

The Long Hard Race

Guess running has become common place,

This world's lust for the long hard race.

You might feel you don't keep pace,

In this world's lust for the long hard race.

So who decides when it is pretend,

A loss of power you begin to transcend,

As it is, you hope to keep pace,

And don't get lost, to the long hard race.

To put such a value on the possibilities,

Placing a mind on the realities,

Far and Wide, learn to touch base,

Or lose your soul to the long hard race.

Is there an object which exists,

To find an inner strength shall consist,

Time will tell, never off the case,

Find some answers to the long hard race.

As you follow your testimony,

Trying hard to avoid the phony,

Future bright? Yours to make haste,

A path is set to the long hard race.

For all do seek the joy and sorrow,

Hands of time, whispers thoughts of tomorrow,

Destiny of souls, those which are chaste,

The end is good to the long hard race.

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