

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