

Gatsbys American Dream, Why We Fight

so we beat on
our boats against the current
so we beat on...
these waters are uncharted bravely we sail alone
riding the storm
clutching honor bearing pride
ocean salt that burns our wounds only this immortal ship will prevail
the sun sinks into distant waters in the west and off to the east the green light shimmers
amidst the fog
it stands desolate and harbors broken dreams
which we will defend