

Bloodletter

August Burns Red

You have, you have picked the wrong mark
You tried, you tried to pull an inside job

You're a thief
Of a different kind
One who preys
On those fighting to stay alive
Pull your hand back
Or lose the sense of touch
Remove it at the stump
Pay homage to Medieval times
We won't fall in line

You couldn't hack it
Convincing others
That you would back them
This isn't the real world
If It was
You'd be chewed up
You'd be spit out
And left with fractures
This bridge is burned

Kicked us, kicked us when we were down

You stole everything we had to show for

Your purpose is pointless
We need, we need to both move on

Where do we draw the line
Between helpful and hurtful?
We'll come home with nothing
So you think you are something

This process has made us stable, more capable
Even though you always cut us down
We're here to say we're proud of what we've become
It's time to bury the hatchet
We won't bury it in your back
We're not like you
We won't bury it in your back
We're not like you
We won't bury it in your back