

By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes
Look down that bloody street for bloody
Miles and bloody miles where bloody feet have
sought a trail of dreams that now lie broken
On some bloody stake that is branded "Ojo por ojo."
And runs beside it, there, in the
deep and the dark beyond the liquid
Corruption and the human fungus lies the
Reeking sewer that is a mind.
Where the lesion hides a lesson, where
Stigmata turns to stigma cries crescendo to
Cantata... The whiplash of suffering full in the face.
And in that place there is no cross,
No crown, no sacred ground,
All is done and left unsaid.
How the tongues are ripped,
The people bled, and there it is
Written on the slug that is lead
"Killing is company" so step right up and
Ride the rubber road to freedom...
This is the blow off