

August Burns Red, Mosely

It all happened so fast.
Speeding off into the distance.
That night I wish you could have taken control.
To steer clear from your last breath.
Such a short 18 years, gone in the blink of an eye.
Oxygen is escaping.
Your fate is embracing.
This road tells a story of a life cut short.
Sirens are the sound that I hear in the back of my mind.
You leaving this world left us falling apart limb by limb.
Never getting over the loss of a loved one.
That morning we all stood mourning, coming to terms with this reality.
I believed the world stopped spinning.
To steer clear from your last breath.
Such a short 18 years, now gone.
I wish you could see me now.
You'd be so proud, my dearest friend.
I'll see you again, my dearest friend.