

I'm in shambles
Blown to bits by our troubles
These brambles
Our stumblings our struggles

Aspera! per aspera! per ardua! ad astra!

It's a forced march
And I'm parched in denial
It's a struggle
Of faith and of fire

Aspera! per aspera! per ardua! ad astra!

Walking we are caught, by tiny hooks that hold our hope
Our skin may be scratched, but nothing holds us back
I will be brave, my body may change
But my spirit will stay, I will be brave

Aspera! per aspera! per ardua! ad astra!

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Aspera! per aspera! per ardua! ad astra!
Thorns! over thorns! through this trouble, we are born!