

The world moves around me while I stand still  
I reach out and touch the center of the nation  
The heart of the situation  
With my hand on the till  
I feel again that Intellectus' thrill  
Later I take libation  
To relieve the recollection  
Of humanity beholding evil and doing nill

With my mind thus disturbed I saw some men  
Flying to and fro with intent to revive  
The good in men once lost  
The doors of houses flew open  
Man worked for another's freedom like a slave  
It was then I felt my life restored, finally a worthy goal