

ESCAPE FROM LUCKYLAND

Book 1:
LURKING THE APOCALYPSE

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GalaxyGarden.org

Perception Recovery Publications

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Arbeit Macht Frei

"Work shall set you free"
say stormtroopers to slaves
as their liberty is stolen
death delivers real freedom
from horrors beyond words
works of unimagined evil
under a corporate banner
orwellian enterprises
turn humans into product
all free for the fatherland
we recite "never again" again
as holocausts spread like cancer
millions being burned & buried
secret torture behind barb-wire
demons of war again unleashed
burn into your mind the words
remember we are not gods
nor slaves to the state
and we are already free to
justify our ends with meaning
"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?"

A Warning, From Primo Levi Auschwitz Survivor

You who live safe
In your warm houses,
You who find, returning in the evening,
Hot food and friendly faces:
Consider if this is a man
Who works in the mud
Who does not know peace
Who fights for a scrap of bread
Who dies because of a yes or a no.
Consider if this is a women,
Without hair and without name
With no more strength to remember,
Her eyes empty and her womb cold
Like a frog in winter.
Meditate that this came about:
I commend these words to you.
Carve them in your hearts
At home, in the street,
Going to bed, rising;
Repeat them to your children,
Or may your house fall apart,
May illness impede you,
May your children turn their faces from you.

Devil on the Warpath

**Spiralling in sparkling glitter
starry with gold and neon
from Sin City's flashing strip
out to the edges of extinction
Billions of blinking baboon brains
attuned to telly tubes twirling
wheels spinning a world's prize money
flickering flames of posh distinction
Blinging and banging with super style
diamonds swinging champagne swirling
high above traffic in penthouse suite
living luxuriously milk and honey
Beyond the Mirage and desert heat
borders barbed wire baked bones
bomb silos beamships burning atoms
blazed into the world's mind afire
Reflecting through tinted towers
on Lucifer's lenses and death's desire
lucky Hellions who afford the armor
arch angels above who own our eyes
Root for the troops trigger the tanks
make way a parade for Lord of the Flies
snaking of funerals flapping of flags
polished coffins prayers and flames
War lovely war and plunder
demons take flight raising Hell
blasting now global fire and thunder
as ice and dice clink in Liar games
Devils love God to let loose blood
while it flows so power snakes in
with a flick and a click of pleasure
infernal twists of wicked wonder
God the TV cries wants evil dead
our side's goodness brings treasure
Buy! they say these powerful things
Old Angel pours a bottle of broken dreams
War is a holiday for maggots and kings
another bloody sequel for your Lord's Rings
while the Fiend munches skin rinds
tweaking hateful knobs by their blunder**

Cowboy Down

**once upon a time in the west
pioneers protectors ponyriders
grizzled gritty guzzlers of life
then came gold oil machinery
industrial warfare atom bombs
clouds of death dying dreams
yet old boys keep guns trained
on a world passing them by
holding the future hostage
rustic posse of politicians
smoking out the outlaws
children choking on war
at the end of this manly myth
the lone ranger is unmasked
he was terrified all along**

On a War Train to Hell

**Ozone and fear smell sharp like blood
an acrid undercurrent of inevitability
as the wheels squeal and brakes burn
crashing in a slow-motion tumble**

**Dangers pile up in deadly drifts
as the train plows blindly into night
following the flow of neon and pavement
toward the rim of a Grand Canyon**

**Speeding up rather than slowing down
even as wildfires rage all around
the conductor jams the crank ahead
warning sirens screeching by**

**We loaded the 15 tons of fuel with tax
what did we get- another day of shame
and deeper in debt to a corporate game
smash and grab our last glimmers of hope**

**Storm clouds roll in with thunder
carrying a clinging stench of decay
from the south and the oceans
yet the train races into oblivion**

**Madcap flickers of figments in windows
prove the passengers preoccupied
watching pretend people acting heroic
as they fly by trenches full of bodies**

**This train was bound for glory
once upon a time in a book
now it's full speed toward hell
the demon driver a silly crook**

**In the wind we wished for home fires
roasting sweet treats and meats
instead the stench of the nation
is bombed bits of buildings and blood**

**"Freedom is what you do with what's been done to you."
-- Jean-Paul Sartre**

First World Reality War

**The Secretary of Killing People and the Minister of Media Spin
repeat again about the murderous regime losing control
the evil Tyrant who tortures and poisons innocent people
holding his people by force under a banner of lies and hate
The world watches not knowing who these smiling men mean
are they referring to themselves and their warlord or the enemy?
smart bombs or guerrilla tactics children dead either way?
reporters attempting to snatch shreds of truth from the moment
Proudly proclaiming the first great war of the "Information Age"
leading the witnesses by satellite to live action exclusive carnage
dressed up as adventure and glory for some grand old ideals
marketing the mayhem and exploding tragedy as a rescue show
Anyone having tuned in from another planet can clearly see
the entire enterprise is a marketing scheme for weaponry
forcing the entire planet to arm itself against itself what a scam
now we reach the end where we must surrender our reality**

**"To crave for happiness in this world is simply to be possessed by a spirit of revolt."
-- Henrik Ibsen**

Despierta el Planeta

¿No tiene tiempo de espera para los niños
escuchar el zumbido y la hum
todos los que viven fuera de fibra canta
fecha de nacimiento hasta el día de hoy con alegría
de un mar de miedo carnosa
convertirse en héroe del mañana
rodeado por una feroz deseo
con los ojos llenos de gatos callejeros, figments
Crouch por ahora en una realidad
gritar para despertar a los demás
conocer el planeta está vivo
ahora que hacemos lo que debemos
nuestros cuerpos no son nuestros propios
nuestras mentes están más millones
nuestras manos están ahora planetaria
el aumento de las voces más de nuestro mundo
Somos la oraron por la paz
despierto a convertirse en el salvador

Primera Guerra Mundial realidad

El Secretario de matar gente y el Ministro de Medios de Comunicación Spin
repetir una vez más sobre el régimen criminal perder el control
Tirano el mal que envenena y torturas a personas inocentes
la celebración de su pueblo por la fuerza bajo una bandera de mentiras y odio

El mundo mira sin saber que esos hombres sonrientes media
que se refiere a sí mismos ya sus caudillos o el enemigo?
bombas inteligentes tácticas de guerrilla o los niños muertos en ambos sentidos?
los reporteros tratando de arrebatar pedazos de la verdad desde el momento

Proclamar con orgullo la primera gran guerra de la "edad de la información"
los principales testigos de satélite a vivir acción exclusiva carnicería
vestido de gloria y aventura para algunos grandes viejos ideales
comercialización caos y la tragedia como la explosión de un rescate mostrar
Cualquier persona que tenga sintonizado en el de otro planeta puede ver claramente

toda la empresa es un plan de comercialización de armas
obligando a todo el planeta a armarse en contra de sí mismo lo que es una estafa
ahora llegamos a la final en la que debemos entregar nuestra realidad

"La libertad es lo que haces con lo que ha hecho para usted."
-- Jean-Paul Sartre

For the Veterans of the War on Flowers

**For all the Children
beaten into domesticity
For all the Women
manhandled into submission
For the Native Peoples
enslaved and trampled
For the Millions of Men
who fed the machines
For the Ones Who Suffered
lingering in pain and death
For the Bleeding Earth
wounded and weeping
For the Wild Things
withering in our fumes
For our Gods and Angels
melting into madness
For my Child's Future
already marketed
For Leonard Peltier
and Roberta Blackgoat
For Lili'uokalani
and Tecumseh
For John Lennon
Mother Mab and Jesus
For Malcolm X
and Martin Luther King
For Hiroshima
and Nagasaki
For the Holocausts before
and our Apocalypse now
I remember
with a flower
a candle
and a prayer
And now
you will live
in me
like a seed**

"Sin Fronteras" (Beyond Amerigeddon)

**For the Organic Garden Goddess on Special this Millennium
by the Mongrel Prankstas @ RealityFork USA OMEGA**

**Here at the end of Millennium billions of human minds blinking
thinking busily counting ways to work games with coins clinking
a stinking circus of consumption & corruption infecting every hood
pumping plastic solutions poison weapons grinning "god is good"
American "Me" capitalized in "god is so good to Me" you see
as Spam & sugar pour into Billy's trough he squeals with glee
another party a parade of honed down happiness down home whiteness
still so colonial saluting kings of police & bankers of greatness
If secure is what you want in your community careful what you buy
choose landlords & realitors looking for a spark in the eye
this assumes you've chosen your country & nation of loyalty
unless a wild Anarchist believing in your own Royalty
Answer questions as if building a new Stonehenge
together inspiring conspiring constructing a bridge
spanning generations passing secrets understanding rhymes
with for all children everywhere for all times
Planting trees is a great place to make a stand
the World Tree within weaves its roots into your land
fertilize with the worms of your thoughts shells of identity
becoming alive to our Earth allows one to live truly sentiently
Community without conscience is only business or acquaintance
intimacy comes with belief & truth in trust & transcendence
building bridges with care for foundations & raging rivers
connecting futures with possibilities woven with dream quivers**

**"Si quieres la verdadera seguridad, permitir que usted mismo la libertad del
cielo."**

-- Nansen

Revolutionary Duty

**one Nation over ALL
even the Invisible
the Land we are born in
the Language we learn
the Gods we submit to
the flags forced upon us
the weapons placed in our hands
the Laws we choose to follow
our chains of Identity
Mind a magickal mirror
smudged with fear
cracked by avarice
powdered over with pride
a prejudicial puffery
filled with the ghosts of
millions who came before
peering through smoke
whispering in dreams
Warning about war
killing for your country
freedoms fought over
murder and military
solutions with orders
orders with solutions
madness and money
reasons for revenge
how illogical in Death
World torn and bleeding
pleas rising in flames
begging for relief
surviving on loans
discarded in debris
burnt beaten barbed
poisoned and paved
lost sold processed
a child's skull in sand**

"They could be made to accept the most flagrant violations of reality, because they never fully grasped the enormity of what was demanded of them, and were not sufficiently interested in public events to notice what was happening."

-- George Orwell, 1984

Fragging the Simulation

**Pardon me for interrupting your "perfect life"
of entertainment, parties, awards and games
crackling ads for war topped with sugar pops
your good luck hard work money of freedom
Just a harmonic hello from a friend
around the bend and this warning**

**You are operating as a character of imitation
a version of yourself within a larger simulation
trapped in an even more vast machinery
all embedded in an elemental reality**

**Atoms and electrons humming within
worlds in collusion and collision
Trouble is brewing around the system
social simulations cranked into crashdown
popping electronica climbing to climax
selling the hype within a shitstorm**

**Tomorrows tornadoes twist into today
state of emergency elemental apocalyptica
Burning battlezones bulldozed under bullshit
by the bozos hired to cover the Big Lies
it's a planetary parasitic militaristic
infection of fascistic plastic "Security"**

**Blowing away in the wind my friend the End
answers crying for questions then song
Your beliefs in big money and popularity
the perfect playmakers on the viddy
or the "Founding Fathers" and nationality
all a surreal simulation in the crashing**

**Smashed dazed confused crumbling bumbling
memories haze away like the smog in tears
Humanity geared up as machines clawing
buzzing burning speeding on oily ways
spewing trashing shooting days away
citizens programmed to kill on command**

**Newest most deadly gaming system today
realistic blood splatters now on sale!
We interrupt this bulletin for an Elemental Alert
solar storms and burning blazes swarm
planetary meltdown swelling oceans
erupting overwhelming your cityscapes**

**Cheering and chattering drone down momentarily
crowds connected simulating intelligence
Super spies and eyes in the sky say CIA
NSA Echelon MIB OSS MI5 Interpol
prison planet nowhere left to hide
bamboos and forests a final sanctuary**

**9-11 was an inside job knocked upside your knob
wake the fuck up from their war of the living dead
On the ape ranch in dark space at the edge
of the galaxy an invasion of serpentine coils
as colonies are fattened in our urban pens
humans ready for harvesting our precious fluids**

**Blood and plasma pumping and flexing
magical timespace energies in us
What we believe is real doesn't matter to a star
or how far or big we decide to make the world
why we follow inbred images and icons
all background for further layers of sim**

**Simulation nation pledge allegiance replay
pay to play every day "what they say" is our way**

**"The shepherd always tries to persuade the sheep that their interests and his
own are the same."
-- Marie Beyle**

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Children of Man: Citizens of Sorry States

Hear this appeal from the distant mountains and fiery futures
across time you have been crowded into camps surrounded by walls barb-wired by bullies
terrorized by lies heaped upon burned dreams our history now a tattered bloody patchwork of
stolen flags war after war selling us bombs to blow us all to nothing
over and over blasting away every day with bullshit on blood
our children's blood, our father's blood the blood of the world
sold to us as oil to burn buying their bloated piles of bodies
criminal killing dressed up with gold medals and rows of guns
aimed at us, aimed at you now our world armed as if demons
had unleashed a plague of killing machines upon Earth
sold by the richest to the poorest to turn people into meat
rotting in the glare of the Sun as the cameras keep turning
telling of the glory of the State & our great leaders repeat
day after day as the killing continues piling up by the millions
from the Americas to Africa across Asia, even on the eve of Olympics

Welcome, children of Earth to the Olympics of evil and death
sold by the case sweet acid soda and shiny plastic pop culture
blood sports beamed around the world which our leaders represent the same ultra-violence
every day and preparing for more but wait don't dare to raise that head until we are done with
the arrests hush that protest because entertainment must go on, sporty flags fiery batons behind
barricades carry the torch of war crimes broken brotherhoods criminal syndicates spies thugs
arms dealers people who hide the truth behind reflective lenses selling us out pulling the strings
dealing the merchandise business must go on for this competition is based on millions of bodies,
billions of minds mushrooming in the dark of fear ignorance confusion distrust distraction so
we celebrate our own slavery in an Orwellian orgy of criminality

See now who would call themselves "men" but now live like ghosts
or aliens who have invaded our green and blue orb, our mother
you are killing because you're enslaved by criminals liars murderers as sheep would if they are
daily shocked and sprayed with butcher's blood your futures have all been stolen and locked
away in a bank in Switzerland or the basement of the Kremlin, in torture cells of the CIA and
China
a planet held hostage by its own collective animal fear of death
surrounded by machinery of warfare & being rounded up into prisons we the elemental angels
on the edges are wondering why they let it go the entire golden sparkling Earth wagered for
cheap plastic credit poisonous reasoning twisted into killing for the good & killing more killing
better then repeating the slogan of the moment & staying tuned

we who watch from the mountains cry for your cities filled with slaves
We cry "Arise!" children of Earth-- reclaim the root magic of life
wash away the spatters of blood your coats of manure and stand for birds create for butterflies
plant for forests clean up for oceans rise up sing for mountains paint for children play for
grandchildren ape for apes awaken the planet! your futures are breaking out from behind grey
prisons crowds of numbers melting like glaciers into a rainbow of miracle thinking flashes from
the dream of who you were meant to be blowing away the lies
realizing your life gains with each new seed every new idea and truth
rise now and carry the true torch to the mountain of your destiny