

# August Burns Red, Background Music To Her Aw

Then all silence is removed from the last room with the cord ripped from the phone.

What if she's asleep?

She remains asleep.

Why won't she wake?

In the background I can hear the trumpets singing their song so powerful, so elegant.

This is what scares me the most.

If I can't have her, who is there to carry her love across oceans?

She used to remind me that all is not lost,

As long as what you failed doing was something worth more than just your arrogant pride.

This is true my girl.

This is true.

I will always keep that in my mind, to open it.

To be reborn is to define the intent of finding bliss in tragedy.

I'm in your debt.