

Freedom: As Bright as the morning's light.



The Light of Freedom!

Freedom is as bright as the morning's light

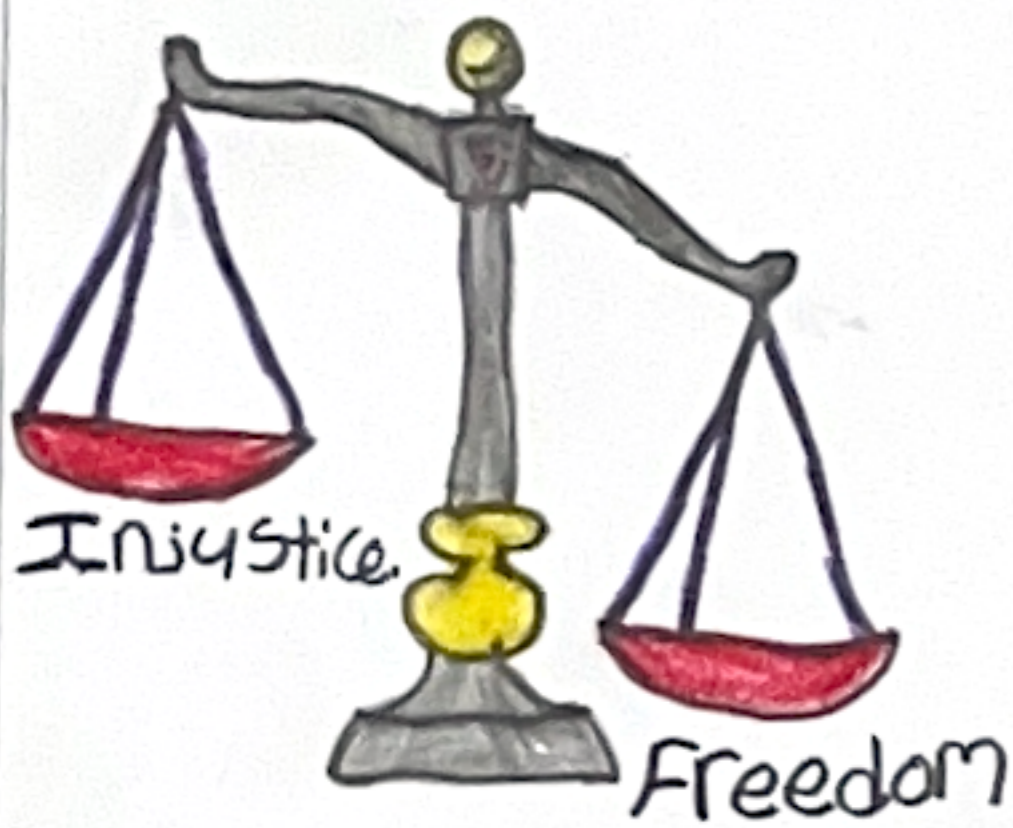
To me freedom shines like dawn, quiet, yet powerful.
It does not brag or seek extra attention,
Yet it glows in the darkest moments,
guiding us towards what is fair and right.



The Flame of Hope!

I see freedom when I read and dare to hope.
I see freedom when I lead and lift others with hope.
It is a flame that must be protected
or if left alone, it can slowly fade.

Freedom is not free.
It's life's heaviest fee.



Freedom stands and fights for what is right,
Pushing back the shadows to protect the light.
With every heart that is brave and bold,
It lives in strength of hands that hold.

Freedom is not something we buy or claim.
It is something we discover, something we become.

A whisper in the breeze,
Moving gently through the swaying trees.



Growth and Legacy!

It sparkles like a distant star,
Reminding us of who we truly are.
Our ancestors stood fear-less and tall,
breaking chains, tearing down every wall.

The seeds of hope they planted long ago,
Now bloom within our hearts and grow.
They shattered bars that once confined
and opened pathways for humankind.



Healing and New Life!

But if we let that light disappear,
the world would turn to silence and fear,
a place of bars instead of dreams,
where nothing is as bright as it seems.

Freedom is the key that sets us free,
to become the power we are meant to be.
It must be guarded protected with care,
for its strength is rare and beyond compare.

The cost of freedom has always been high,
Through struggle and sacrifices, it survives.
Freedom is a privilege not all can claim,
a fragile gift, not just a name.

A chance to live, a chance to rise,
a chance to give, to dream, to try,
A chance to stand and truly be,
a chance to become me.

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