THE I REMEMBER MY LITTLE BURNING WINDOW ON THE PRAIRIE G A

In the chill white still of the night
As I look out my window I see
A white woman raping a small
White girl with a douche until
The baby girl screams I'll be clean.
I have a real white dream, all right,
In the chill white still of the night
I see a white man stick his finger in
His ass, lick it, sing praise the white!
I have a white night dream, all right,
In the chill white kill of the night

In the chill white still of the night still of the n i As I look out my burning window pain I see P A white child masturbate with a masturbate Crucifix until his penis bleeds, penis bleeds. Then he pours iodine on it. iodine on it. on it. I have a real white dream, all right, all right, in I he chill white still of the night, still of the nin I see a white woman pick her nose, pick her hite! Eat her snot, sing praise the white! sing prais ight, I have a real white night dream, all right, all right. In the chill white kill of the night. kill of the n

In the chill white kill of the night, I Isee a white man slam a white child's Isee a white woman licking a white Isee a white woman jump off a horse Isee a white man peat a white man Isee a white man ping a white boy Isee a white man spitting on a white Isee a white woman spit on a white Isee a white woman spit on a white And Isee a little white boy and a little Wide open as right to life white trash t White goons on white loons bawl prai June fumes ruin devastated dunes in a

look out my window. I have a dream I have a d head against a wall because the white child will woman's vagina through a white rubber sheet to in the head 40 times because the white man is c onto a deer, stick a knife in it and skin it alive f in a steam bath and laughing as he screams it h glass wall as they see a tied up retard sizzled to e man and I see a white boy spitting on a white b it woman and I see a white girl spit on a white girl lying dead with their little white hea rample over them. O sure. I have a dream, all prai rie moons on the hill in the chill in the garbag sin a

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Cringing in darkness we hear: Kill. Kill. Kil That's all these riches could be yours, you poor, lazy, stupid, foreign rats, fo