

I DON'T REMEMBER WHY I WENT ON THIS TRIP.



WHATEVER IT WAS, IT DOESN'T MATTER RIGHT NOW.





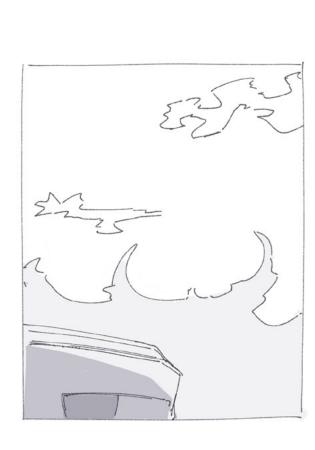
LIKE A WELL-OILED MACHINE, I'LL JUST KEEP MOVING ON.





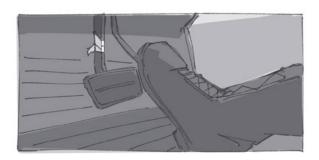




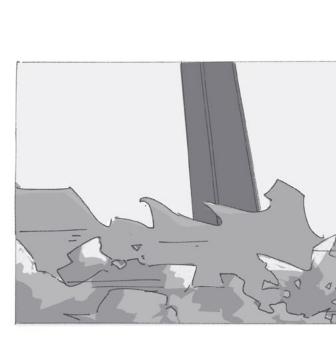


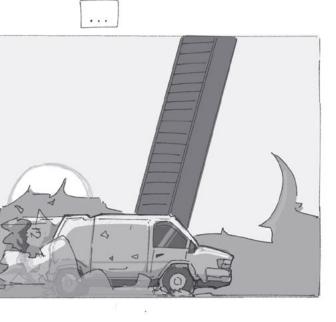


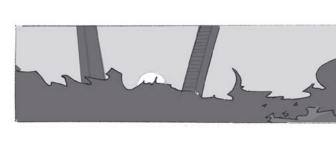










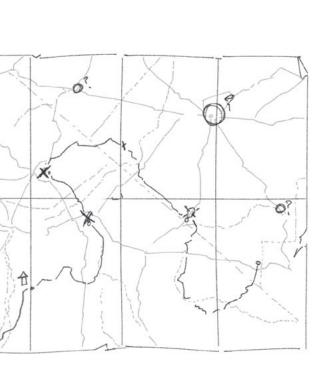


I'M LOST.



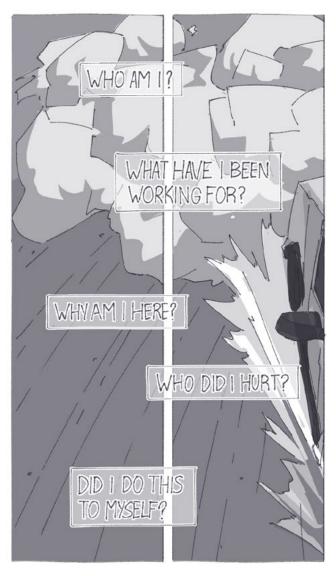


I HATE TO ADMIT IT. BUT I'M LOST.





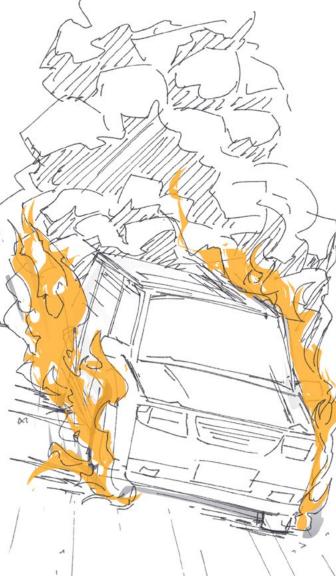










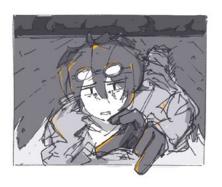














"I DON'T KNOW."













MY SIGHT - GONE WITH THE WIND A DYING EMBER MY UNENDING JOURNEY

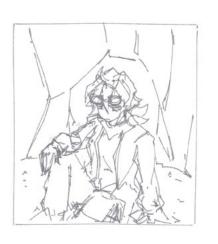
RETURN TO DARKNESS

AND A FLASH OFLIGHT

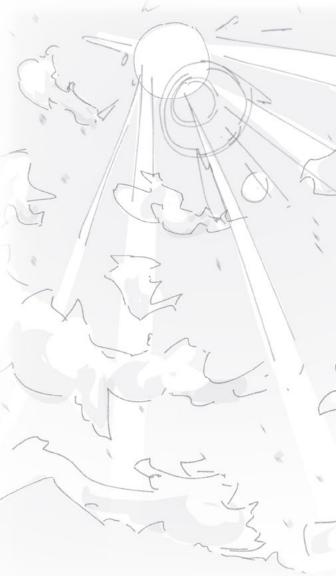






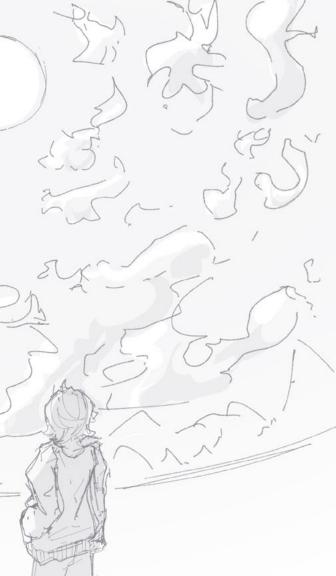


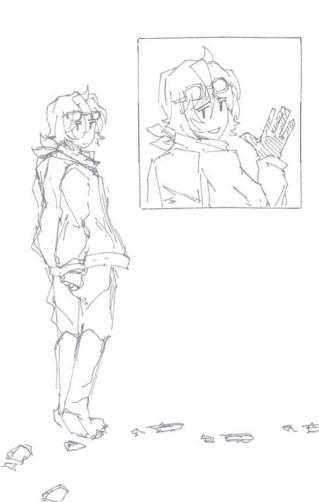




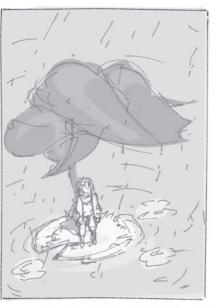






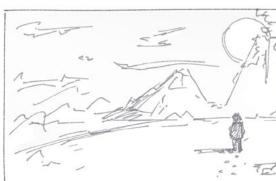


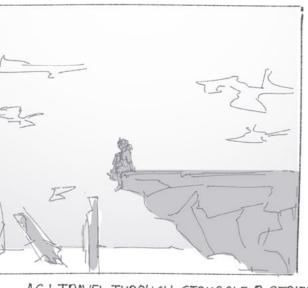






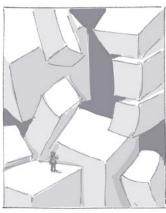
MY FUTURE REMAINS OBSCURE





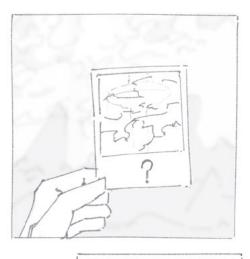
AS I TRAVEL THROUGH STRUGGLE & STRIFE.











BECAUSE DESPITE EVERYTHING I HAVE A HIGHER ASPIRATION.



LIKE A WELL OILED MACHINE



I'LL KEEP RISING HIGHER.

AND I WON'T EVER LOOK BACK