

August Burns Red "Your Little Suburbia Is In Ruins"

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Open those eyes, wake from peace.
Open those eyes, wake form peace.

Orders are some favorite color.
"Same old same old" is their battle cry.
Why don't we keep searching, searching for a new
flavor?

Our hearts have become routine.
Our hearts have become routine.
Our hearts have become routine.

Worthy kings have broken backs for nothing.
Worthy kings have broken backs.

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 cold without but they died from
cold within.
They didn't die from cold without but they died from
cold within.
They didn't die from cold without but they died from
cold within.

And I just can't stop denying that our brothers are in
miserable pain.
And I just can't stop denying that our brothers are in
miserable pain.

Open those eyes, wake from peace.
Open those eyes, wake from peace.

Stop short,
Lend a hand and break the chains of regularity from
which you hold, you lean so closely upon, so closely
upon.

Your little Suburbia is in ruins, is in ruins.

Tear down all the assumptions you hold.

Tear down all the assumptions you hold, tear them
down.

Tear down all the assumptions you hold, tear them
down.

For I guarantee they are false.

Sometimes the best feeling may be the one that kills.

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