

# The Light of Hope

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The line draws low, the world ceases to move  
As the final wretched breath slips away  
Children and parents cry alike  
Hope can come a new day

Crying. Laughing. Dying. Surviving.  
Separated by the dream of better  
Working. Eating. Breathing. Living.  
Hope is an airborne Icarus

Riots clamor, Democracy tilts  
United by the invisible killer  
A blind killer, indiscriminate in its cullings  
Cattle would fall, Here we stand

Visage unleashed and embraces thrown  
Hope for the light of day to caress skin  
Time will not dam its flow, so by God  
Dream for the ones who sleep still

Keep your mulish hopes of normalcy  
Keep your steadfast dreams bright  
Keep it clenched between your iron hands  
That's how you make hope, light.