

The War Within Us

Onward To Olympas

I can see things differently now that the stitches have ripped from eyes. I'm tired of sailing without the sail. The water turns black with all of the deceit around me. Is it time to spark that small light? To make a flame inside me. To make a flame inside of me. Burning through my heart melting away pride and ignorance. I'm tired of driving down that road and seeing all of the blank signs and taking years for it to hit me. Oh, show me the ways to help these people, help these people, including myself. Help me, help me, help me, help us. This life we live is disappointing. I'm tired of falling into guilt, that long never ending drop. I want to grab the sides of that cliff and make the climb back up, screaming at the top of my lungs. Oh, show me the way to help these people, help these people, including myself. I'm tired of falling into guilt. There is a war within us that must be stopped before it ends us now. I'm not losing sight of what needs to be. I will not fall away.