

Finally, we arrived  
 at the first day forward.  
 Awkward elbow bumps and eye-smiles;  
 it wasn't perfect, and maybe not great,  
 but we were here.  
 The future  
 is a long, winding road full of rough pavement and bad storms  
 and now we rise at the start together.  
 The new world is vast, undetermined, and filled with confused war-  
 ring  
 but we've got buzzing halls and booming afternoon bells to prove,  
 time and time again,  
 that it is still standing.  
 A deep breath.  
 What now?

*greater together*

The possibilities limitless and the obstacles adding on,  
 learning to move forward in a stuck world  
 some days the pressure is great-  
 some days it seems impossible to carry all this on our shoulders  
 but Panthers rebuild.  
 We create homes in all these unmessy uncertainties  
 and cities from roots of conquered fear.  
 We strive for great on the mornings when this doesn't even feel good,  
 so that we may look back on the failed attempts and strife  
 and say with unmistakable pride that we made it.  
 So what if we cannot grab hands,  
 if we cannot hug or lean on each other's shoulders-  
 we are closer than ever before, in the best possible way.  
 Sure, we were strong enough on our own  
 we split apart and still managed to smile for something,  
 we were brave in our frightful solitude,  
 we were impeccable on our own,  
 but we are here as one now  
*greater together*