

"If you're always running,  
You ain't no kind of man.  
Face up your fears kid,  
Fight for what you take stock in.  
Out here on rolling hills,  
There ain't no alibis.  
Only sweat and dirt,  
Only that open sky.  
If you take nothing more  
Than these simple words,  
With your head held high kid,  
You will have your day.  
You can leave hardened,  
I won't think twice of it.  
If you got a battle back home,  
You got no reason to stay."  
Out there on rolling hills,  
He thought of days back home.  
All the pain and hurt,  
His mother praying alone.  
Sleep never came for him,  
No rest for wicked men.  
In those starless skies,  
The moon shined shame on him.  
He found redemption in pale saints  
That took him in.  
His grey eyes,  
Hopefulness,  
That only youth can feel  
Before life sours them.  
"Where you from, where you been?"  
The boy would ask.  
He could never answer,  
It was the truth he lacked.  
"I'm from nowhere kid, i've been to hell and back.  
I'm a loner kid, i got no grace and no tact."  
He had nothing more than those simple words.  
He was a runner and a coward  
Always losing his way.  
Till no sleep for him.  
"I ain't no wicked man."  
There would be no night like this for him ever again.  
He would change his fate,  
He would mend the breaks.  
He left that night with parting words to lead his way.  
"Don't you be like me."  
"Don't you be like me."  
"Don't you be like me."  
And so that moonlit sky shined praise down on him.