

This August Day

Saint Asonia

I, I overthink, overanalyse
I try to draw straight every time
I'm always outside the lines
And I, I'm underworked, overqualified
They wanna walk me through the fire
I always find a place to hide

Everyone
I was wrong
Burn down
I turn away
The raging fire
This August day
Meltdown
I'm here to stay
The candle's gone
This August day

I, I haven't laid all my weapons down
I don't really know where to run
I'm following the sound
And I, I undermine, over-glamorize
I catch myself every time
Burying the lies

Everyone
I was wrong
Burn down
I turn away
The raging fire
This August day
Meltdown
I'm here to stay
The candle's gone
This August day

I'm clawing at my trail
I'm clawing at my trail
I'm clawing at my trail
I'm clawing at my trail

(My trail)
(My trail)
(My trail)

Burn down
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I'm clawing at my trail
I'm clawing at my trail
I'm clawing at my trail

I'm poring all the nightmares in my head

I'm clawing at my trail

I'm clawing at my trail

I'm clawing at my trail

I'm clawing at my trail