

# 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 world  
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

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