

Monty Are I, Only The Weak

From the ground I see them standing above with a sinister look.
Left me here, but what they don't know--I've got the will in my blood.
And it's the heartless versus souls, and one will stand.
But it's only the weak. They wait for glory to appear, and they fail.
It's the victory they seek. They lack the passion to prevail.
But not us, only the weak. Start the burning, it's a fight that they find.
They didn't see this beginning. My blistered hands show with persistence and time.
The struggle's worth every minute.
Like a hand print in cement, we made a mark in the road.
We finally made it to the end, cause we've got the will in our blood.
WE OVERCAME THIS ON OUR OWN.
And so it seems, in the end we'll still remain.