

Majoring in the Minors

August Burns Red

These windy streets tell of a different time
What got us here won't get us there
It's time for the upright to have insight
Don't forget what's important in life
This place is like a cage that will imprison you
Is comfort only found without adversity?
Anyone, anywhere in history, has confronted these realities

What got us here won't get us there
I'll be there soon that's why I care

Everyone you love will one day fade away
Everything you have will rot and decay
Everything around us will burn
Burn up in the death of the sun

It's in the pain that we see our true selves change
In the sea of difficulty we are defined
When we're blind we will feel our true selves change
In the sea of difficulty we leave our comfort behind

We are found in far away places, when all seems lost
We are found in far away places, not all is lost

We must be strong and cling onto hope (cling onto hope)
We must be strong, when the ground is shifting out from under our feet

We are found in far away places when all seems lost
We are found in far away places when all seems lost

Stop majoring in the minors
It's when you get inside that it widens
Stay true tempered (stay true tempered)
You're not the first to find life is tough

Circumstantial hope isn't really hope
It's just a watered down distraction from what stands in our way
Hope gives us the ability to face reality, the ability to see through it all