

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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