one summermorning he awoke he decided it was time he made up his mind so he went up to the roof in search for something that would prove he'd always been blind the idea was to arouse the pigeons in the pigeon-house so when he opened the door he gently asked them 'would you all help me to find exactly what I'm looking for'

so he finally broke the strings that had always kept him down an attempt to regain what he once lost no need to count the cost the hero of the twetieth century

a storm raged across the land, the wind was fighting with the sand a hurricane named Hero the people looked up to the sky, they saw the shape of a huge kite it must be the hour Zero a million piggeons in a V, a man so tiny you couldn't see him dangling on the strings toed to each seperate little bird, shouting out against the world; "we'll shit on you, motherfuckers"

so he finally broke the chain that had always kept him down bit by bit no shit