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