

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 heinous crimes against humanity. The land of a color triad that seems to wear itself out.

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

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 your ancestors broken bodies braved mighty blows.

Bring your good rope and hang those who sing the blues.

Come one come on. Come one come all.