



**wounded** and bro  
ken



Wounded and broken,

But still we stand tall.

A solo journey filled with *struggles* and *groans*.

challenged to





for a better tomorrow



A solo journey filled with *struggles* and *groans*.

No challenge too over-bearing,  
And no fear too consuming  
For each day is a *battle*,

Every day is a new battle against the same foe,

Victory seeming *impossible*

Every day is a new battle against the same foe,

One we do not always win,  
But our persistence is our courage.

But the enemy fights back with psychological blows.







We fight with all that we have,  
And sometimes that is not enough,

It *creeps* up on you in your most vulnerable state,

happiness begins to grow dim

It *creeps* up on you in your most vulnerable state,

Yet **still** we continue in a battle  
With victory seeming impossible.









Our determination and dreams of happiness  
Are not only our guidance,  
But also a dagger in our back,

Thoughts in your mind begin to swirl and swell,

[illegible]

Thoughts in your mind begin to swirl and swell,

For it is the euphoric joy and brightness  
That we battle for.

Which *may* you into your own subconscious hell





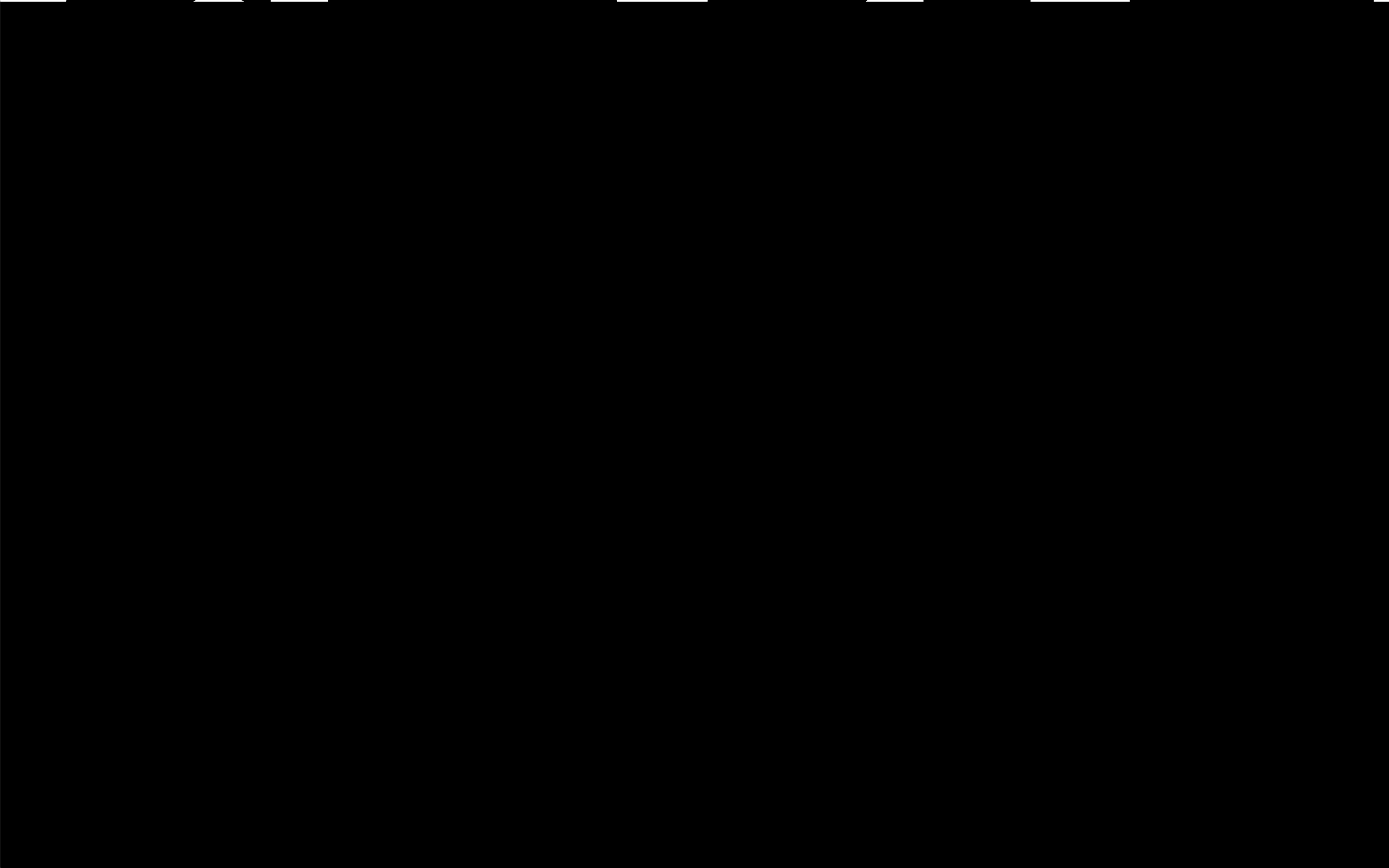
Which *may* you into your own subconscious hell

With each passing loss,  
The prospects of happiness begin to grow dim.

Again we **continue** to fight,







Figments and entities from your past

Disregarding the wounds of our previous battles,  
Ignoring what may seem inevitable.

Serve the pain, which you can't outlast.



*continue*

Serve the pain, which you can't outlast.

For every once in a while we stand,  
Our heads held high, victorious at last.

Finally sleep always comes as a welcomed friend,

joy and brightness

Finally sleep always comes as a welcomed friend,

It is now that we find the **will-power** to keep fighting,  
To continue this *never ending* **war**.

But in the morning the *ceaseless* battle begins yet again.



But for that brief moment of **victory**,  
We embrace the beauty that is life and all it has to offer.

But in the morning the ceaseless battle begins yet again.

The Daily Battle by Mark S.

But for that brief moment of **victory**,  
We embrace the beauty that is life and all it has to offer.

*A Soldier of Life by Dylan Simpson*