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NO-PEOPLE LAND

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It is just useless so stop de ole talk
Start a new talk, a harderday morning
Forget de serpent, find yourself a wuk
Dream the Great Mother in a cave mourning

While Our Father in heaven reigning
Children ah de earth have hungry bellies
Full up big with gas and malnu paining
De angels fly away from dem smellies

Dey ent touching no blood, snat and tear stains
To dirty up dey white robes and wing tips
Let de Mother and she helpers make gains
Rise up in dem shanty towns tattered slips

Of no-people land behind-God-back place
Not a mountain or seashore Asgard
Not a Paradise so full ah grace
Just a bubbly, muddy Devil’s Woodyard

Full with rotten-egg fumes ah pig-pen stink
Buh look good, good, see how amoebae thrive
See zygote cells multiply in a blink
Hatching de guppy roe dat survive

Little mermaid goddesses transparent
For dem who can read de message within
Who can start a new talk to make things right
Bellies full with food and faces grinnin