

Arms Of The Few

Strife

reaching hands- circling down i see it twist to nothing torn from
what it meant, come from existence...my fingers bleed, but reaching
hands are not weak the light the torch burned so bright, has
now
been cast a dismal grey. fighting to keep the voice alive, i cannot
leave
it end this way...i'm held- in the arms of the few! i walk in a
line with
the scared, never breaking my vow. i swear to you. A rise of
commitment strong, a vision to which it belongs. purity of the
mind and body, to keep the resistance moving on ...