
The Triumph of Backfeet Fascism



I once met a man who walked backwards to Finisterre
with on his back a red rucksack.

*Surprisingly, in an age of Energy Transition,
The price of Gaslighting is still free of charge
So we willingly enrich, by and large,
Our minds with pushed information twists*

Inequality = Prosperity

Democracy = Tyranny

Impurity = Purity

Emotion = Rationality

Intelligence = Treason

Justice = Injustice

The Future = The Past

The Press = Suppression

God = Governance

Liberalism = Religion

Profit = Sustainability

Paris = Fascism

Solidarity = Partition

Truth = Marxism

Vision = A Market Price

Deportation = A Human Right

*It is about time that we realize
Absolute Freedom = Our Birthright
A lunar rainbow is on the horizon
The hourglass runs towards Utopia*

*God is on our site, He has already
Chosen His Beloved Shepherd,
Border Collie for law and order,
The Flock just needs to follow*

*We can create a lasting Reich
No one has ever seen before
Magic will encompass our lives
There is just one road to Finisterre*

Are you a member of the Backfeet Family?
Trusting The Index to rise,
since Backfeet Companies,
with their vulture minds,
just tighten the screws on the little dark hands.

Or are you a Little Dark Head?

I take out a little dark hand

I make it dance

I close it, I open it

I put it down

I take out the other little dark hand

I make it dance

I close it, I open it

I put it down

I take out two little dark hands

I make them dance

I close them, I open them

I put them down

I take out hooded little dark heads

I make them dance

I mock them, I dump them

I put them down the drain

Until all the grones are gone

Or locked up in their siskin homes

Strangely, many of them don't mind the pain,
as long as it can be compensated
by sado-populism from a born again Christian.

Having dinner with his Backfeet & Co
friends, making plans for a Manifest Destiny,
abolish all regulations and promise to
bail them out when things get out of hand.



Appetiser

wine: Mulsum

*salad of cross thistle, mallow, sorrel,
grape hyacinth, cardoon, caraway
and tongues of thrush, sparrow, ortolan,
peacock, coot, flamingo, stork and crane,
in olive oil*

Fish

wine: Setia and Massica

*baccala, pike, mullet, lamprey, sea bass,
gilt head bream, oysters, sea urchin, mussels
with allec sauce and cabbage*

Main dish

wine: Velletri and Alba

*Trojan pork (filled with chicken, eggs and sausage),
donkey, beaver, dormouse, jerk mouse,
ham and stewed vegetables*

Dessert

wine: Mamertine and Sorrente

*sheep and goat cheese, ricotta, pecorino with
grapes, pears, chestnuts, pomegranate,
apricots, nuts, raisins, dates and figs*

**We will deport Aztecs, Maya's, Inca's, spitting Lamas,
Democrats and all other lunatic criminal liberals**

We will transmutate just one little gen
to make women into women again,
atomized Ocean Childs,
who want to be touched
by the one-hundred-footsteps-snake.

I once met a group of pilgrims,
from Tennessee, who took their priest
with them on the Camino
and praised the Lord everyday
somewhere in the field,
praying for me and my family too.

I once walked with a friend from Florida,
met him in front of the Pamplona Arena,
who already had plans to move
to the 53rd state of Canada,
when the flood comes.

I once walked with a student from New York
who just finished his internship
with Backfeet & Co,
they are expecting to make immense profits
when the flood comes.

As in Oceania, journalists and poets
are the first to be silenced or
disappear, as you can imagine.

We don't want their graffiti in the streets,
we don't want any other Engagement then
The Index, The Ocean and The Lord.

No worries about elections though,
on the road to Finisterre,
they will bend their head anyhow.

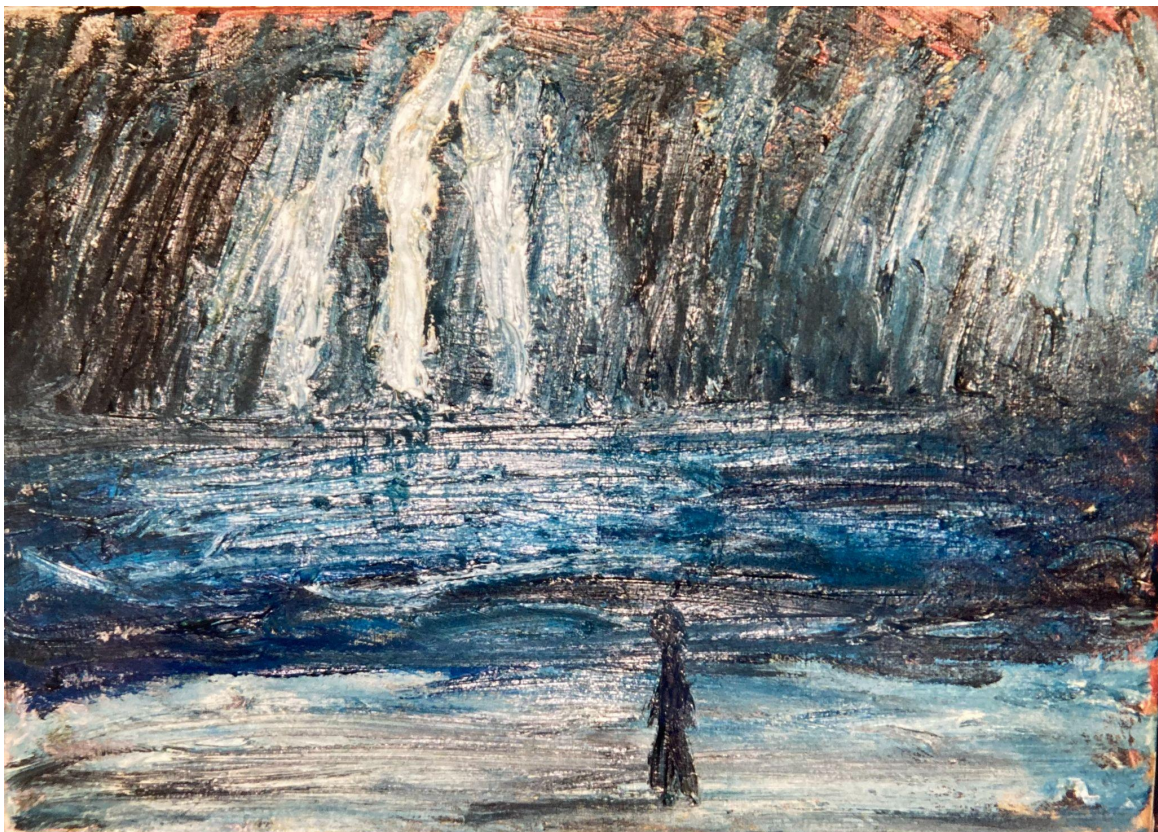
Praise the LORD

- 1. Praise the thunder rumbling in the background*
- 2. Burned my tongue, silencing the Gregorian Graceland*
- 3. I put my Trust in my savior, in his oral judgment*
- 4. We will prepare the Ground, their spirits to depart*
- 5. Blessed are those whose help is the God of Jacob*
- 6. The LORD will uplift the sea, the fish will flourish,
we keep our faith in the corporate gains*
- 7. The Lord has opened its doors for the poor
and those remained at Robben Island*
- 8. The LORD teaches the blind to keep their
dreams alive and bow for their birthrights*

9. *The LORD shows aliens and women their place,
sustains the children, while the Red Army sings*

10. *The LORD reigns the LORD's Kingdom
for generations to come*

*Praise the LORD,
now that the rain pours down on us*



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