

## March On

Sometimes I feel like I can't see what's up ahead,  
Like the morning fog on the road,  
I worry that I'm misled,  
That my pace will slow.  
How deep will I tread?  
Something tells me I'll go far,  
Those that say I'm insane,  
I'll show them!  
When I march home and reign.  
My feet weary with travel,  
My fist in the air,  
When I march back from battle.

I know that in time I'll find my place,  
But right now, at least it's not a race,  
There might be twists and turns around this uncharted path,  
I'll climb those mountains when I get to that paragraph.  
But I'll keep my fist in the air,  
As doors open and close,  
I'll dare,  
To march on.

Step by step,  
Slowly but surely,  
The journey may hurt,  
And your energy is burnt,  
But keep going please!  
One day all will cease,  
You'll find your place,  
What joy awaits!