

Strife "To The Surface"

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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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