

August Burns Red, The Seventh Trumpet

I can no longer tell the days from the nights.
The moon glows an eerie red and I could swear it was covered in blood.
Something big is going to happen
something so big it could forever change the world.
What have you all done?
What have you all become?
A people more concerned with the temporary pleasures of this world
rather than your own eternal salvation?
I am now convinced that this is the end.
As I raise my head towards the heavens
to take one last look at the moon, the stars begin to fall.