

Your Little Suburbia Is in Ruins

August Burns Red

Open those eyes, wake from peace
Open those eyes, wake from peace

Orders are some favorite color
Same old same old is their battle cry
Why don't we keep searching, searching for a new flavor?

Our hearts have become routine
Our hearts have become routine
Our hearts have become routine

Worthy kings have broken backs for nothing
Worthy kings have broken backs

Unless we cherish all with pride
The lines on our face will turn into canyons of sorrow instead
of hope

They didn't die from cold without but they died from cold withi
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They didn't die from cold without but they died from cold withi
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They didn't die from cold without but they died from cold withi
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And I just can't stop denying that our brothers are in miserabl
e pain
And I just can't stop denying that our brothers are in miserabl
e pain

Open those eyes, wake from peace
Open those eyes, wake from peace

Stop short
Lend a hand and break the chains of regularity from which you h
old, you lean so closely upon, so closely upon

Your little Suburbia is in ruins, is in ruins

Tear down all the assumptions you hold
Tear down all the assumptions you hold, tear them down
Tear down all the assumptions you hold, tear them down

For I guarantee they are false.
Sometimes the best feeling may be the one that kills