

# Until The End, Where Do We Stand Now

These eyes,  
See truth,  
Through the lies,  
Through jealousy

We're killing time  
In the worst way  
It's not enough that the  
Grave has been dug  
The worst is that  
We refuse to give in

I, still recall,  
When this was  
Much more than a  
Show of hands  
There was a meaning,  
There was a protest,  
There were ideas  
That couldn't exist outside,  
Of progress, and distress  
Was our muse to create,  
A little hope  
Without the fear of being rejected

Where do we stand now?