

Raised Fist, Reversal

Here's our sculpture close perfection
this is salutation to the prevailing pioneers
The time has come to purge the scene
From all the nonsense that ugly mouths are spitting out.

We are ready for a big reversal.
This is for real this is not rehearsal
I want to reside here
I think I want to die here.

To see you scamper brings me joy
To feed you with my thoughts brings me pleasure
It's hard to keep it up every season
But the support from you is pushing us hard

We are ready for a big reversal.
This is for real this is not rehearsal
I want to reside here
I think I want to die here.

I hope we never fall into disuse
I hope the scene won't resolve.
Every bit of my heart is in use.
Dedicated to you.