

They say that which has been brought into the darkness now come
into the light.

Step into the light.

I've had my dreams slip out from beneath my nose in a world so
cold my heart was frozen.

Journey beyond the pure white snow and emerge from the winter o
f my discontent.

I won't consent to less than 110 percent.

I will lick my wounds, I will not scrape or bow to you.

Hold onto my hand, walk with me from your demise.

I won't retreat, I won't be made weak by the thoughts in my fee
t.

I will walk till I bleed, dying from fatigue and beyond if need
be.

But believe me, you won't defeat me.

That's a promise I keep until they drop me six feet deep, mothe
rfucker.

Be on the prowl.