

They're coming.
The people who want to open doors for you.

They're coming.
The messy edge of the square mile,
They're coming.
With **possibility of accessibility,**
They're here

The winds of change are blowing high,
For us.
But the people left behind need to feel the breeze
Like us.
We're ready, we're willing, we're alive,
That's us.
But with one more piece to the puzzle,
Just one more to join the hustle and bustle.
For the us to be all of us,
That's you,
We need you for a bigger us.

The ones who look and see **a lack of skilled people,**
They need us.
The **ones convinced their jobs will be taken away.**
The **discriminated against,** eliminated against their will.
The ones who see no **stability,**
We need you to show them **possibility,**

The winds of change are blowing high,
For us.
But not everyone can feel the breeze,
Like us.
Our sleeves are rolled up, one billion people have showed up,
Except one.
But with one more piece to complete this,
A tough target, but we'll meet this.

And the more of us,
the more ideas you get.
The bigger goals are met,
And what once a silhouette,
Is fully fledged movement,
Even if you can't see it just yet.
It's there, **it's innate,**
Don't think, just create,
The more of us you put in one place,
The more you'll get.

They're coming.
One billion **Gallileos** all **thinking independently,**
No one missing out,
A brave billion.
They're coming.
They're here.



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