

On The Brink Of Greatness...



On the brink of greatness many stammer and cease the fight; this will not be us. On the brink of success many fold and retreat; we have no such inclination. On the brink of victory many fall short for lack of vigilance; it is not in our fiber.

For we are the revolutionary survivors of a time when it seemed hope was lost; all but abandoned. Our strength brought us above the fray to see the horizon through the eyes of visionaries. Blood sweat through labor marks our path and screams of our fallen comrades elevate our pace. Never are we to forget the trials of the past or the sure pleasure of the future we envision.

No man can tell us what flows in our veins, nor can he know the depth of our commitment. We are the chosen few. We are the warriors of our time. It is our belief; a religion of fury.

We are on the brink of greatness, on this you can rest assured.

In Solidarity,

Timothy J. Muise