The Struggle

The struggle is in our hearts, it's in our hands So whom do we really serve What can we trust, what have we planned Firmly fix your heart, your mind will follow Everlonging, ever lasting The truth is sometimes hard to swallow

We all understand the choice is in our hands And chances are the choice has been pre made As a plastic figurine slapped in a magazine Or on your cable t.v. screen

So what exactly is it you believe Maybe you don't know Or maybe you wear it on your sleeve I've got to ask myself the same I've got to throw myself around Because I know I've let you down

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MxPx