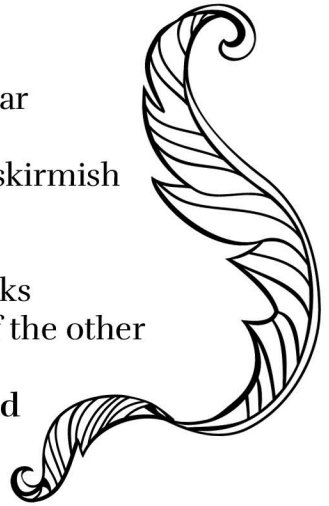


Stop Thinking

Sanity is always the first casualty of war
And if you don't think this is a war
You are not going to survive the first skirmish

We are all the walking wounded
We are all putting on our oxygen masks
We are all putting one foot in front of the other

We are no good to the resistance dead



Start Breathing

Feel the air in your lungs
And the beating of your heart
Feel the strength of your rage
And the depths of your sorrow
Feel the power of your voice,
Of your art, of your fists, of your fear
Learn to sublimate everything
You will need all of it

The weight of history is at your back
Your ancestors are behind you,
Your descendants ahead
By blood or by culture,
By origin or by choice
Your family stretches through the ages
Calling for you, cheering you on

You are not alone in this

