

# Existence

## August Burns Red

This hollow feeling, the knowledge that you exist  
Amidst your insecurities, cover up only to coward out  
And never shutting up only to never speak aloud  
Have you dried up entirely? The walls of a church don't make it holy  
It's what's authentic that completes the sum of it's parts  
Don't excuse yourself from life today on the pretense of your past  
You're hurt, you're broken, that's alright  
This might be what it takes to wake you up  
This might be what it takes to wake you up  
Are you at your wits end yet?  
Are you at your wits end?  
Are you at your wits end yet? The walls of a church don't make it holy  
Security isn't glitzy or glamorous, concrete or cohesive  
Therein lies the truth, lift your head up high  
It's what we know we aren't that makes us who we are  
It's what we know we aren't that makes us who we are  
You're hurt, you're broken, that's alright  
That makes us who we are  
You're hurt, you're broken, that's alright  
That makes us who we are

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