ONE WORLD

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Still I Rise You may Write me down in history With your bitter, twisted lies, You may trod me in the very dirt But still, like dust, I'll rise. Just like moons and like suns,

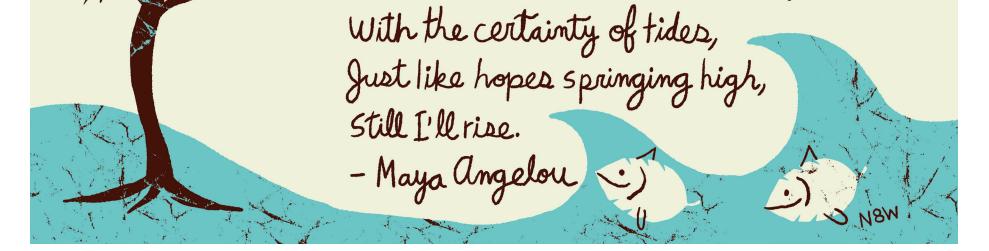




ILLUSTRATION BY NATE WILLIAMS