

## Strife

# "Arms Of The Few"

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reaching hands- circling down i see it twist to nothing  
torn from  
what it meant, cou from extence...my fingers bleed, but  
reaching hands are not weak the light the tonce burned  
so bright, has now  
been cast a dismal grey. fighting to keep the voice  
alive, i cannot left  
it end this way...i'm held- in the arms of the few! i walk  
in a line with  
the skared, never breaking my vow. i swear to you. A  
rise of  
commitment strong, a vision to wich it belongs. purty of  
the  
mind and body, to keep the resistance moving on ...

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