

Strife, Arms Of The Few

Reaching hands- circling down I see it twist to nothing.
Torn from what it meant, cut from existence...
My fingers bleed, but reaching hands are not weak.
The light that once burned so bright, has now been cast a dismal grey.
Fighting to keep the voice alive, I cannot let it end this way...
I'm held- in the arms of the few!
I walk in line with the sacred, never breaking my vow.
I swear to you.
A rise of commitment strong, a vision to which it belongs.
Purity of the mind and body, to keep the resistance moving on...