

Like Trumpets

With Honor

Enough pictures drawn in the sand
Of everything we wish we'd been
Just to watch them wash out when the waters rise
Enough careless talk about giving up
Complaining of the things we haven't got
Why can't we stand up to the test of time?
No more, no less than all we are, all we have
No more holding back, so far, we've only made a scratch
Knives out, no more holding back, we'll drag our heels
On cold concrete until it's four feet wide
And six feet deep, to forget our regrets and yesterdays
I want to cut, cut the bind, it's not the scissors that are dull
It's our minds, it's our apathy and shallow goals entwined
It's all or nothing, kiss yesterday goodbye

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