

Twenty-One Grams

August Burns Red

As I follow you, where will you lead me?
To the ends of the world, or is that just the beginning?
I've rolled through villages
And done my best to pass on your name
How much is too much?
How far is too far?
As I push on and leave everything behind
The front line swears I'm going into battle blind
A life dedicated to what I can't see
Still grasping what I was told to believe
What kind of cruel truth only presents itself
in the moment you die?
The facts are becoming less and less transparent constantly mixed with the thoughts of the incoherent
Dig deep.
They're hidden beneath centuries of dust and dirt
Covered up by the evolution of the earth
I'm struggling with the blessing of the unseen
It's harder and harder not to be accusing
Continuing to draw the lines of acceptance
I'm trying and trying to translate the evidence
Why do we owe anyone repentance While seeking answers to these questions?
We don't owe anyone repentance
The only time you'll ever know if you chose the right side Is when you close your eyes for the very last time
Question all that you thought you knew
It's how you'll find the truth
It will only make you stronger

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