

# Take The Hill

Project 86

My shortwave intercepted a transmission  
From another dimension  
Decoded in waves of radiation  
White noise and whispering  
And this was the message:  
You are not just an aberration  
You were meant for distinction  
And for importance you were destined

I ran to share what I'd learned  
Consumed with elation  
But to my amazement  
The elders wouldn't listen  
They said, "Shut your imagination,  
There is nothing beyond the visible.  
Devote yourself to the legions,  
And pledge assimilation."

You left me here for dead  
But I'll see you again  
You thought that I'd relent  
But I've been through you and back again

The cover up attempts  
Your cold misdirection  
Your wave of propaganda  
Has now been uncovered  
Unmasking your deception  
Has fueled dissemination  
The endless motivation  
Snowballing like infection

Still driven to dispel myths  
Still escaping the sinking ship  
Still dropping flaming arrows to the middle of the village  
Still dodging their attempts  
Still fighting indifference  
Still amassing countless numbers as we march to take the hill

As we march to take the hill