

Thirty and Seven

August Burns Red

You are infatuated with what consumes you
Put the victim on the front lines and left for dead
Stop acting like there's no, no other option
But to let the waves carry you away Can you hold the water responsible for your wayward behavior?
Anymore then it blames you for it's gripping currents Erase the proof, erase the proof but
Your shame will remain, your shame will remain, will remain
Your shame will remain, your shame will remain Your mind is the mountain before you Will you always need
someone to hold your hand
And talk you through the nights shadows?
It's so much easier to fight this war when you're the last in line
When you're the last in line Can you hold the water?
Can you hold the water responsible for your wayward behavior?
Anymore then it blames you for it's gripping currents What will you become? What will become of you?
What will you become? What will become of you? Your mind is the mountain before you You've reached the
summit now transcend the skies
You've reached the summit now transcend the skies

Songwriters

Matthew Wilson Greiner; William Jacob Luhrs; Dustin Chad Davidson; John Benjamin Brubaker; Brent Gerald

Rambler Published by

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