

## **August Burns Red "The Reflective Property"**

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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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