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What are we? Where are we? We are the problems without solutions, or, we are the solutions without problems. We are standing in a Room full of mirrors.

We look at the East, and the East is the last frontier to our view. The sun is sinking into Cairo's colors and everything in Alexandria's port, is spelling one word, one word who plays the imagination like a child of time does.

Are not you afraid the unknown, don't you forget the unbelievable: the city's lights are a woman's body who tells her story to the Room's mirrors.

Sing : no more cries, no more pain – we are whatever we don't.