

In Will

A Whisper in the Noise

Seven years go by
Seven years of broken tribes
But I will go on
I will go on

Through the rolling hills
Rolling seasons I grow in will
I will go on
Ride on ride on
I'm growing old
As I grow
Wisdom grows
I will go on

Ride on ride on
Ride on ride on
Ride on ride on
Ride on ride on
Ride on ride on
Ride on ride on
Ride on ride on
Ride on ride on