

Majoring in the Minors

August Burns Red

These windy streets tell of a different time
What got us here won't get us there
It's time for the upright to have insight
Don't forget what's important in life
This place is like a cage that will imprison you
Is comfort only found without adversity
Anyone, anywhere in history
Has confronted these realities
What got us here won't get us there
I'll be there soon that's why I care
Everyone you love will one day fade away
Everything you have will rot and decay
Everything around us will burn
Burn up in the death of the sun
It's in the pain that we see our true selves change
In the sea of difficulty we are defined
When we're blind we will feel our true selves change
In the sea of difficulty we leave our comfort behind
We are found in far away places, when all seems lost
We are found in far away places, not all is lost
We must be strong and cling onto hope (cling onto hope)
We must be strong, when the ground is shifting out from under our feet
We are found in far away places when
all seems lost
We are found in far away places when all seems lost
Stop majoring in the minors
It's when you get inside that is widens
Stay true tempered (stay true tempered)
You're not the first to find life is tough
Circumstantial hope isn't really hope
It's just a watered down distraction from what stands in our way
Hope gives us the ability to face reality
The ability to see through it all

Songwriters

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