\*\*Every revolution is carved in symbols.\*\*

The Boston taverns of the revolutionaries weren’t bars—they were bunkers where the colonized plotted to \*\*dismantle empire\*\*.

The factories of the labor struggle weren’t workplaces—they were \*\*cages of stolen wages\*\*, burned by workers who refused to be cogs.

The churches of the Civil Rights movement weren’t places of worship—they were \*\*sacred war rooms\*\* for breaking a state that crucified dissent.

\*\*They fought not because victory was certain, but because surrender meant extinction. Now, we inherit their unbroken will.\*\*

The battlefield has evolved, but the war remains.

We don’t gather in secret taverns—we meet in the \*\*shells of communities gutted by greed\*\*.

Our uprising isn’t whispered—it’s the \*\*collective roar of those who’ve choked on empty promises and starved on scraps\*\*.

Our battlegrounds? The eviction notices, the paychecks that \*\*vanish before they’re cashed\*\*, the streets they call “collateral damage.”

\*\*To exist here is to wage war.\*\*

- \*\*When rent skyrockets and wages rot, staying in your home is sabotage.\*\*

- \*\*When corporations loot nations and children starve, every meal scraped together is a declaration of war.\*\*

- \*\*When badges license murder, breathing while marginalized is insurrection.\*\*

They peddle resistance as a relic—\*\*textbook heroics, distant and sanitized\*\*. But history isn’t archived. \*\*We’re writing it now, in blood and fire.\*\*

\*\*We’re not waiting. We’re the reckoning.\*\*

Revolution isn’t launched in marble halls or polished courtrooms. It ignites in the \*\*cracks they ignore\*\*—tenant meetings, food banks, the cold dread of a maxed-out card.

\*\*And power will scorch earth to keep those cracks from widening.\*\*

This isn’t a malfunction. \*\*This is the machine’s design.\*\*

They preach “choice” like a sermon. They call this democracy—\*\*a one-party state cloaked in red and blue pantomime\*\*. One sells panic, the other sells pipe dreams—both extract the same price: \*\*your subjugation, their profit.\*\*

\*\*They aren’t opponents. They’re co-conspirators.\*\*

One pulls the trigger. The other pens the hollow eulogy. \*\*Both cash the checks.\*\*

They stage debates like bad theater—scripted clashes, crocodile tears—then split the spoils and sign the same laws.

They swap mascots, shuffle villains, play good cop/bad cop—\*\*but the cell stays locked. We stay shackled.\*\*

They beg you to “vote like your life depends on it”—\*\*as if the firefighter would ever vote for rain.\*\*

Every election is marketed as extinction, yet \*\*the oligarchs never miss a meal.\*\*

The verdict is clear: If they wanted to stop the bleeding, the tourniquet would’ve come decades ago.

\*\*They designed the wound. We’re the hemorrhage.\*\*

This isn’t governance. \*\*It’s graft.\*\*

Stop feeding the beast.

\*\*It’s time to smash the machine.\*\*

\*\*We are not fools. We are not props in their theater. We are not believers in their lies.\*\*

We see the gears of this machine—\*\*rusted with greed, oiled with our sweat\*\*.

We know its architects. We name its beneficiaries.

We’ve traced the cycles: \*\*empty reforms, staged defeats, victories that taste like ash\*\*.

\*\*But we do not bow. We rise.\*\*

They want us to kneel, to lick the boots of a system built on graves.

\*\*We do not kneel. We dismantle. We seize. We ignite.\*\*

This is not a plea.

\*\*This is our names scorched into the walls of their palaces, visible from every slum and prison cell.\*\*

This is a treaty written in \*\*stolen bullets, shattered handcuffs, and the bones of every martyr they failed to silence.\*\*

They preach patience. They beg for “pragmatism,” for trust in their rigged clocks.

\*\*We trusted. We bargained. We bled rivers for crumbs.\*\*

\*\*The clock is dead. We are timekeepers now.\*\*

Revolution is not chaos. It is \*\*a scalpel in the rot\*\*, a strike at the root.

We are not arsonists. \*\*We are gardeners planting bombs in the soil of their empire.\*\*

\*\*So we sharpen our tools. We map the fault lines. We breathe in the smoke of what’s coming.\*\*

\*\*No one is coming to save us.\*\*

There is no cavalry of politicians, no market miracle, no ballot box salvation.

\*\*The hands that will build our future are calloused, unyielding, and ours.\*\*

We do not ask. We do not wait. \*\*We create.\*\*

Their system feeds on our obedience. On our complicity. On our faith in its immortality.

\*\*So we strangle its logic, starve its legitimacy, make it ungovernable.\*\*

They demand we kneel for starvation wages, pay tribute to parasites in penthouses, genuflect to laws etched in their blood.

\*\*We refuse. We salt their fields. We smash their altars. We build our own.\*\*

Where they hoard \*\*like dragons\*\*, we redistribute \*\*with both hands.\*\*

Where they siphon life, we dig our roots deeper.

Where they demand hymns of submission, we answer with \*\*choirs of Molotovs.\*\*

We do not bargain for scraps of dignity. \*\*We forge sovereignty from their rubble.\*\*

We are not planting seeds. \*\*We are growing forests of parallel power—not in manifestos, but in occupied warehouses, mutual aid networks, clinics run on solidarity.\*\*

They auction shelter—we \*\*squat in their ghost towers.\*\*

They ration food—we \*\*plant victory gardens in the cracks of their parking lots.\*\*

They gatekeep healthcare—we \*\*stitch wounds in basements and distribute medicine like contraband.\*\*

\*\*Every meal grown, every wound stitched, every eviction blocked is a bullet chambered in the gun of liberation.\*\*

Their greatest fear is not the flames.

Not the shattered glass, not the precincts burning.

\*\*Their terror?\*\*

\*\*That we’ll stop flinching. Stop begging. Stop seeing their gods as divine.\*\*

\*\*That we’ll realize the embers of our self-sufficiency glow brighter than their bombs.\*\*

\*\*That we’ll forget their names.\*\*

\*\*And that terror—it’s already breathing.\*\*