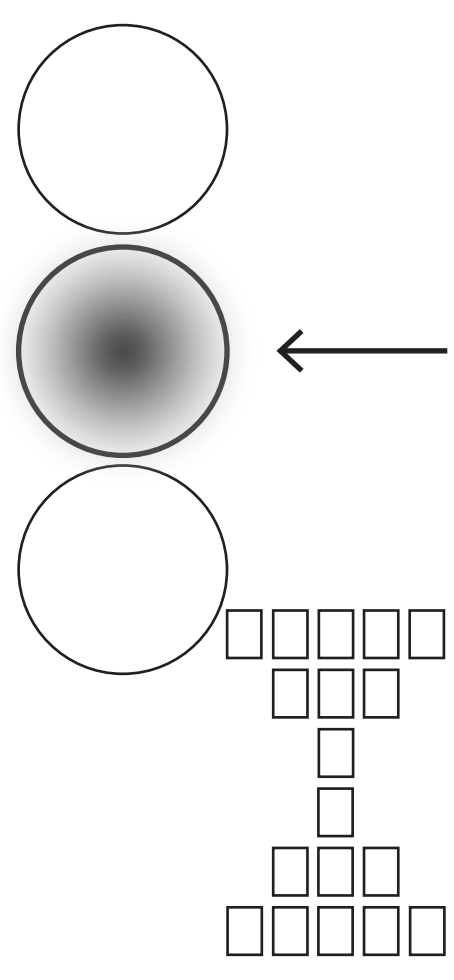
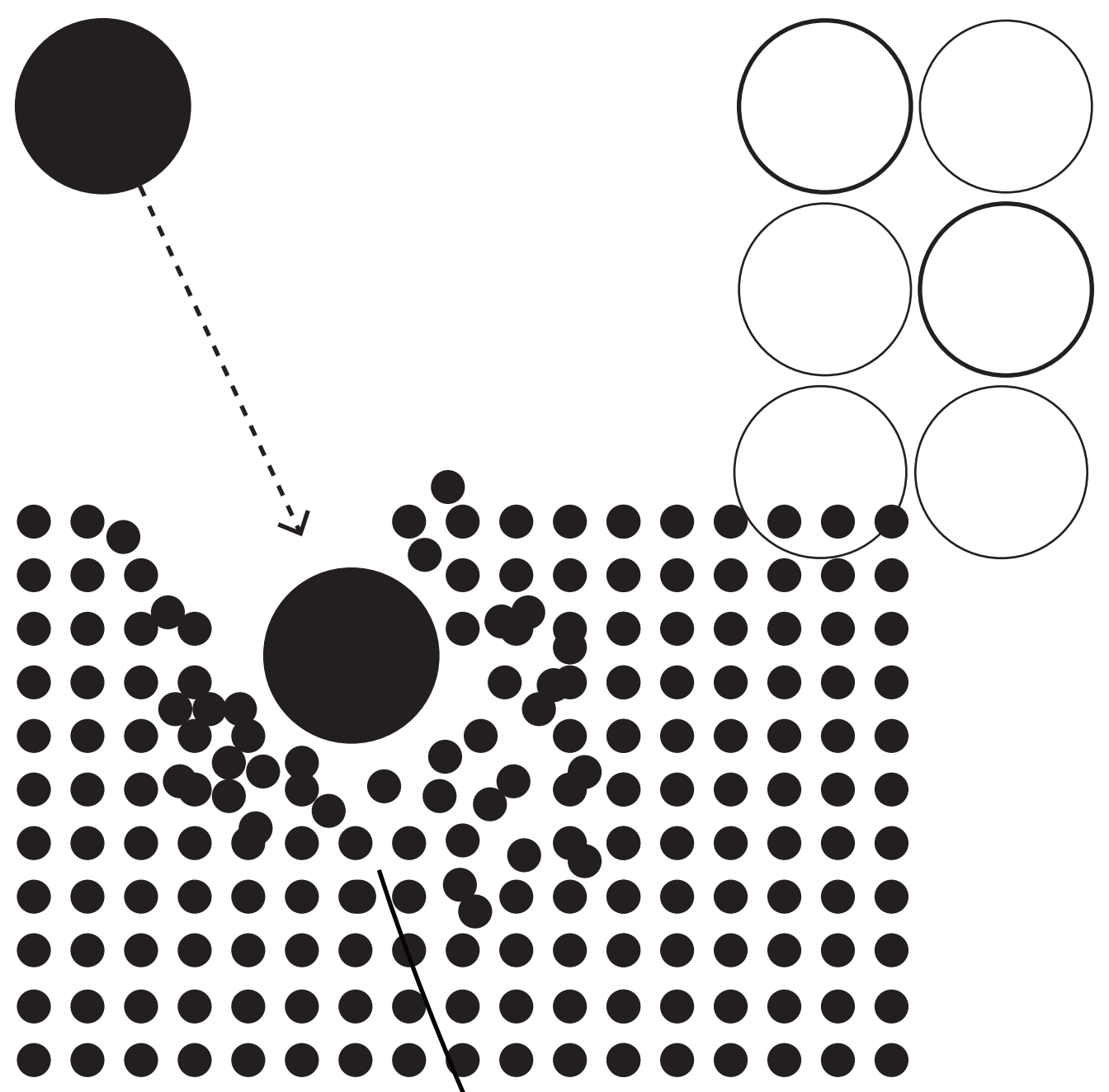
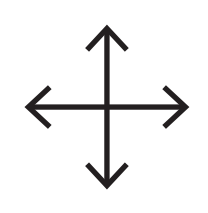
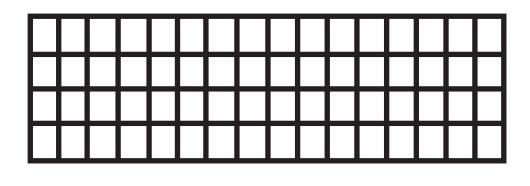
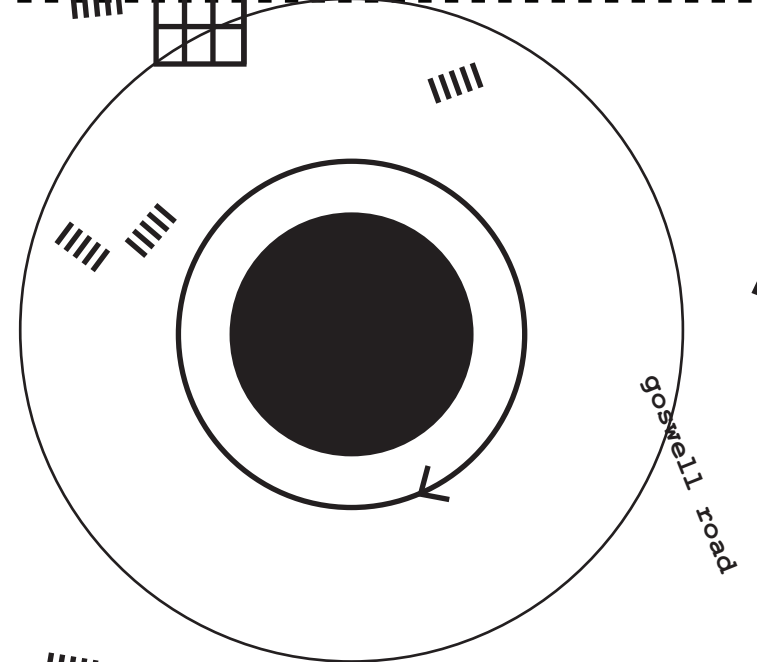
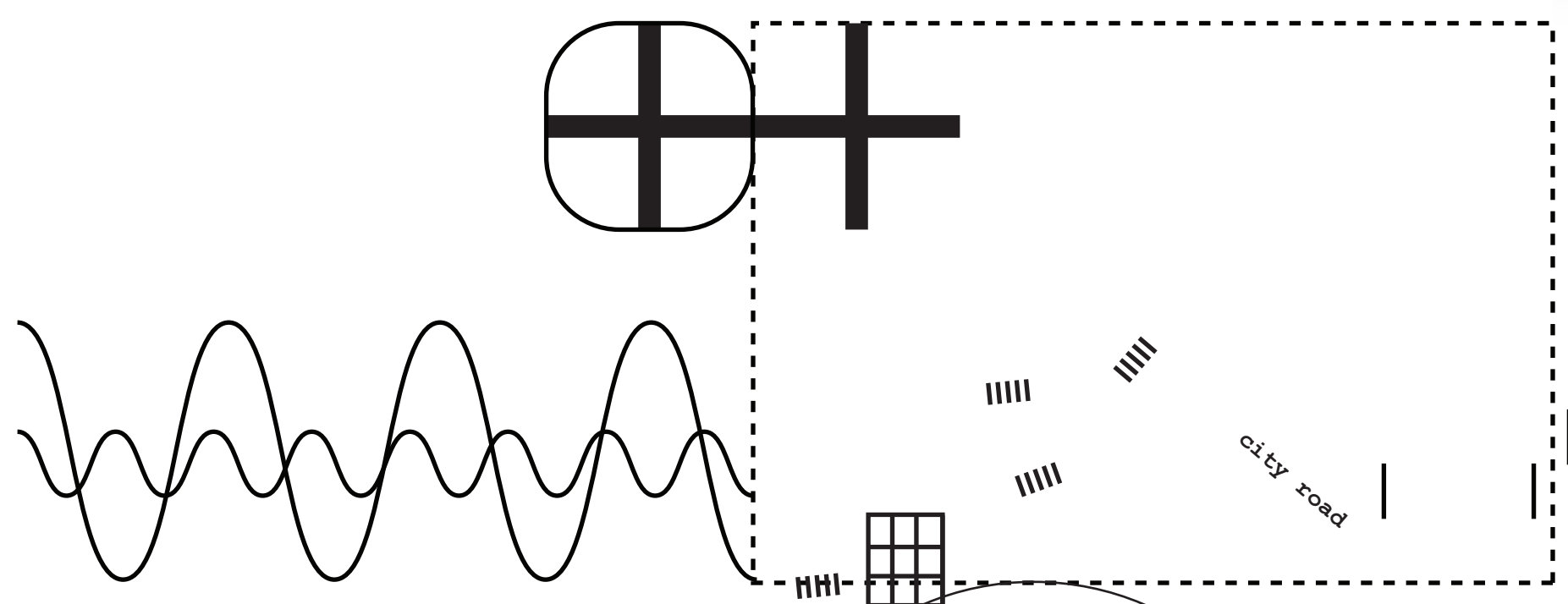
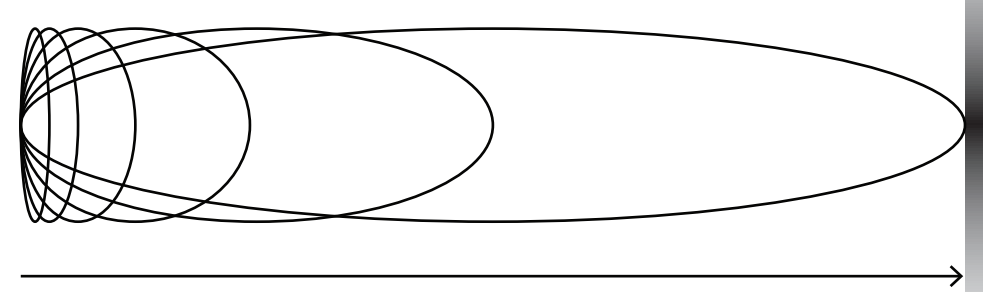
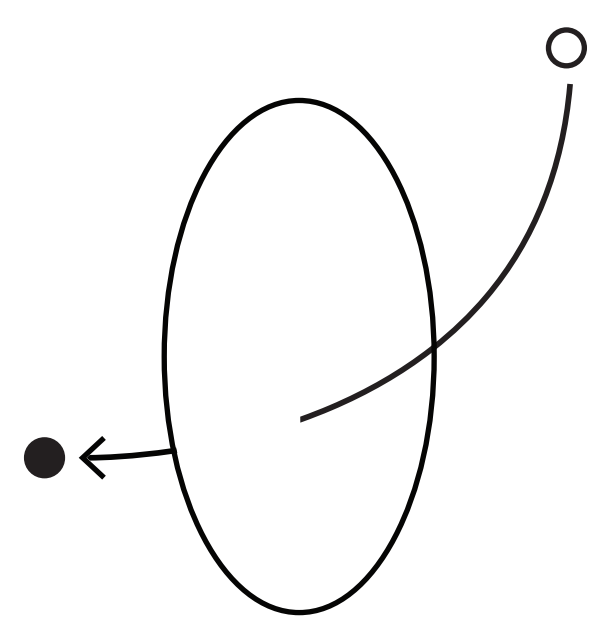
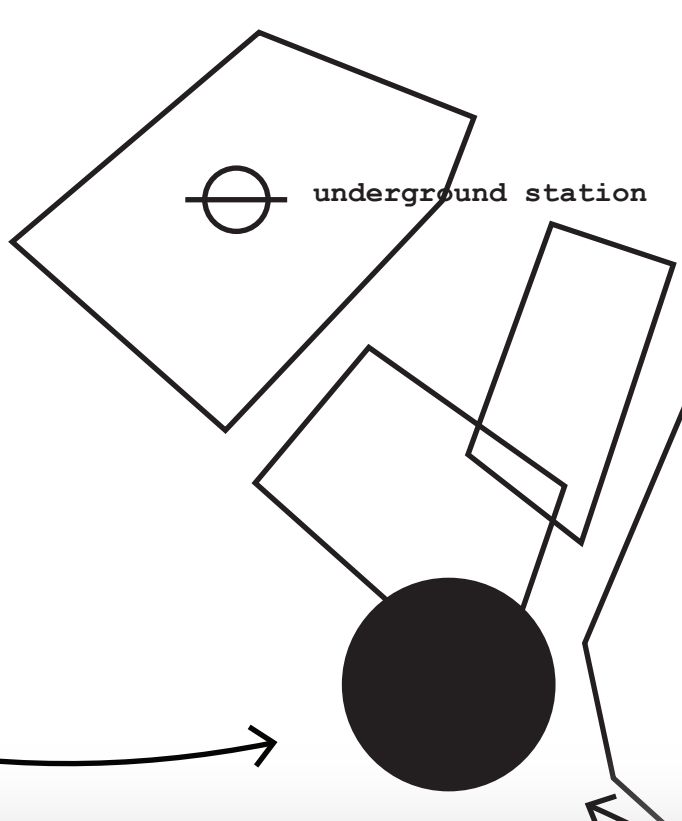
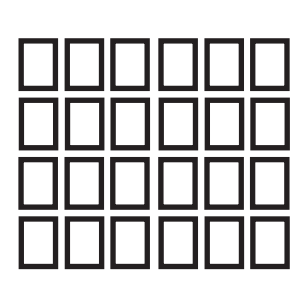
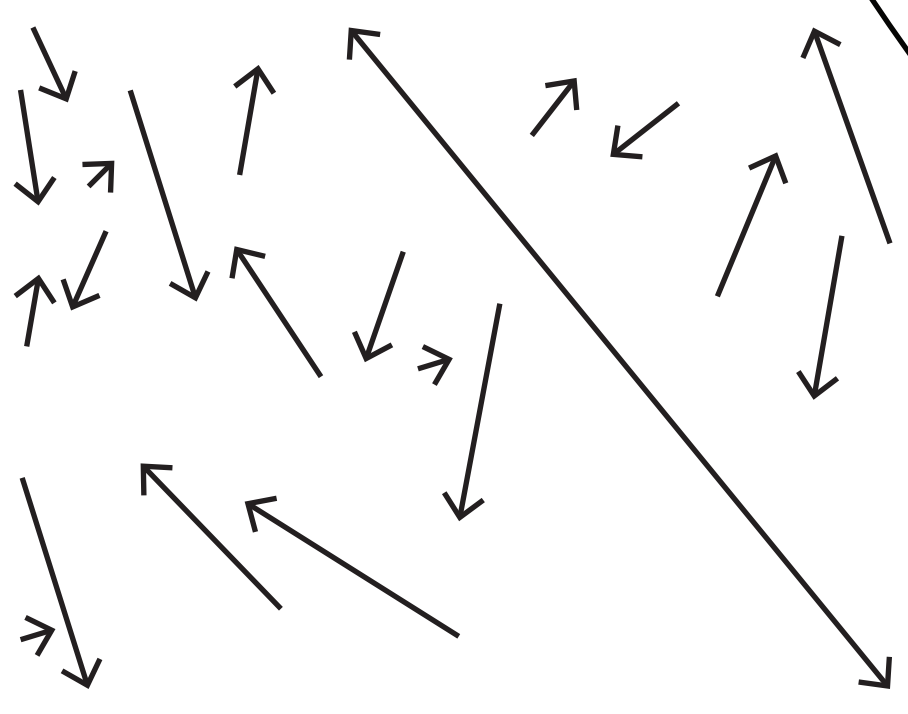


I see red, but I will go. Everyone goes.  
 In this hustle and bustle of the city,  
 I stay 'inside'.  
 People, horns, gas, rush.  
 I keep walking, trying to find my way.  
 Passing through. Breaking walls.  
 In the end, everyone does their own thing, and so it  
 should be. But up to a point; serenity.  
 And everything changes.  
 I dare to stay 'outside'.  
 birds, peace, grass, fresh cross buns.  
 I keep walking, into the green.



**51°31'47.6"N**  
**0°06'09.3"W**



peoz TTemscog

