

August Burns Red, Consumer

A front seat to your own flick,
if only you could see how much your emotions waver.
Words are flowing from your mouth at lightning speed.
They're packing heat and are ready to kill.
Cry, frown, hit, yell.
Let's watch where it takes you.
You really don't have it that bad.
Try looking through the glass of beauty.
It will show you the truth.
We are all guilty of self-centeredness.
We have committed the crime,
but what we fail to realize is the dent it leaves in our soul.
Everyone is full of it in their own way.
A young boy cannot comprehend social status,
and this boy is better off than any of us.
Life will pass by us like a summer storm,
and if we consume ourselves with ourselves,
we will surely look back with sorrow.