

Glimpse

It Prevails

Tearing at the foundation of who I am and what I've come to be.

It's always been a constant war between the world and me. Putting thought into my every step. Keeping positive thoughts in mind. To no avail, the constant tests of my will are relentless.

My life has passed me by. I must re obtain it. It seems so impossible. But I will take the steps to have it again.

I am a glimpse of a man. Suffering over and over again. Forced into Perdition. I am a man who's life has been destroyed. Forced to rebuild. Over and over again. Forced into Perdition.

All but pulled under. By the wrenching pull of the world and its trials that are pressed upon me.

With the two legs I have. I will stand. Much taller than your walls of sand. With the two hands I have, I will build, machines as strong as my will.