To the Surface

Strife

reaching hands- cirkling down i see it twist to nothing torn from
what it meant, cou from extence...my fingers bleed, but reaching hands are not weak the light the tonce burned so bright, has now
been cast a dismal grey. fighting to keep the voice alive, i cannot left
it end this way...i`m held- in the arms of the few! i walk in a line with
the skared, never breaking my vow. i swear to you. A rise of
commitment strong, a vision to wich it belongs. purty of the
mind and body, to keep the resistance moving on ...

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