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## *Venture Fascism*

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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*

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*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*

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*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 Back Feet Family?  
Trusting The Index to rise,  
since Back Feet Companies,  
with their vulture minds,  
just tighten the screws on the little dark hands.

Or are you a Little Dark Head?

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*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*

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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 Back Feet & Co  
friends, making plans for a Manifest Destiny,  
abolish all regulations and promise to  
bail them out when things get out of hand.



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## **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*

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## 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, Mayas, Incas, spitting Llamas,  
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 walked with a friend from Florida,  
met him in front of the Pamplona Arena,  
who already had plans to move  
to the state of Canada,  
when the flood comes.

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I once walked with a young man from New York  
who just worked for Back Feet & Co,  
they are expecting to make huge 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 than  
The Index, The Ocean and The Lord.

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

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



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*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,  
Godspeed to our Warriors, while the Red Army sings*
- 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 locked-up at Turtle Island*
- 8. The LORD teaches the blind to keep their  
dreams alive and bow for their birthrights*

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9. *The LORD shows aliens and women their place,  
sustains the children with his psalms*

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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