

Strife, Lift

When narrow minds meet they will combine,
and bound by fear they will divide.

But separation can only destroy what's left.

Ensuring the end of what's true to me.

True to me.

In spite of myself I will seclude myself.

In spite of what's right I will exclude you.

As it filters into the hearts and minds.

Filter... I watch it die.

I need something to believe in... Lift!

A fear of what can't be seen, building on what it means...

Lift!...Lift my mind my body and my soul.

A fear of what can't be seen, barriers- Broken!