

## Arms Of The Few

Strife

reaching hands- circling down i see it twist to nothing torn from  
what it meant, cou from extence...my fingers bleed, but reaching hands are not weak the light the tonce burned so bright, has now  
been cast a dismal grey. fighting to keep the voice alive, i cannot left  
it end this way...i`m held- in the arms of the few! i walk in a line with  
the skared, never breaking my vow. i swear to you. A rise of commitment strong, a vision to wich it belongs. purty of the mind and body, to keep the resistance moving on ...