

# The Black Brigade

Project 86

Prepare in urgency to race  
Casting off the weight that burdens me  
I cannot dare to force the pace  
Marathon for life the road I face

Committed  
determined  
My gaze is set on finishing

I'm straining to extend my lead  
With every evil chasing me  
One day, one hour, every step

I know  
I know  
I fix  
my eyes  
Ahead

Straining on to run without remorse  
Casting off mistakes that came before  
In my mind I see a hallowed door  
Open arm embrace, I'm reaching for...

Just like a breeze is passing me  
My stammers, a distant memory  
We cannot afford a glance to see  
What's gaining or what is history