

# August Burns Red, The Reflective Property

Soft memories of a life well lived.

I'm thinking back and loving every moment I had.

This dull feeling is working through me, and every waking moment is more static.

As I step onto my porch of reflection, a brief wind of warmth is swept through me.

We succeed in order to bring forth order in our lives.

You have all felt it - the emptiness of being alone.

Zoloft will not cure it, human touch will not solve it.

This black, cold world is potent.

Please bless the children, please heal their cries.

A sweet sound is heard in my waking life.

Tremors of anguish ripple through visions and dreams.

Cries heal a starving nation facing death and destruction.