

Race The Sun, Dreams V. Me

we chose this path and we tread
new steps a new route
vowing to hike the hills and dull the edges
tips blistered and calloused
even though we fuel our dream
eyes strained new shades of red
we thought we could
we'll plant our feet into the ground to never be washed away
so don't back down just yet
or blow this flame out
we'll tend to these scars with art carved in our arms
in a world too thoughtless to empty pockets for beggar's hands
starving, left cold and alone
and we'll chant our lungs pushed out upon those believing
in this one word of mouth/we leave no one behind