

Come one come on. Come one come all.

Come to the brigadoon of inequity. The land of milk and honey where the rabbits hunt the monkeys.

Ironclad appendages strewn across the chest of every everyman as they sing.

Come to see the spectacle of ruinous subjugation. The land of a color triad that seems not to wear itself out.

Why stop at painting the town red when you can worship a sensationalized sense of freedom.

Come to witness the severed head of morality.

The land where the gavel crushes those whose pockets are barren.

We take hearts, we take minds, we take integrity.

Come to see this exotic old fruit. The land where the trees bear a certain strangeness at which the man squints.

May the sun rip the truth from your eyes, screaming as it divorces your skull.

Come to see the greatest show the world knows. The land where their ancestors broken bodies braved mighty blows. Bring your good rope too and hang those who sing the blues. In here, we do what any good countryman would do.

Come one come on. Come one come all.

