

# The Seventh Trumpet

August Burns Red

I can no longer tell the days from the nights.  
The moon glows an eerie red and I could swear it was covered in  
blood.  
Something big is going to happen  
something so big it could forever change the world.  
What have you all done?  
What have you all become?  
A people more concerned with the temporary pleasures of this wo  
rld  
rather than your own eternal salvation?  
I am now convinced that this is the end.  
As I raise my head towards the heavens  
to take one last look at the moon, the stars begin to fall.