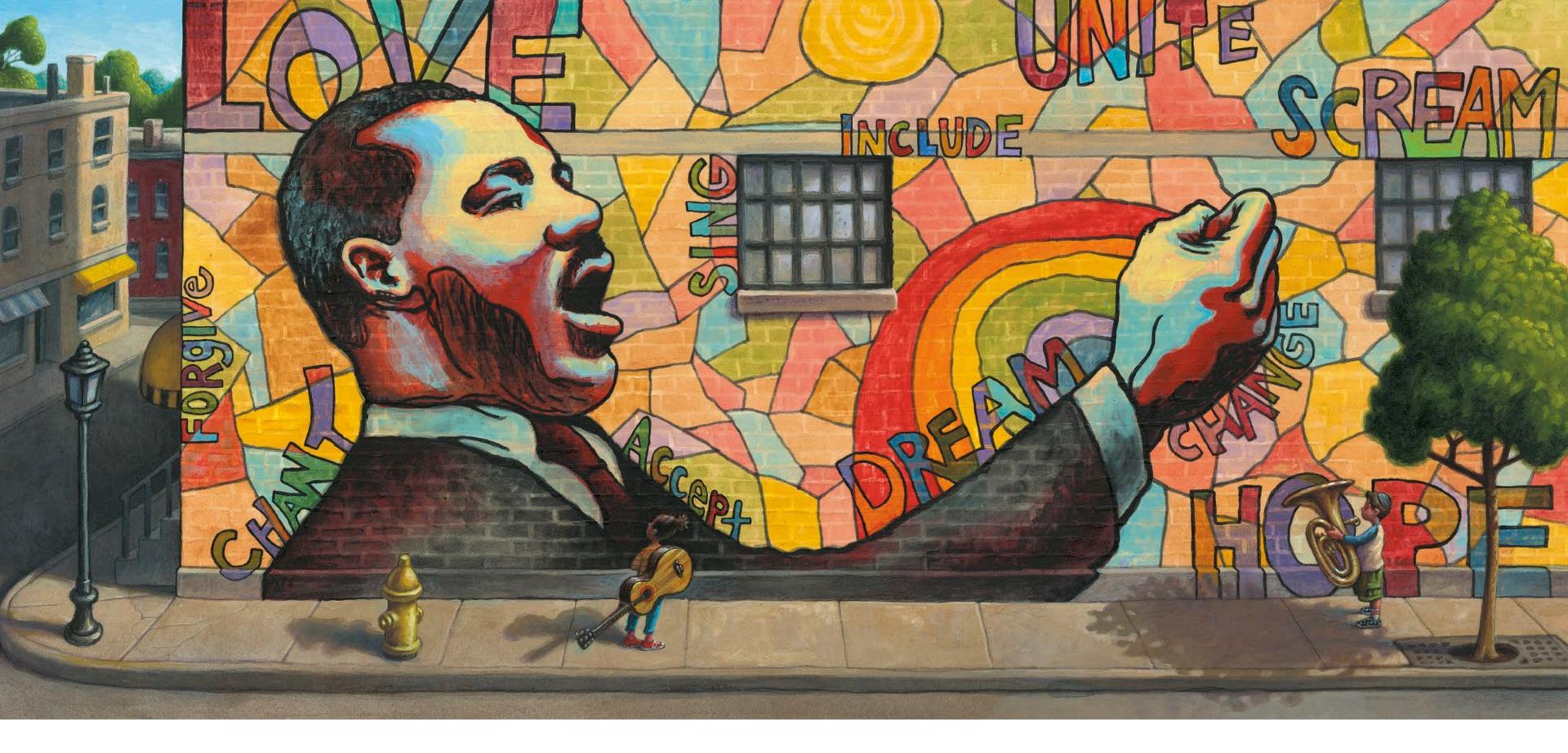


I can hear change humming In its loudest, proudest song.

I don't fear change coming, And so I sing along.





I scream with the skies
Of red and blue streamers.

I dream with the cries
Of tried-and-true dreamers.

I'm a chant that rises and rings.

There is hope where my change sings.

