

A Shot Below the Belt

August Burns Red

Don't you understand me?
Don't you understand me?

This cloud over
My head is not okay,
It's not okay.

There are things
That I need to get done,
Need to get done.

And it doesn't give you permission
To take a shot below the belt...

What a bittersweet symphony life is,
But I wouldn't have it any other way.

We have so little time,
Let's not spend it in anger,
In anger.

And I am,
I am in the deep end
And can't find air.
I can't find air.

I am throwing punches
With a blindfold on.

I am throwing punches
With a blindfold on.

I am throwing punches
With a blindfold on.

I am throwing punches
With a blindfold on.

Stop riding my tail
With your high beams on.

Because I may just brake suddenly.
I may just brake suddenly.
I may just brake suddenly.
I might just brake.

I would rather not explode -
That's your job.

I'm stuck in between two worlds...
In a maze of dreams and thoughts.
What a bittersweet symphony life is,
But I wouldn't have it any other way,
Have it any other way.