

## **The T4 Project "Back Alley"**

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Our future, our promise. The blood that fills these veins in solace will never give in to the screaming eyes that'll never walk a mile alone again. Never again. She waits alone in silence, the fear that grips her paralyzes. The ache of judging eyes are defeat of a chance to realize. Judge her body, decision, the right to bear her own conclusion. Her mind is her witness. Her soul is mighty as a fortress. Turn back time! There's no turning back. He pawned an old guitar then he lost his job and he sold his car. We'll take the first bus out for a head start on another life. Judge our future, our promise. The blood that fills these veins in solace will never give in to the screaming eyes that'll never walk a mile alone again. In a place where everyone is blinded by their own crusade, their own vision - our future - we have the faith in who we are and what we want from where we've been. What's right for you is your right to be like you. Our sin is our right to think, to change, to be alive. Our sin is our right to choose the way we live and die.

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