

August Burns Red, A Shot Below The Belt

Don't you understand me?

This cloud over my head is not okay.

There are things that I need to get done.

The burden I have been carrying is not my idea of fun,
and it doesn't give you permission to take a shot below the belt.

We have so little time, let's not spend it in anger.

I am in the deep end and can't find air.

I am throwing punches with a blindfold on.

Stop riding my tail with your high beams on, because I may just brake suddenly.

I would rather not explode that's your job.

I'm stuck in between two worlds in a maze of dreams and thoughts.

What a bittersweet symphony life is,

but I wouldn't have it any other way.