

Zola Jesus

"March On To Victory"

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I awake to take my place among the living.
I'm giving you all that you asked for and more.
So when the end comes, it will burn bright.
Like ten billion suns.
Consuming tired worlds and closed doors.
And when the end comes, I'll be immortal.
I'll be the mountain.
Decomposition of these distractions -
Without an end there can be no beginning.
So I will march on, march on to victory.
And you will see me - The fire inside of me
March on to victory
Until my feet bleed.
For your protection
The mask you wear is forever affixed to your face
So you hide, fearing life and the challenge inside
Of defeating oppression through soul resurrection.
We'll know the path inside
Force ourselves not to hide
And throw our souls to the wind.
Those who fear judgment fear only themselves;
A forged existence.
But when the end comes -
Those who march on will be the ones who used hope as
a weapon.
So we embrace fear - march on to victory.
Get up when we fall.
March on to victory.
And when our feet bleed, then we will crawl.
A humble maniac looking for the light
With imperfections and questions to ask.
I am not defeated, though my skin is rotting.
This march goes on forever,
Roots long forgotten.
I will rise to meet you as the fog rolls in under our feet.

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