

We are the plebs, they the elite
To them we are rowdy, needy, and weak
To fight against each other is what they seek
For our ears and our eyes to be filled by their deceit.
But we sisters and brothers are not bound by our colors
But by the force of our will and our care for one another
So why should we fight and shed the blood of each other
When the man in the high castle tries to throw us asunder.
Progress is change, for better or for worse
But progress remains eternally rehearsed
So now let us drop our pitchforks and axes
And journey through the fire lest it burn us to ashes

Vincent Dang