

(This is the translation of an original braille submission.)

FOR THE GREAT JUSTICE

Golf pitch is a sportgrsion, not battlegrsion.

Reclaim lands as well as our self-determination, not any more inches of problems.

Put an end to chauvinism of New Territory towns, not optimism on Hong Kong's future.

Hong Kong pionnered Singapore once, and now you're miles away far behind them.

So shall we kneel to the national anthem while the world's shouting at them?

How could we accept fradulent works on subways so that we're heading for dieways?

You're doing a land debate when we were asking for a land rebate

And you kill innocent wildlives and asked for why they'rs so fragile

God said (let there be light) and there comes light; wish someday we could say (let there be land) and a nation belong to us prevails

Brits brought us from hell to heaven; yet Pekin sent us back;

So if we don't expel vandales, whom?

If Hong Kong is not our fatherland, where?

If we don't do it now, when?

Verses by: Operation Eighteen

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