

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