

And I turn to see the faded footprints
The glazed words sprinkled with my raging river
Is this night a mission accomplished
Or another swim in the passive ocean
To acknowledge slows the feet until they stop
But just as today, the footprints cease to grow
The distance traveled is a weapon against all the doubt
Once a fatal slash to my heart
Now an unthreatening view
No more claims of sobriety
The undertoe is massive, but now I can see
This is the battle of my eternity
It's not the footprints that convince the feet they can walk
But rather walking itself
And not talking about what will happen and where I am going
But rather going