

# August Burns Red, Speech Impediment

Your due date is up.

Don't make comments on irrelevant subjects.

There is a man who seeks his own happiness,  
and his smile is warmer than five of yours.

You keep singing to a tasteless song.

He whistles to a song of hope.

A night of foolish chatter is easily replaced by a couple bold statements.

Few words are gold, and living is offensive in itself.

Your shallow ideals are about as useless as the gnats in my eyes.

Wake up. Put your heart where your mouth is.