

Your Little Suburbia Is in Ruins

August Burns Red

Open those eyes, wake from peace
Orders are some favorite color
Same old, same old is their battle cry
Why don't we keep searching for a new flavor? Our hearts have become a routine
Worthy kings have broken backs for nothing
Unless we cherish all with pride The lines on our face will turn
Into canyons of sorrow instead of hope
They didn't die from the cold without
But they died from the cold within And I just can't stop denying
That our brothers are in miserable pain
Stop short, lend a hand and break the chains
Of regularity that you lean so closely upon

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