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KLEENEX
                    So what
                   If we cry
                   In church.
                    1. We're in
                   The Money.
      2. We Got THE HANDLE.
                    3. We Got
                    The Media
                    It Takes
                   To Make
                   A Prophet.
                                4. Athe ists believe in foxholes they say.
                                   They Hate people. Like abortion. Don't pray.
                                  Won't pretend to be dead every sunday.
                                  Won't contend to be death on sat urday.
                                  Won't scythe a field with perfect flay.
                                 Find the Dark Peasant's role a bore.
                                 Avoid acceptable form to the core.
Won't: Feign working fields any more:
Whip polite white balls: Scream: Fore!
Skin! We detest their whore, nowar.
Let a cruel million shots take their to 11. We can look that guy right in the eye. A few heads ripped off might be war's
Goal but we shall continue to extend a personal hard firm Golf fearing effort
On a roll until we reach our deepest-seated personal destiny. In Golf head we trust.
The dream team as a whole clings to ball control down to the last lean mean asshole.

liquid
                                                                              capital
                                                                             liquid
    capitol liquid capital liquid capita<sub>l</sub>
                                                                             capitol
   liquid <sub>C</sub>apital liquid capito<sub>l</sub> liquid capito<sub>l</sub> capito<sub>l</sub>
                                                                            liquid
                                                                           capital
   liquid
                                               liquid
                                                                          liquid
   capitol
                                                capital
                                                                         capitol
                                                 Golf Bless The Flag
Golf Bless Religion
Golf Bless Family
Golf Bless War
   liquid
   câpital
   liquid
   capitol
                                                         Gulp. Gulp.
   liquid
   câpital
   Capito<sub>[</sub>
Stars shine bright on shatter light! Deep in back of that is star wrack! Would I lie to you? Trust me. In back of all that a slightly deep
Odoriferous fact: Dead stars flat on their back squeak on a vacant rack: Thee.The.That's "Look Ma! I AM" the bottom line!" folks.
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