what I wished for  
when I felt my feet drag heavy on the earth?  
Is this really the answer I sought when I was searching  
for self worth?  
Go now precious whispers, float my sorrow into the sea,  
let the waves collapse above me, and wash away my  
fucking memory.

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the breeze,  
please float on by my loved ones and let them know that  
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