

Thought Riot

"Duality Of The Revolutionary"

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I can attest, trying to save the world is a hard mountain to scale.

This task we've set up for ourselves seems destined to fail.

Hands are so easily susceptible to damage and every inside each

And every wound festers hopelessness.

The weight we carry whispers words of apathy.

Sometimes it's just so tempting to let fingers slip away.

And fall right into the illusions that we sought to climb above.

All alone, stranded on this mountainside.

Exhaustion takes a heavy toll inside.

Arms are so prone to flights of fatigue.

Sometimes just holding on is in-itself challenging.

All the dirt collects in the wounds leaving me consumed.

Sometimes just one thought away from relinquishing control.

To fall right into the illusions that we sought to climb above.

I call out to you in hopes of finding anew my passion and love.

Through screams of defiance, I seek the strength to soar.

Bring myself one step closer so that I may breathe in pure air.

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