

# The Art Of Survival

Bill Miller

He makes his way through the heart of the night,  
With all he owns in a pack  
Those childhood ways disappeared in the struggle,  
And it don't look like they're coming back

His heart is pounding like a drum in a cayon,  
Givin' him courage and fear  
He'll walk the footsteps of a man for the first time  
While he's holding back the boys tears

Hungry and cold, so young and so old  
There's so much that he doesn't know  
But the voice that's inside him  
Keeps telling him mile after mile

You're learning the art of survival  
He eyes the lights of an ageless horizon,  
Rising up from the sand  
He aches for something to believe in and guide him

Out across this no man's land  
Bridges behind him are burning to ashes  
There's no way that he can turn back  
But that voice that's inside him keeps telling him mile after m  
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It's all in the art of survival  
Dreams burn like wildfire  
He feels the warmth in his bones  
Faces of loved ones

Place like he's never known  
Bridges behind him are burning to ashes  
There's no way that he can turn back  
But that voice that's inside him keeps telling him mile after m  
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This is all in the art of survival  
This is all in the art of survival?