

Brothers To The Flames

It Prevails

I am the author of my life.
And I'm writing in pain, and I can't rub out my mistakes.
If I could start again in life, I would repeat all my mistakes.
They make us who we are in this world.

Making changes everyday, but it seems so empty,
I try so hard, but I am only a man.
How much longer can my brow damn these beads of sweat
Before they sting my eyes?
Like time has shown me, so many times before.
How much longer can my will last me throughout this lifetime?
I struggle to find who I am anymore.

I know now that who I am is better than who I used to be.
If this is all I am, so be it, this is all I can be.
I know now that who I am is better than who I used to be.
If this is all I am, so be it, this is all I can be.
All I can be.

I am the author of my life.
And I'm writing in pain, and I can't rub out my mistakes.

There are many things that aren't what they seem in this world,

Friendship is the best example of these.
I find myself questioning more and every single day.
How much longer can we hold our brothers to these flames?
And the people who have meant so much to us?

I know now that who I am is better than who I used to be.
If this is all I am, so be it, this is all I can be.
I know now that who I am is better than who I used to be.
If this is all I am, so be it, this is all I can be.