



their enemies...

strangers...

witches...

wizards...

half-giants...

Muggles...

Animagi...

centaurs.

They see the ruby red blood that will forever stain the grounds, the battlegrounds.

They cry. They cry for death; they cry for peace. They cry for innocence that is forever lost. They cry for happiness, for victory, for defeat. They cry for loss, for gain, for power. They cry for life. They cry for truth. They cry for hope.

Hope.

*We're the tear in your eyes*

*We're the blood in your veins*

*We're the beat of your hearts*

*We're the sweat on your face*

Eight people ripped away from childhood. Eight people forced to become murderers. Eight people who beat the odds. Eight people who will forever be scarred.

Eight. The last eight.

*We're the ones that you chase*

*We're the promise that you made*

*We're the voice in your head*

*We're the lies that you said*

*We're the kids that you pushed away*

*We are...*

Harry Potter. Born into a fate beyond himself, living in a life not his own. A celebrity. A tragic hero. Death surrounded him. Lives were taken on his account, to hurt him. He lost family.

He lost friends.

He lost hope.

The only thing he could do was get rid of the people who had done it to him. The people that had wronged so many others. At age seventeen, Harry Potter became a murderer. He murdered Severus Snape. He beat him. He took a chair, a stool on which he had once sat, and bashed his head in, all the while screaming. Screaming for Dumbledore, for betrayal. He kept hitting him until the wizard was far past dead... and Harry was far too gone to care.

He pushed Bellatrix Lestrange off a cliff next. He watched, no sounds of the rest of the battle permeating his ears. He watched her slowly shrink, her arms waving, trying to grasp at dead air. He watched, a cold mirthless smile on his lips, as her head connected squarely with a dagger-sharp stone.

Then he went for Voldemort. He didn't even kill him with his wand. No, he used another Unforgivable. Cruciatius. He watched in grim fascination as the most feared wizard in history writhed in agony, animalistic sounds escaping his throat in yearning for the pain to stop. And then Harry finished him off. One quick movement. One quick kick into his temple.

The Dark Lord was dead.

And inside, so was Harry.

*We are the lost*

*The ones forgotten*

*And this time*

*The future is ours*

*It's in our hands*

*We are one*

A life of knowledge was what Hermione Granger aspired to live. She had to grow up, however. And learn only that no one was to be trusted. Learnt that Viktor Krum was a Death Eater. Learnt that her grandmother, in her pitiful attempt to save herself, had revealed the location of her daughter and son-in-law. Of Hermione's parents. An offering.

To no avail.

At Godric's Hollow, Hermione came upon her grandmother, trapped, starving, crying... She pleaded for her granddaughter to help her.

Hermione just turned her head... and left her to die. Her grandmother could barely hear the witch's departing words. 'Traitor.'

And Viktor Krum? Hermione never got to him; an Auror did the job. Lucky Viktor.

Lucky.

*We're the pride of your lives*

*We're the light shining deep in your eyes*

*We're the choice that you made*

*We're the smile on your face*

Neville Longbottom had to watch at an early age, watch his parents tortured to insanity. He then had to sit in a classroom taught by one of the torturers... never knowing.

A victim of lost memory.

A child of gracelessness.

And never knowing why.

A misplaced fate.

A prophecy.

No control over his life.

He stared into the horizon... seeing those he killed, those he saw kill, those that were too far gone to live.

He goes over each battle in his mind. Each curse, each death, each scream... He goes over how he will step into his empty home. How he will take out his wand. How he will end his life.

One last bit of control.

*When you sleep at night,*

*We're the best thing you had*

*But you left us behind*

*We're the kids that you pushed away*

Ginevra Weasley stands, her copper hair billowing in the wind. The left side of her face burns with an Incendio hex. She doesn't care.

She had been pressed onto cold unforgiving rocks as Death Eaters equally as cold and unforgiving stole what was never rightfully theirs. They bruised her body, stole her innocence, forced her to watch her twin brothers literally get their arms torn off by giants, her mum's head bashed against the rocks as her cerulean eyes never left Ginny's, her voice never ceasing to beg the Death Eaters to just let her daughter go.

Ginny stands, the bright morning sun warm on her face.

They took almost everything.

But Ginny doesn't care. She prayed for numbness and it came.

She doesn't feel. She never will again.

*We are the lost*

*The ones forgotten*

*And this time*

*The future is ours*

*It's in our hands*

*We are one, one*

All her life, Luna Lovegood had been teased. Yet she never failed to believe in the impossible, never giving up faith.

Not when her classmates were killed.

Not when others tried to kill her.

Not when her father had been put in St. Mungo's from a nasty hex.

Not when a vampire nearly gnawed her hand off.

Not now, when she knows that soon she will be a vampire.

But she knows that somewhere, somehow, she is going to live with it and do great things. She knows that life does go on.

And she plans to go on with it.

*We're the pain that you feel*

*We're the scars that don't heal*

*We're the tear in your eyes*

*We're the reason you cry*

Ronald Weasley had always thought himself worthless.

He wasn't talented in counter-curses like Harry.

Quidditch wasn't an easy thing to him as it was to his sister and brother.

He wasn't smart like Hermione.

He was... nothing.

Was.

Now he stands there, a memory fresh in his mind of a small child, a small Muggle child. Lone, against the crumbling wall that was Hogwarts. A dirty thing, sobbing silently, perfect little mouth forming the words, 'Mummy' and 'Daddy'. Ron spotted her... or him. Without a thought, he strode through the war zone. His eyes only for that child. One thought in his mind. He snatched the Muggle into his arms and tucked him into an abandoned fox den. 'Don't move,' he instructed. 'I will come back and get you.'

And come back he had.

Now he stands, the sleeping orphan in his arms. He is ready to face anything. For he now has a purpose, a sense of worth. His life is no longer his concern. He has another life to take care of now.

*We're the voice in your head*

*We're the lies that you said*

*We're the best thing you had*

*But you pushed us away*

Hate.

Draco Malfoy was taught nothing but hate.

He hated his enemies...

his friends...

his father...

himself.

He was preached the words of a man bent on getting rid of the filth. Cleansing the world until only those worthy were left. And Draco had been on his side. Draco had agreed with every tale from the Dark Lord's mouth.

Until Draco failed to do his duty.

Failed to kill Albus Dumbledore.

Failure as a Malfoy was unforgivable. However, Draco learnt something that night. He learnt, in a few short words out of the elder wizard's mouth, that there were so many things Draco didn't know. Things he was never taught.

Love.

On his deathbed, his life leaking away with every swallow of saliva, Albus Dumbledore had gazed upon Draco with compassion, with promises Draco knew would have been kept, with sorrow, with worry, with love.

Draco Malfoy then fled with his mother, to protect her, to take her deep into a forest, and barricaded her from the rest of the world. To keep her safe. He then set out to find the man that had never loved her the way he was supposed to. Never loved.

Draco didn't torture his father. He said only, 'I love you, Dad. And I don't want you to be in pain.' Painlessly, the words 'Avada Kedavra' immediately followed.

The sun illuminates the forest where his mother is kept in the distance. He will go to her, welcome her into the new age, and keep her safe.

The way she had kept him from making the largest mistake of his life by making a pact with the Devil. The way they should live. Mother and son.

Who loved each other as only family can.

*We are the lost*

*The ones forgotten*

*And this time*

*The future is ours*

*It's in our hands*

Eight lives changed. Eight lives that have changed the world.

*We are, we are the lost*

*The ones forgotten*

A distant sound travels through the wind and up to their ears. Finally, a long soulful note cries out. Against the flaming sun, a small silhouette sweeps, looping down toward them. The bird's fiery feathers glitter with each note out of its beak. A lament.

A song that ceases all the tears. A song that swells the chests, filling the lungs with the one thing that had, up until now, fell extinct.

Hope.

*And we've got nothing to lose*

