

August Burns Red, An American Dream

Suffocation. Suffocate with no room to breath.

Forgive us for now' is too late.

This is not an American dream.

This is no longer an American dream. We're trying to breath underwater.

The few, the proud, no longer sing their song.

One nation under God, it's us against the world.

We've cut the tongue from society, forcing consumption, never hearing no.

We've brainwashed our children to believe this is destiny.

Spoiled rotten, still counting their 1, 2, 3's.

Forgive us for now' is too late.

Forgive us for fueling the flame.

This is not an American dream any longer,

as we've become spoiled, rotten, counting our 1, 2, 3's.

Disease infesting our young, beauty has become the beast.