

Through hell and fire with fearsome might, He ran all day and ran all night; Across the
plains from mountains high,

Beneath the blazing sun and true blue sky.

His lungs were filled with constant air, As fresh as flowers blown out with care; The wind
blew back his hair as well,

And every step that he took was hell.

His heart was beating loud and clean, His face was filled with power and fear; His
clothes were wet with constant sweat,

He was running to clear his name and debt.

His hands were cold his feet were sore, And every bone felt pain I'm sure; His mind was
strong, his will the same,

It was his life, much more than a game.

There is a purpose to this race and quest, To be perfect and to be the best; And in the
distance towards his goal,

He remade himself and renewed his soul.

That is the reason for the ultimate high, To live so much and really try; The paradise he
felt when he ended,

Was the truth of God, who he'd befriended.

Signed, To be a man