

Through Chains That Drag Us Downward

Xanthochroid

So, it must be true
Few are worthy of its weight
Few are meant to know
What the ancients knew

And fewer, still
Dare to test their will
Few possess the strength
Timid and tame, but I

I would return this race to its former glory!
I have seen the crumbling face of our gilded past;
Wind-worn monuments , of a more glorious age
Mock us with their unchang'd stare

How can we know what wonders came before us?
I long to feel that power which lies dormant in our blood

As they assembled, this gleaming precipice
Reaching high, above the clouds

How many lifetimes would I waste
Trying to reach its top
Clutching its edges, higher still
Grasping at the hair-like roots
That grow out from the cracks
Only to swipe through the open air
And fall again and again
What sort of creature am I?

So I bear this burden
I suffer and I grow
I grow in vision and in fortitude
(I grow with the fire that is my soul)
With the fire that is my soul

I'll teach the world to speak in truer tongues
To ever strive for better days
I'll let the visage of this mangled form
(I'll teach the world to strive for better days)
Teach me the value of each day

To spend the full force of our energies
Advancing towards a new and glorious morning—
The genuine life full of vibrancy and meaning—
This shall be our aim
Let us marshall our motivations
To align with such a high and worthy cause
Let us set new declarations
And discipline in our lives
Let the value of freedom
Run through every crevice in our minds
Through every thought and every action that we choose
Through every monument we erect
Through the long days and long marches
That lead to our highest selves and (highest) contributions
Through all the hopeful dreams

Born from a liberated soul