

They, They, They, Them, Them, Them

They make fun of you to your face and they piss on your graves

They exist for no reason other than to keep the little man down

The homeless are your enemy - You will grind them up in your coffee maker and choke on their ashes

Europe is burning and America is sacrificing her last lamb

Eastasia makes a pact with Sweet Chocolate Gods and CNN reports on riots in Paris and communists in Nepal

The Artist sits on his hat while the United States Marine Corps masturbate into water balloons to throw at Saudi Arabia's lit fires

A bass drum's on its head and Kitty's crying, she says "What should I march to today?"

This is their plan, and they do sing "This is my plan!"

They're praying to the ghosts of whoever will pick up the damn phone to help them achieve greater levels of Corruption

They get on their knees to give Corruption the blowjob he never asked for

Corrupt corruption corrupts corruptly

They have a very male sexuality and a very male aggression

They piss dominance and it fills the Earth's womb

This is all their plan

And this is entirely your problem

And you will not fight and you will not revolt

Because you will tear them apart with your hands cuffed and your eyes on the coffee table