

# With Honor, Like Trumpets

Enough pictures drawn in the sand,  
Of everything we wish we'd been,  
Just to watch them wash out when the waters rise.

Enough careless talk about giving up,  
Complaining of the things we haven't got,  
Why can't we stand up to the test of time?

No more, no less than all we are, all we have,  
No more holding back.  
So far, we've only made a scratch, knives out,  
No more holding back.  
We'll drag our heels on cold concrete  
until it's four feet wide and six feet deep,  
To forget our regrets and yesterdays.

I want to cut, cut the bind,  
It's not the scissors that are dull.  
It's our minds, it's our apathy and shallo goals entwined.  
It's all or nothing, kiss yesterday goodbye.