

Machine

It Prevails

It all begins as one vague idea. Put into purpose. Put into what we know. But just like everything we have made, mechanically, eventually, it will need repair.

By our strongest hands. The one's who are willing to make it all work again.

I knew that it wouldn't last forever. A perfect working balance only seen in my sleep. I miss the part where it all would come together. A beautiful design that works together. The tightest tolerance that won't accept any errors. Missing the gears that bring it all together.

Because it was us rebuilding this machine, again. Without the help of those who lost the hope. We will never lose our hope. In fact, it feels brand new again. And we will never lose our hope.