Rise

Today Is The Day

My throat was dry the burnin sand the scent of violet I knew wh at it was $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) +$

the scent of violet I knew what it was no cross left to bear th ere I awoke

on my back asking myself the sane question pushing my self beyond my $\ensuremath{\mathsf{m}} \mathsf{y}$

existence rise magic show rise there I would roam with my dog t equila