Dust off my back and onward...

Sheer mass and stone.

Random bits of bone and organ.

Man opposite Mountain.

When the earth towers and refuses to bow, I will give it pause.

Keep tall, A mountain falls hard.

Heart to summit, resolve to mass.

Make way, be scaled, or bore through.

As fine a motive as obstructing my view

Keep tall: a mountain falls hard.

Forge on, conquer.

I can move a mountain.

Just speak of failure and concede.

Strong and silent, I will move a mountain...

Or see it crumble as I break it down.

So toward the sky we climb..

This is reachable

Altogether obtainable avow the bones in my back.

That I have taken on man and myself with success,

I am thrice what I was and much more to become.

Forge on...

Move mountains, or break them down

Know the will of granite lies in bone. Steady dome, cause my brow and body to sweat
My tendons to ache.
Crimson the earth
Make bloodstained mountains.

Sheer mass and stone. Random bits of bone and organ Plow through the mountain.

Dust off my back and onward.