

Fascismus

Ezra pounds upon the beech spies a peach he can reach plays patty cake with a personal leech tries to sing emits a screech while Dolph is lolling on the sand Eva ever at his hand dreaming of a life so grand what a sight to behold not a Jew in the fold it's '38 and bye the bye Germany's nearly Judenfrei no Einstein, Marx, or Herman Hesse, Mendelsohn's gone more or lesse Strindberg's tones shall clash no more making German ears so sore Quisling's shistling Adoph's tune Mussolini and *Claire de Lune* Horthy a listless loon they're lining up from night til noon old Salazar is quite bizarre Franco gazing from afar H.G. Wells his *Liberal Fascisti* de Jouvenel and Ferenc Szalasi condemning democracy's inherent mucosity Henri Petain Pierre Laval descend through the Gates of Hell Oswald Moseley the Traitor King Lady Astor and Kennedy sing Houston Stewart Chamberlain's Lied to rid the world of every seed of *untermenschen* while across a narrowing sea Father Coughlin American Bund Lindbergh Ford *sei gesund* America First was born to lose from Hungary's fields Rumanian Alps the Baltic states are fascist baits Bulgaria, Poland show fascist traits from Metaxas to de Medariaga for Hitler they're going gaga North to South, East to West they're bitten by the Nazi flea offer little resistance one can see throughout the thirties France had the best military linked with Britain truly scary by '42 Europe from the North Sea to

the Urals is fascist felt by every neural bitter
warfare broke it up yet Bob Barr, Tom de Lay
the boys of '94 and Pat Buchanan *merde a l'hors*
harken to the bygone tunes.

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