

# Stretch Arm Strong, Means To An End

Rainchecks and cancellations on all my best intentions  
deprived of the things I need to grow.

Milestones I've overturned looking for something sure

Sometimes I'm broken and burned,  
but I always came back for more.

Broken and burned. This I'll endure. (2x)

Let the revolution begin. The starting point will never determine the end.

Now I understand that these wounds will one day mend  
and it's all a means to my end.

And it may seem a little bitter in the end, but the effort will be put in.

I just hope the means will justify the end.

Steps that lead to a destination have crumbled at my feet  
and left me with feelings of frustration.

The goals have always been in sight,

but the path that showed the way had been obscure and without light.

Failure has a face that I recognize from time to time...from time to time.