

Lost Song

Like a lost song whose sweet melody has tasted the last touch of bow to string. The music wafts over the dead to be reborn as an anthem for a country whose freedom has yet to be found. Its simple notes will rise like the masses, the thoughts of individual thinking screaming like a thousand sirens, bringing the powerful few to a stony death. The people throbbing to the future with the beat. The pounding leading them on to screaming justice, a call for righteousness.