

## **With Honor "Like Trumpets"**

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Enough pictures drawn in the sand  
Of everything we wish we'd been  
Just to watch them wash out when the waters rise

Enough careless talk about giving up  
Complaining of the things we haven't got  
Why can't we stand up to the test of time?

No more, no less than all we are, all we have  
No more holding back, so far, we've only made a  
scratch  
Knives out, no more holding back, we'll drag our heels  
On cold concrete until it's four feet wide  
And six feet deep, to forget our regrets and yesterdays

I want to cut, cut the bind, it's not the scissors that are  
dull  
It's our minds, it's our apathy and shallow goals  
entwined  
It's all or nothing, kiss yesterday goodbye

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