

Pack Of Wolves

Winds of Plague

Why does it seem that I always find hatred inside of me?
Why do I question hope?
Why do I question will I ever find peace?
It seems this world always finds its way to get the best of me.
It always there to knock me down.
Another test of determination.
with a bitter taste of defeat I just can't help but look past t
he pure and strait to the wicked that infiltrates the earth