

Song Inhumane

We are born into a rhythm designed by the past,
Whose tune and tempo were constructed to last.
Our feet march in time with the sound of the drums,
Our thoughts fall in sync with what's being hummed.

The lyrics of this anthem are written as proud,
But the sound of this song creates its own cloud.
With the notes invisible we listen by ear,
And we sing whatever we happen to hear.

Preached from the mountains, cried from the seas,
Keeping in time demands a trapeze.
Faster and faster we're dropping the chord,
Sooner or later we'll join with the horde.

Dance of the madmen, song inhumane,
Must attempts at revision end always in vain?
Tyrannical words demand, "Come along!"
And we soon find ourselves singing the song.

We are raised with a rhythm defined by tradition,
Whose choir is created by acts of submission.
These ancient words know nothing of age,
'Til a daring musician sees call for a change.

The lyrics in question are forced to stop short, as
Revolutionist heroes take over the fort.
Dissonance chords sing loud and true,
No longer heard by the same little few.

End this mad tempo, cut through the cloud,
Reform the thoughts of such a cruel crowd.
Dance a new jig, sing a new song,
Resolve this corruption and right all our wrongs.

Think less with your head and more with your heart,
It takes more than judgement to create a fresh start.
Dance a new jig, sing a new song,
Resolve this corruption and right all our wrongs.

A Brief History

In the beginning, we didn't even speak in whispers.
In fact, the entire concept of verbal communication was nothing more than a distant and irrelevant idea, beyond reach, beyond recognition, beyond the most creative imagination.

We were limited. We were lost.
With time, and the will to expand what we knew of our little portion of the world,
we found ourselves capable of something
spectacular.

Graphemes became unified and distinct as people began to share this system of sound.
Morphemes became recognizable, definitive, unambiguous, and altogether real.
Like new life, syntax sprang into being, defining the set of rules that would govern
not only our voices, but also our thoughts.
And thus, the beautiful, powerful, limitless thing we call language became
sanctioned.

As we split geographically, going out into the rest of the world,
our languages parted themselves into their own specified integers.
They each belonged to their own: their people; their rules; their paths on which they would
change and grow in parallel with new discovery.
Cultures bloomed like flowers in the springtime, bursting forth among the gray.
Societies flourished, and peoples of all over joined in
civilization.

Thousands of years later, the world decided not quite unanimously
that it wanted to join together again as a whole.
With the assistance of novel literature and countless brilliant minds, the world grew.
And so, it became smaller.
Languages merged, along with beliefs, governments, and entire societies,
not by will, but by
force.

Somewhere along the way, the very function of language was lost.
Words were not used to communicate, but to fight.
They became a weapon more powerful than any, if welded in a mind just right or perilously
wrong.

Words are war starters.

They have been used to inspire one man's ideals in those of an entire nation.

They have taken the entire world by its heartstrings,
and played a melody that is, somehow, different to each person's ears.

Language is a thing that is more powerful than any warfare weapon,
more effective than any emotion, and more limitless than the
cosmos.

Words are revolution starters.

They have brought light to even the darkest situations.

They have inspired the fearful and armed the oppressed.

They have given nod to the needs of the world's people, and called upon anyone listening
to strive not only for change, not only for success, but for the bettering of all.

Language is more effective than any kind of fear,
more inspiring than any action, and more amazing than the
sunrise.

The Dedication of the Soldier

She waits all day to see him,
and when they meet the light is dim.
Her flowers are tired and so is she,
but you must understand that's the key.

It's not about the courageous stance,
it's not about the time he spent.
It's not about the distance,
it's not about the ones he left.

She places the roses on the stone,
and does not cry and does not moan.
Yes, it's true that she holds some grief,
but her great pride in him makes sadness brief.

She smiles at his name and date,
and is sorrowful about his fate.
But her pride and faith
remind her not to be so grim.

It's not about the courageous stance,
it's not about the time he spent.
It's not about the distance,
it's not about the ones he left.

She says goodbye once again,
to him, the general, and all his men.
Our world that we seem to take for granted
does indeed notice the seed he planted.

It's about the fact that he never strayed,
it's about his stoic dedication.
It's about the fact that he always stayed
to protect us at his battle station.