Accidental Shot Heard 'round The World

August Burns Red

Currently holding that tongue.
Let's just see what happens.
Sky is red tonight.
It moves streaming with rain that beats the pavement.
How does it sound against the church roof or its bells?
It probably echoes.
Sanctuary meets comforting.
The mother sews as the father searches for his gun.
Shots hurt my ears.
I'll bite my lip to take in the deafening.
Shots hurt my ears.
I'll shut my eyes to remember the symphonies.

I'm surprised to find him running in the rain.
It's too dangerous.
Risking the chance that bullets would fly with their purpose straight to the life.
All too many simple mistakes disguising innocence.
Tension builds in every nerve.
I'm tired of falling short in understanding what it all meant,
or what it's supposed to mean.
I was relieved to see your face when I woke,
before the last accidental shot brought my father to his knees, face in his hands.
It felt good to be saved in some way

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