I know people... people silent and chatty, coward and audacious, humble and arrogant...

People, who live obediently, like sheep and others, who lurk treacherously, like hyenas.

I know people who dream without fantasy and others, who live without dreaming... people, whose eyes are used to staring low and whose ears are used to taking orders “wake up”, “work”, “pay”, “buy”, “believe”, “comply”...

People from the lonely crowd, who patiently wait in the line of life... for the eternal tomorrow, for the better days, the optimistic future, the answers to their prayers...
They are waiting to believe in every prospective savior and in any conman of thought, who will promise them a better life.

But those, who wait to live a better tomorrow, are today, already dead.

I know people, but only a few of them are my comrades. Slow Death or Insurrection here and Now...

These are the two paths, that unravel before us. We choose to be there, where the strong ones dare.

The air is cleaner and the crowd, which bows before its false idols, doesn’t ugly our aesthetics.

It is nice to look down from the mountain Peak of the Unique even if the crowd secretly wishes for you to fall into the abyss in order for it, not to be ashamed of its short stature.

Our words, carve today like a blade and our actions burn the bridges with yesterday... With tenacity and will, until we murder authority.

For Nicola and Alfredo. For the Anarchists of Praxis.

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