

Strength

Unto Others

Broken
Brother, what have we become?
Beating on the workers drum
Unaware of the hours
Unaware that we are here

The circle closes again
No beginning or end
The years have closed our dreaming eyes
And it's hard to find a friend

An hour's over
An hour gets away

Dying
Counting on another dime
Worthless figures counting time
Honor for those who stay
Honor when they call my name

The circle closes again
No beginning or end man
In the desperate eyes of a dying boy
And the dust within his hands

An hour's over
An hour gets away

Who will fall behind?
Who will go a little further?
Who will climb?
Who?
I
I decide

Who will earn the right?
Who will take their time?
Who will live or die?

Strength

Oh, how the story goes

We can make some money
We can all make some
But we won't make a living
It cannot be done, no
A sand of gold or silver
We can all make some
But we don't deserve the pain
When the work is done

Strength