Lightbox
483 Characters w/spaces
Because These Truths WE HOLD SELF-EVIDENT, thus must Equity in Justice remain. If OUR COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE, SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY, then honor seekers of America's dream.
Since rivers outlast nations, since land cares not what name we call it, must not
These Truths transcend flags, ideologies, cults, and factions?
Truth shall sing freedom songs; make wrongs right, shine light across dead pastures. Let the river wash us. Let the river cleanse us. Let the river heal us. With Justice.

These Truths- Text Layout


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Lightbox
425 Characters w/spaces
These Truths- Text Layout
We walk a desert with thirst for freedom, not the trick of the mirage, but for faith of a song and wildflowers on a mesa.
When it comes down to it, what are we waiting for? How will we know when freedom arrives?
Music is freedom. Let singing tell These Truths. Some songs arise from joy. Others ensure survival. Let freedom sing!
The same dusty ground can yield flowers or tumbleweeds. The same land can yield
freedom or deny it


## Foyer

[Foundational Text, US Constitution, Amendment I,]
276 Characters w/spaces
We shall uphold to MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO PEACEABLY ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.

Lightbox
492 Characters w/spaces
These Truths- Text Layout
We hold These Truths. And we will not let go. That all are equal. Until we all are Our legacy is a porcelain cup, brim-filled with atrocities and lovers of liberation. We the People in order to secure blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity: first, immigrant, Enslaved, free, incarcerated-All races, All religions. We the People.
"The most sacred duty of government is to do equal and impartial justice," Thomas Jefferson. In These Truths, we can resurrect the hope we once believed.



Foyer
253 characters w/spaces
A land not quite yours or mine, still somehow ours. At the root of it, we are all severed pieces, mending into one. We are hands that till. Hands
that sew. Hands that weld; that rock the cradle. What our Ancestors wanted: We not just live, but live free.

