

August Burns Red, Mosley

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 eighteen years
To steer clear from your last breath
Such a short eighteen years
Oxygen is escaping
Your fate is embracing
Oxygen is escaping
Your fate is embracing
This road tells a story of a life cut short
This road tells a story of a life cut short
Sirens are the sound, 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, of a loved one
That morning we all stood mourning
Coming to terms with this reality
I believed the world stopped spinning
I believed the world stopped spinning
To steer clear from your last breath
Such a short eighteen years
To steer clear from your last breath
Such a short eighteen 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