

Lion's Den (3:06)

Ressurect yourself..
From the fallen past.
The times to dwell upon are sure to pass.
A fearful road one step at a time.
Decide to hide or evolve from your fear.
Not choosing to regress with the masses,
but choosing to proress with the few.
We're not born just to die
but to live, to love, to choose
a strengthened self being.
Not a desolate path
where you can't trust anyone anymore
and die alone.
The most tragic death is to die inside
while you're still alive.
Spirits can shatter the thickest sword
this life is war, fight until the death
embracing every breath.

Strength to relinquish the body and mind.
Inherit the knowledge, the power,
the knowledge, the divinity
beyond comprehension.
Within ourselves and beyond
seeking an identity to define our lives.
Through the doubt and tyranny
of the desolate hand
Rest assured in the arms of hope

Born Into Burden (2:31)

Are they blind to their mistakes?
It's a three step process
The hit, the bottle, the beating
I cry out loud for you
No second chances, not even a fair start
The child is given
Neglected from the point of conception,
Neglected for the rest of their lives.
Who will hear the cries when no one is around,
to give the compassion that is deserve

Believe It To Be True (2:56)

There is no sickness that consumes me
and for that I need no cure.
Don't assume your futile existance is the same for me
I am unlike none other before me,
similar, but not the same
In my heart I hold dear those that car
and look past nothing... but enemies.
Enemies that lie the truth
If you're not with me, then you're against me
and I against you.
Don't repremand me, don't burden me with your chains.
Unlike you I have acted,
while you waited for something that never came
Believe me...
Believe in me

Living Shadow (2:18)

Your face holds your oppression,
so you're told to hide your face.
no matter what it takes
while you die inside.
to serve and be silent, to stay in the shadows.
To be poured into a mold,
divergent from your true path
Unable to have a stance slightly opposed,
or to be exposed
life outside your incarceration.

they will submit to the lessons taug
and you will find he refuge that you
unknowingly seek,

This Awakening (2:52)

To look beyond this shell seems impossible
when my eyes have dried shut from routine.
So what does it mean to make myself proud?
My progress is at a stand still.
I am merely but average. Or so it seems to me.
My arms are reaching for the better days.
This awakening can bring the change
The darkest skies will surely clear
Tranquility is my betterment.
I can see my eyes have healed.
I am ready for this progression.

To Know You (3:23)

If you want these lyrics...
go find Dan!

Guide My Words (3:29)

The hearts of the world
are scarred by the words of anger.
I wish for those who speak as such
to grow mute
to settle the dispute
that has gashed the wound
that has soured the fruit.
This is a pre-conceived doom.
Because of constant exposure
we have taught ourselves to tolerate
(tell our fate)
It's all around us, their actions are direct
Sadness and contempt (are the results)
Why do we do what we do unto each other
I refuse to act out of resentment
We have the obligation
to unleash words of tenderness
so that the hearts in our lives
are finally healed.
Guide my words like a blade of a sword
and let them strike with precision
Let them come from my heart
and encompass all that I am.
I pronounce it as loud
as my breath affords me...
I love you all.
I have to let you know
That our existance is not coincidence.
You've built me, as I have you
You've built me, this is true.

EMH2 (2:50)

You initial outlook was different
from the life you now live.
And as the chapters end,
this story is standing still.
It's a waste of my time.
Who wants to read a story about an old man
who died never getting what he wanted from life.
A house, a wife... something worth remembering.
You're breaking your back for a job you hate
knowing good days don't always come
for those who wait.
Maybe next year will be different.
who died forgetting everything that
never paid attention.

into something to be forgotten
but they made us who we are.
Don't turn the lights out,
cause this room is already dark.
Leave them on till they burn out.