

I will never let this happen again; the beginning of the end. The city clocks tick us towards the end. Wealth neglecting 'poor?' Something must be done. Awaken these demented souls. For all they can hear is the sound of angels singing? Singing them to sleep, singing them to death. The people suffering, their walls growing mould. How can this all be real? Why can't this be a dream? - Just a dream. How can this all be normal? How can this all be true? Why can't this be just a dream? The streets they suffer. The nocturnal bees that quench the nectar blood. I cant I wont give in. We can't loose this fight. I can't I won't give up. We wont loose this fight. We need a change. Revolution, go. Change! Transform. Change