I can't breathe. I'm suffocating, assailed on all sides by stifling ignorance, petty prejudices and casual hatred, and the daily lives we're forced to abide with, stinging barbs and projectiles that wound and make my purchases blooming and growing as flowers as they make their silent way ever deeper into our souls. We are silenced, gagging on the infinite discriminations shrouded into our unwilling throats. This ever-mounting opposition calls for war. An inevitability. Some day, some way, we must stand, rebel, resist, fight. Stand up and declare independence from the unthinking masses. Though their seemingly boundless waves of loathing wash all around us, a cacophony of "fag," "bitch," "Jude," "nigger," "faggot," "chick," "fanny," "gynie" we stand and call as cliffs rising from the sea. There can be no middle ground between water and rock. You are for or against, and anywhere in the middle will be shattered by the irreconcilable opposition. This is what happens when an unstoppable force meets an immovable object—except they will be stopped.

Eons pass, oceans evaporate, leaving only the rock, transformed into endless desert. We will prevail, as the truth always must, though it takes an eternity of desert and delusion. Resistance will fade, succumbing to the inescapable reality that we are here and we are valid. Or so we must hope. Because hope is the last bastion of the oppressed.
- You are my inside joke.
- I laugh silently at your pointless, self-made struggle.
- You hang on your cross, made of your own delusion.
- Bleding for a cause that never existed.
- Demonstrating to all how persecuted you are.
- But you forget the punchline.
- You forgot to mention the supreme arrogance of your humility.
- You forgot the Pyrrhic victory of your own making.
- You forgot your ever-growing sense of entitlement.
- You forgot your own insignificance.
- You are not Christ, crucified by unbelievers as his followers watched in agony.
- You are Barabbas. The thief, the murderer, the criminal, let free by mere coincidence in favor of mortifying a Savior.
- You wait for my epiphany, my inevitable realization of my mistake, my guilt and sorrow.
- Stop waiting. It will never come.
- I make my choices, and despite your beliefs you matter very little to me.
- You'll be a footnote in my personal history, a mere blip on the screen, while I remain Exhibit A in your museum of self-hatred.
- You see yourself as my great Redeemer, the Salvation of my soul, my true lost passion.
- You are the cigarette butt? Enjoyed briefly, and discarded quickly. One of a limitless succession.
- You are incomprehensibly tiny.