The Reflective Property

August Burns Red

Soft memories of a life well lived
I'm thinking back and loving every moment I had
This dull feeling is working through me
And every waking moment is more static
As I step onto my porch of reflection
A brief wind of warmth is swept through me
We succeed in order to bring forth order in our lives
You have all felt it, the emptiness of being alone
Zoloft will not cure it, human touch will not solve it
This black, cold world is potent
Please bless the children, please heal their cries
A sweet sound is heard in my waking life
Tremors of anguish ripple through visions and dreams
Cries heal a starving nation facing death and destruction

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