



The Revolution does not
give a FUCK about You.

The Revolution does not give a fuck about you. If there is only one thing you take away from me, let it be that The Revolution, honest and for true, could not give less of a shit about your well being or structural integrity. The Revolution will chew up your mind and floss with your spirit. It will grind you under its heel surely as any machine that exists.

You will die here,
and nobody will mourn you.

The Revolution will not sew up your war wounds. The Revolution will not even call a retreat: it is standing at the rear line with pistol in hand to shoot the deserters. Your cowardly acts of treason are as inevitable as they will be short. The Revolution does not suffer apostates to live.

The Revolution does not care about your sacrifices. It demands your support structures, your resources, your time, your breath, it will not stop even when all have been exhausted. The hunger of The Revolution is eternal, its lust for blood and tears insatiable. The Revolution will make promises about replacing those old things with better ones, but you must know the truth: The Revolution will give you nothing, it only knows how to take.

The Revolution will take your everything.

The Revolution is only there for you when the day is bright and the streets are full or the nights are filled with teargas and smoke. It feeds you adrenalin and pretends that running on crisis chemicals won't fucking destroy you in the long run. The Revolution isn't there when you have to pour acid on the driveway to clean up the blood. The Revolution won't pay the bills or check on you when you're sick. The Revolution needs its martyrs, but only the photogenic ones and even then only when they are politically useful. The Revolution does not have a widows and orphans fund. The Revolution will not hold your hand as you are dying.

There's recruitment to be done, you see.