

We Came As Romans, Views That Never Cease,

I am so far away
And it's more than I can take
I haven't heard your voice in days
I haven't heard your voice in days

What is the measure of a man?
Is it wading through the worst?
Or is the measure of a man
Admitting when he is defeated?

But I am not and will not be defeated
I have given everything in my life for this
I'm counting down the days
Though I've been broken and beaten
I know I can't let it, I know I can't let it win

This feeling that there is nothing left
That my purpose is gone
These views, they never cease
To keep me from myself and who I am
So what makes the measure of a man?
Is it being too stubborn to let go of the good and move on?

But I am not and will not be defeated
I will wade through the worst of it all
I'm counting down the days
Though I've been broken and beaten
I am not done with this
I know I will not fall

This is my deepest dream
Or is this a nightmare in disguise?
What makes the measure of a man?
Is it always trying to do right?
I'm so far away
And I don't know if it's more than I can take
With these views, that never cease to keep me from myself

With these views, they never cease to keep me from myself
I will keep moving forward when I have nothing left

I am not and will not be defeated
I've given everything in my life for this
But I am not and will not be defeated
I've given everything in my life for this