

## 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