

August Burns Red "Salt & Light"

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Show our eyes true color. We want to hear
the trumpets roar with words that trample
the pagan's cavalry. Pummel the darkness
with the light. Hand in hand, side-by-side, we
will march with full force. With your words
from our throats we will march with full force.
Words that will shake the earth and boil the

seas trample the bones of the living dead as
they roam the streets alone. We go marching
on. Let the trumpets roar. I'm the harbinger,
not the author of these timeless words. Led by
the comforter I sing to you, and if my throat
were to be cut from ear to ear, I hope that
these words would carry on in these songs that
I pray you sing one day. We sing for you.

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