

(Hamill)

It's easy to say, when you're so down,  
that everything's pointless;  
your eyes burn, your ears howl,  
your limbs are disjointed.  
Barren fields, the barren earth, never more will it flower.  
Rub your face and your hands in the dirt:  
now is the hour!  
So stand straight, looking over your shoulder;  
walk on, though you fear to arrive;  
don't wait till you know that it's over,  
be strong - it's your place to survive.

While the holocaust rages around you,  
be the eye of the storm;  
though the extent of disaster astounds you,  
forearmed is forewarned.  
You may have passed time in happier ways,  
but there are other mountains to climb:  
you've never lived as you're living today -  
now is the time!  
Stand straight, though your back breaks from trying,  
walk on - even now you must strive.  
Don't wait - while you're waiting, you're dying;  
be strong, it's your place to survive.

The universe is doubtless  
unfolding just exactly as it should  
and these dreams of remorse or foreboding  
just won't do you any good.  
The joy, the passion, possessions you own,  
the bitterness and the pain,

the end of everything you've ever known...  
all these are ordained.  
Stand straight looking into the future,  
walk on - we've each got our own lives.  
Don't wait for a guru or tutor,  
be strong - it's your place to survive.  
Stand straight, looking over your shoulder,  
walk on: though it hurts, you're alive.  
Don't wait...if you wait it's all over;  
be strong - it's your right to survive.