

Call To Arms

Inked In Blood

This pace is staggering me.
Never stopping, ever wandering.
Atrophy prevails.
Our days are numbered, our seasons fleeting.
How many days, how many waking hours, sleepless nights
Have been spent wishing you had the strength to rise above what
cripples us?
Doubt floods our minds, our souls battered by its waves
Shouting the call to arms, your voice echoing.
Now we can sing as one.
This cannot be living.
This is only prelude to being alive.
The sound of reflections shattering.
Shouting the call to arms, your voice echoing.
Now we can sing as one.
I no longer see shadow, I no longer hear its voice.
All our cries will echo with victory.
And we are not ashamed to shout aloud in this time, our new beginning.
We will raise our voices high