

# 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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