

The Reflective Property

August Burns Red

Soft memories of a life well lived.
I'm thinking back and loving every moment I had.
This dull feeling is working through me, and every waking moment is more static.
As I step onto my porch of reflection, a brief wind of warmth is swept through me.
We succeed in order to bring forth order in our lives.
You have all felt it - the emptiness of being alone.
Zoloft will not cure it, human touch will not solve it.
This black, cold world is potent.
Please bless the children, please heal their cries.
A sweet sound is heard in my waking life.
Tremors of anguish ripple through visions and dreams.
Cries heal a starving nation facing death and destruction.