

Arms Of The Few

Strife

reaching hands- cirkling down i see it twist to nothing torn fr
om
what it meant, cou from extence...my fingers bleed, but reachin
g 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 ca
nnot 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 ...