

August Burns Red, Vital Signs

This building is barely standing on its own foundation.
I've collapsed its lungs, calloused its heart
and sucked the life out of this for all of Sunday to see.
I've taken the breath out of everything they believe, everything they hold true.
Preaching to the deaf and blind, no one sees my effort.
No one gets the point. Welcome to my dying home.
Welcome inside these crumbling walls.
A meaningless handshake greets them all with smiles of false hope.
Do I even care as I watch a sea of people dwindling into an audience of skin and bones
an audience who doesn't have the strength to walk out
on a man who has tarnished their faith?