

# August Burns Red, Accidental Shot Heard 'Round

Currently holding that tongue  
Let's just see what happens  
Sky is red tonight  
It moves streaming with rain that beats the pavement  
How does it sound against the church roof or its bells?  
It probably echoes  
Sanctuary meets comforting  
The mother sews as the father searches for his gun  
Shots hurt my ears  
I'll bite my lip to take in the deafening  
Shots hurt my ears  
I'll shut my eyes to remember the symphonies  
I'm surprised to find him running in the rain  
It's too dangerous  
Risking the chance that bullets would fly  
With their purpose straight to the life  
All too many simple mistakes disguising innocence  
Tension builds in every nerve  
I'm tired of falling short in understanding what it all meant,  
Or what it's supposed to mean  
I was relieved to see your face when I woke,  
Before the last accidental shot  
Brought my father to his knees, face in his hands.  
It felt good to be saved in some way