

August Burns Red, Existence

This hollow feeling, the knowledge that you exist
Amidst your insecurities, cover up only to coward out
And never shutting up only to never speak aloud
Have you dried up entirely?
The walls of a church don't make it holy
It's what's authentic that completes the sum of it's parts
Don't excuse yourself from life today on the pretense of your past
You're hurt, you're broken, that's alright
This might be what it takes to wake you up
This might be what it takes to wake you up
Are you at your wits end yet?
Are you at your wits end yet?
Are you at your wits end?
Are you at your wits end yet?
The walls of a church don't make it holy
Security isn't glitzy or glamorous, concrete or cohesive
Therein lies the truth, lift your head up high
It's what we know we aren't that makes us who we are
It's what we know we aren't that makes us who we are
You're hurt, you're broken, that's alright
That makes us who we are
You're hurt, you're broken, that's alright
That makes us who we are