

August Burns Red, Spirit Breaker

Staring at the walls to pass the time.
Pinch myself make sure I'm still alive.
I'm not alright.
It's become a disguise.
Friends and family, I'm losing all ties.
Staring at the walls to pass the time.
Pinch myself; make sure I'm still alive.
I've been here before.
I will survive another month under gray skies.
I'm holding on as tight as I can.
The monotony never seems to end.
Every day feels the same.
Every day I think about the place I'd rather be than here.
I've been here before.
I will survive another month under these grey skies.
We've carried each other through and over the seas.
We live for nights like this.
The ones we won't forget. I hope to open my eyes to see this picture.
I'm throwing it all away. I hope to open my eyes to see this moment that I should treasure forever.
Staring at the walls to pass the time.
Pinch myself; make sure I'm still alive.
I'm not alright.
It's become a disguise.
Friends and family, I'm losing all ties.
I'm holding on as tight as I can.
Coming home, I don't know when.
I'm holding on as tight as I can.
I swear.
My dearest love, I woke up tired today, even more so than yesterday.
How that's possible, I don't even know, nor do I want to. It's hard to find the motivation when you are
Seventeen down, seventeen to go.
That's not so bad, right?
I think of home often and of you even more.
Yesterday I saw the sun shining. It appeared for a few minutes just after two.
For a moment I found myself smiling, as if those short rays of light were enough to get me by.
Maybe that was enough.
Thank God, I needed that.
I surely needed that.