

Continuance

"We Arm Ourselves"

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In an age when so many words mean nothing
we're not just speaking for the sake of making noise
We call to broken spirits and to open minds
to voices who refuse to be silenced
The hope of life on our tongues as we search for a
better way
Rummaging through the wilderness and the waste of
our dying days
Little is found here worthy of remembrance
No glory in the scarred hands and aching backs with
which we persist
Bound now together straining eyes
for sings of shelter from this raging culture
Relentless overfed unconcerned
From atop the mountains thick clouds of smog
descend
choking out what promises the least of us had left
With the broken in the streets we arm ourselves
we wont stand alone in this life
Where serpents and angels alike will strike your heel
Lay down your shackle and chains before the iron
teeth.
By their refuse we resist.

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