

## Strange Forest

Onward To Olympus

Get me away from here  
I don't think I can take these voices anymore  
The same ones that you've heard for so long  
Do you feel the distress as you take on being sick?  
Where are you running?  
Where will you go?  
Don't bury yourself alive  
and cower under these fearful ways  
If time is of the essence  
I pray that it comes fast  
I know I lacked my faith  
In the toughest era yet  
Just help me plan to carry  
What breaks upon my chest  
All in with the strength of the maker  
This is knocking at your door  
Quit pulling what you can't handle  
Pulling so long the trees will grow weak  
If time is of the essence  
I pray that it comes fast  
I know I lacked my faith  
In the toughest era yet  
All of these branches are breaking  
But it still sticks to the roots  
Staying buried in this firm foundation  
Wash away the dirt that covers me  
Pull me from the filth I lie beneath  
I will follow what you need me to be