

Ron's Org



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A Poem

Epitath of the dark ones
Those who enslaved you for uncountable years
And gave you all your ills and fears
They made you into mice from men
And fixed it so you could not win

Their scenarios and plans have all come asunder
And to us it has come as no great wonder
For they dared to touch a man of life
And not him only but his son and wife.

The evil the wove wears no more
It's a shoddy coat of blood and gore.

The game is over, you black souls and implanters
Ye mystics and monitors and mind bending enchanters

You vanish with your master in a blaze of light
Xenu is exiled and out of the fight
Never again shall black magic hold sway
The spirits of truth have won the day

So tell your sons that they are free
And the game is fun as it used to be
A new Civilization is now on the way
Thanks to the inexorable spirit of Elron Elray.

Astar Paramejgian

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