

Bombs Over Providence, The 18th Brumaire Of B

Burn out these eyes eyes until we scream
"enough!" Such is the nature of our
struggles. Hampered by naught but our
own sight of the ladder's rungs begun
halfway up. But still we'll climb, hand over
mouth, fist over thought, despite our
numbers. Break the seal while growing
still. Once more over the top, friends!
And rising still the aesthetic of action
we've idolized. Coupled with our position
in this: a median within the din of a bleating
servitude. Low enough to feel the boots
of Rome, but high enough to cut the heel.
What good are we now? Left in transit by
a legacy of thought that acted very little
in the name of the high enough to learn,
but low enough to fight from the outside.
Cut this to the bone.
Assemble all yours. Call on the allies. This is
the arming of a nation under all signs.
Bring out the banners. Proclaim the marches.
This is our bloc of many colours.