

Strongarm, These Times That Try Men's Souls

thus this is all that i believe
to bear witness to my calling
my life escapes me
my days they shorten
these final breath to testify
to face these years is adversity in itself
calm passed long ago to reveal times foretold
before is the open book another page pieces fall in place
take heed to discern the times of the signs
these times that try men's souls
whereby we know this life is like a shadow
and death assuredly shall come down to greet the soul
the years they've coursed the storm that's been uprising
since the days of old building and now approaching
he sees not his shadow who faces the sun
for his eyes melt as wax
the price paid for living in light
is that of gold in the crucible ever
melting straining striving
to be made pure purity escapes me
remembrance breaks me down
though my knees become weak
i will cause my foot another step to carry the task
bleeds my hands but they are kept
remembrance breaks me down
but i will strive until it is the last time