

August Burns Red, Your Little Suburbia Is In Ruin

Open those eyes.
Wake from peace.
Orders are some favorite color.
Same old same old is their battle cry.
Why don't we keep searching for a new flavor?
Our hearts have become a routine.

Worthy kings have broken backs for nothing.
Unless we cherish all with pride,
the lines on our face will turn into canyons of sorrow instead of hope.
They didn't die from the cold without but they died from the cold within.

And I just can't stop denying that our brothers are in miserable pain.

Stop short. Lend a hand and break the chains
of regularity that you lean so closely upon.
Your little Suburbia is in ruins.
Tear down all the assumptions you hold,
for I guarantee they are false.
Sometimes the best feeling may be the one that kills.