

August Burns Red "Indonisea"

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This plane's going down in flames,
And this time there's no black box to capture your last words.
A situation we can't make any sense of.
Sacrifice costs all of us everything.

This is the time to turn down our heads
And turn up our hearts.
There's no scale to (there's no scale to) balance this out.

Some say may those who curse days, curse this day.
There's no scale to (there's no scale to) balance this out.

Ouh! How does a man wrap his mind around eternity,
When he can't even (when he can't even)
Explain his own (explain his own) composition?
Don't you see it's bigger than you?

He sleeps in the mountains of Indonesia,
And the white on his flag brings colors to shame (colors to shame) (2x)

The earth will swallow the water. The clouds refill the oceans.

The earth will swallow the water and spit out.
The clouds will refill, refill the oceans. (2x)

The earth will swallow... Old mountains will crumble...
the water and spit out... and stronger ones will rise. The clouds will refill... This is the portrait... refill the oceans... of the humble and broken. This plane crashed down in flames... (down in flames...) with a man who lived, who died, to better this world. David, rest in peace.

He sleeps in the mountains of Indonesia,
And the white on his flag brings colors to shame (colors to shame) (2x)

(In loving memory of David Clapper; you are an
inspiration.)

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