

Vital Signs

August Burns Red

This building is barely standing on its own foundation
On its own foundation I've collapsed its lungs
Calloused its heart, sucked the life out of this
For all of Sunday to see, for all of Sunday to see I've collapsed its lungs
Calloused its heart, sucked the life out of this
For all of Sunday to see, for all of Sunday to see Everything [Incomprehensible] they believe, they believe
I've taken the breath out of everything they hold true
Everything they hold true Preaching to the deaf and blind, no one sees my effort
Preaching to the deaf and blind, no one gets the point
No one sees my effort, no one gets the point Welcome to my dying home, dying home
Welcome inside these crumbling walls
A meaningless handshake greets them all
With smiles of false hope Welcome to my dying home, dying home
Welcome inside these crumbling walls Do I even care as I watch a sea of people
Dwindling into an audience of skin and bones
An audience who doesn't have the strength to walk out
On a man who has tarnished their faith Everything [Incomprehensible] they believe, they believe
I've taken the breath out of everything they set for Preaching to the deaf and blind, no one sees my effort
Preaching to the deaf and blind, no one gets the point

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