

Bill Miller, The Art Of Survival

He makes his way through the heart of the night,
With all he owns in a pack
Those childhood ways disappeared in the struggle,
And it don't look like they're coming back

His heart is pounding like a drum in a cayon,
Givin' him courage and fear
He'll walk the footsteps of a man for the first time
While he's holding back the boys tears

Hungry and cold, so young and so old
There's so much that he doesn't know
But the voice that's inside him
Keeps telling him mile after mile
You're learning the art of survival

He eyes the lights of an ageless horizon,
Rising up from the sand
He aches for something to believe in and guide him
Out across this no man's land

Bridges behind him are burning to ashes
There's no way that he can turn back
But that voice that's inside him keeps telling him mile after mile
It's all in the art of survival

Dreams burn like wildfire
He feels the warmth in his bones
Faces of loved ones
Place like he's never known

Bridges behind him are burning to ashes
There's no way that he can turn back
But that voice that's inside him keeps telling him mile after mile
This is all in the art of survival
This is all in the art of survival