

Thirty and Seven

August Burns Red

You are infatuated, with what consumes you.
Put the victim on the front lines, and left for dead.
Stop acting like there's no other option, but to let the waves
carry you away.

Can you hold the water responsible for your wayward behavior.
Anymore then it blames you for it's gripping currents.
Erase the proof but your shame will remain.

Your mind is the mountain before you.
Will you always need someone to hold your hand, and talk you through the nights shadows.
It's so much easier to fight this war when you're the last in line.

Can you hold the water responsible for its wayward behavior any
more then it blames you for it's gripping currents.

What will you become, what will become of you.
Your mind is the mountain before you.
You've reached the summit, now transcend the skies.