

## **The T4 Project "Introduction"**

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A cold metallic breath of the day beats down another memory of what this place was like before we caved into this fantasy. So here we wait impatiently with our purpose, cause, and our medicine. Selling what hope we find; A lesson learned always fades in time, and a moment lost in time is a life we left behind. Mark this grave an island, I'll be vigilant, forever true. The cities are all tombs where the ice-capped shores of time do not run dry. Wash me of my sins at the altar of the company's extended hand. Sell my darkest secrets so you can find a way to understand. I never ask so they never tell me exactly what they're trying to sell me; A hunger-strike in the New Brave World. We are not your property, made to bleed, to kill for greed. Fight and die to increase your might? No I won't, I will not fight. My life, my world, I won't destroy for your need to rape the earth of oil. You have the means to end us all - I dream of a world where you are gone. Go fuck your fucking war.

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