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## **Trolls Cottage** "Walk On Fire"

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I'm going down this road with a bend, There's got to be an end, It's just after another bend. I walk around in this labrynth, Don't know what the time is. I don't want to know that. I'm standing next to a good friend, There is no pretending when you've got a true friend. And I've been thinking about these lessons, Trying to ask questions, trying to find the best place to put my time in.

On this road seems good right now Seems like it should be this. Cause breathing in is rich and, It's not beyond our reach nor our desire. With our feet to move us, Even though sometimes they might get tired. With our fists up and our hearts to guide us, Well you know that we can walk on fire.

I'm writing down my life right now, Trying to figure out these times. I've got a chance to use my voice, Seen some with no choice, I think I better use mine. How would it feel to have no choice? Silence is your voice, And you can't trust anyone you meet for the first time. No that's not right! 'Cause not one life, is better than another life.

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