

Gutless, comatose, freedom rings, sounding from  
a shallow grave, clamoring for some sweet sickness.  
Hark, the herald angels sing of misanthropes and monuments,  
Razor-wired with hunger pangs, gnashing teeth and impotence. Tu  
rner Classic Diaries.

The order of anger is sequenced in hate.  
Cosmo-theistic doctrines of fiction by foolish children  
who firmly believe there is no comfort like fear.

It's gutless.

Wave the flag, sing the praises. Thin the herd before they bree  
d.  
Throwing stones from glass houses, gun shows, and the Waco sieg  
e.  
What a man, and what a message, ignorant and asinine.  
The Oklahoma City b\*\*bing, thanks to you, now realized.

Turner Classic Diaries.

The order of anger is sequenced in hate.  
Cosmo-theistic doctrines of fiction by foolish children  
who firmly believe there is no comfort like fear.

It's gutless. You should be so ashamed.