

In the deepest corner of the woods

There lies a darkness high above

Waiting for a chance, like a monster would

Stalking his prey silently

He sees two birds, one black and one white

Walking along a path that curves up

The road of life

Such small birds, so weak and defenseless

Walking together, as good friends were.

The monster waits for his chance, like an assassin

And when he sees, he does his work

Down on the path, the white bird, suddenly

Rises up above the black bird, as if possessed

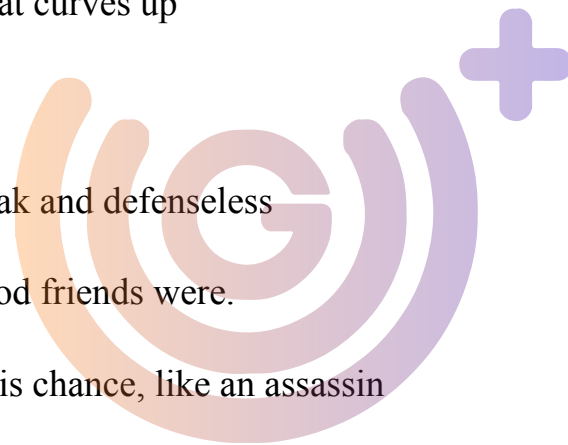
And attempts to hunt the black bird down.

The black bird, terrified, flies into the open field, seeking for justice

But it never arrives.

The white bird rises high above, and flies towards a group of black pigeons.

Fighting viciously



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Attacking everything and killing everyone

And no one gives a care.

The black bird tries to help his fellow birds

He flew, trying to help

While thinking about their friendship

And the passage of the river of time

He wanted to speak up

To defend his people

But no one will listen

He wanted to run away

But he didn't want to stand helpless

He wanted to fight

And so he did

But the bird suddenly

Had a flock of friends

To stop him, and

Amidst the brutality



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He cried out

“Aren't we friends?”

The animals of all different colour and species

Looked on

While the black bird was beaten to death

And when he finally died

The animals finally summed up

The courage to face the killers

But what has changed?

They only stood up

After he was slain

While he was still alive

They looked on

Like blind men to a treasure.

But things can change

Like tides in the ocean

And one day

Different Species of the same kind and colour



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Can live in harmony

And the monster in the woods

Will be forgotten

Like an old shoe

Tossed into the garbage.



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