

August Burns Red, The Blinding Light

The fear is what shelters them.
Its what shades their eyes and muffles their ears.
Keep them inside.
Lock them up in a closet known as home.
In here no one can find them.
In here no one can fill them with filth.
They were born with the silverware clenched in their teeth,
and so help us, they will die with it too.
None of them will make anything of themselves.
They dont need their own lives.
The ones we have planned will work just fine.
The world is a terrifying place.
Without us they will never make it.
They will never reach their potential.
They will never ever surpass us.
Without our watchful eye, they might just leave us behind.