Mr. Yan

Lay, barbed fist in the ass.

And I want it all. Give me more.

BJ Clinton shook hands.

Sold as freedom.

Peril bought cheap.

Cancer villages.

Organ harvest.

Maximized cum swap.

We all know that sound.

Man’s own greed runs down fallen, whining.

Yuan operates ballsack plying.

Planned the evening of giving thanks,

slave and child alike die

so patrons can live a fabricated lie.

Folded knees.

Bending weak.

Locked in iron. Uniform.

Christmas decorations made by the slain, forced labor.

Peace on earth… huh… to all a good night?

Folding Knees.

Chub-filled beak.

The Great Wall, passage one way.

Cries charred all for a plead.

I won this nightmare.

Boeing, GE, Apple, and Intel operate to make my home strong.

They’re all American, so we thrive. Am I right?

CAT, IBM, Microsoft, Motorola all soar.

This all helps me right?

Wrong. You cannot feed your wants, your needs, without me.

We realize we’re all just sluts.

Well then I’ll just buckle and buy American made shit.

Microwaves and phones and flat screens. All the shrimp I could possibly eat.

All of my kid’s toys will be made right here and you can’t take that away.