

Way out west in
The Pale face nation
Hubris was his occupation
In the California ills
That he called home.
Unhappy ☺ Hunting Ground's Midnight Jim Jones, alas,
Was not very middle class, was way too beat up brass
Hard when he was way too small
And that's not all. He took a great fall
Whenever he lowered his wall:
He unzipped God's call,
(Up chucked child abuse gall.)
Entered the hall,

presented he was Jesus, Geronimo, JFK, Queen Elizabeth, Gary Cooper tall, saw les miserable's genitalia as sexual mall: Tried to have a ball.

THE JIMMY JONES TOOK AN AX AND GAVE HIS HEART ONE THOUSAND WHACKS AND WHEN
THIS ARTFUL JOB WAS DONE HE GAVE HIS PENIS ONE THOUSAND AND ONE GATE

After he believed his followers, "You better than us. We bad," delusion of grandeur messiah call,

Before he made Buffalo Bill, Tommy Manvill, Don Juan Tenario, and Sardanapolis pall,

Put down Paleface as diseased, unfeeling, goddamn, non-caring chaotic mass.

Stock market was, for him, way too big poverty suck octopus crass.

(But Big Jim, he also dream of making a killing. You bet sweet ass!)

But he no smoke peace pipe! Mercee me!

(Bad for goddamn lungee see?)

And he no eat unsaturated fats!

(Only penises and vaginas

Of poor little sick

Power mad fake

Family va lues rats!)

Too big to f all in toilet,

Too small to fall in love,

Fell in weird Co me! On! Down!

Lemming reservati on jungle clearing

Far out poison war d ance kool-aid shove.

Could not figure ou t if truth is: Listen

My children and you shall revere

Whatever dum b useless crap

Makes my pa in persevere

Or if truth could be:

(perhaps.) (maybe.)

Before your running life

Blood gets swindled away,

Go out and do every good and
Goddamn thing you love today.

Stars shine bright

On shatter light

And under that

Glooméd stars

Try to get off on all things

Red, white, hot, blue, and

Morbid. Thee. Thee.

That's the way

The search

For God

Can

Rumble down the all

Out mad kill run off

The too, too human

Buffalo cliff, folks.