

Twenty-One Grams

August Burns Red

As I follow you, where will you lead me?
To the ends of the world, or is that just the beginning?
I've rolled through villages
And done my best to pass on your name
How much is too much?
How far is too far?
As I push on and leave everything behind
The front line swears I'm going into battle blind
A life dedicated to what I can't see
Still grasping what I was told to believe

What kind of cruel truth only presents itself
In the moment you die?
In the moment you die

The facts are becoming less and less transparent
Constantly mixed with the thoughts of the incoherent
Dig deep, they're hidden beneath centuries of dust and dirt
Covered up by the evolution of the earth
I'm struggling with the blessing of the unseen
It's harder and harder to not be accusing
Continuing to draw the lines of acceptance
I'm trying and trying to translate the evidence

Why do we owe anyone repentance? Repentance
While seeking answers to these questions? These questions
Why do we owe anyone repentance? Repentance
While seeking answers to these questions? Questions

We don't owe, we don't owe
We don't owe, we don't owe
Anyone repentance
We don't owe, we don't owe, repentance

As I follow you, where will you lead me?
To the ends of the world, or is that just the beginning?

The only time you'll ever know if you chose the right side
Is when you close your eyes for the very last time
Question, all that you knew
Question, It's how you'll find the truth
Question, question
It will only make you stronger
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