reaching hands- cirkling down i see it twist to nothing torn fr om

what it meant, cou from extence...my fingers bleed, but reachin g 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 ca nnot 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 ...