NURSERY RHYMES for GLOBAL CRIMES



by, Anthony Rayson

NURSERY RHYMES

Mary Had A Murdered Flock

Mary had a little lamb
It's fleece was white as snow
Mad cow scare plus hoof & mouth
Slaughtered carcass - there you go!

And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb's stare haunted her
The rulers bulldozed massive pits
Techniques learned in the Gulf War

The price of ribs has gone way up
They seldom grace the plates
Of U.$. gluttons with milky skin
The swine the poor love to hate.

Anthony Rayson
South Chicago ABC Zine Distro
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These Mothers Get Goosed!

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Act Your Rage

Old Brother Hampton

Old Brother Hampton
Went to Chicago
To give his poor people some food
Drugged by a traitor
And assassinated later
This Panther cannot be subdued!

His wife was then pregnant
And cried out her head
"Forever remember
This blood-stained bed!"

She gave birth to Junior
The killers were let loose
Mark Clark died as well
The "People" got the noose!

Harassed and dragged thru court
To try to get some justice
Recovering from bullet wounds herself
The system exposed as a bust.

A Never-Ending Injustice

"Twas the whole damn country
It wasn't just here
The pigs were killing Brothers
Held so close, so near so dear.

Some chapters fortified
Not so easy to gun down
In the courts, informers lied
For shame! Their cover's blown.

Death squad gangs of killers
Became the rule of law
Survivors fed the babies
And squeezed their little paws.

Many men of honor
Were kangarooed in court
And sentenced to forever
Your basic fascist sport.

Organized discussions
And quelling down the violence
Brothers fighting Brothers
Didn't make no goddam sense.

The rulers were alarmed
To see a consciousness
Invade their precious prisons
So what happened? You all can guess!

Trumped-up conduct tickets
Internal murder charges
Fabricated evidence
"Go lock 'em up tight, Sarge."

Politician elections
Whores bleating for their votes
Getting tough on "criminals."
With poor Blacks to be the goats.

A huge new industry
To build the gulag system
With super-max hell-holes
Reserved for special victims.

All the while the system remained
Living wage jobs were duly stopped
The CIA brought crack cocaine
Despair was all you now could cop.

The "War on Drugs" dragooned the Blacks
While Wall Street swam in profits
Prison stocks were now exchanged
The drug of greed - they couldn't get off it.

Meanwhile, Fred Hampton Junior
Grew from Cub to Conscious Man
So they framed and sentenced him
How much can one family stand?

After eight long years in chains
Shackled and threatened in Statesville
Fred Hampton was *finally* released
A unique and wonderful thrill!

Bunchy Carter and Fred Senior
Educate us from their graves
As George Jackson so eloquently explained
"It's time to liberate *all* the slaves!"

Jack & Jill Got Shot

Jack & Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water
Israeli snipers shot them dead
Their family screamed of bloody murder.

Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill cried out in Death's Agony
The young threw stones at armored tanks
Planes shot missiles for "security."

Back home the papers only blamed
"Arab terrorists" and "gangs of criminals"
Arik Sharon of Shatilla fame
Will soon be up for his Nobel.

Tom, Tom the Piper's Son

Dumb, Dumb the Voodoo Son

Dumb, dumb the Voodoo son
He learned to slay when he was young
He joined the Guard, but he did stray
But never did he go away.

He drank and snorted with the boys
And got off DUI's.
He sent the oil biz down the drain
And thus became governor, once & again.

He sobered up and set to work
A serial killer, now in earnest
Despite the fact, he's a dull-witted jerk
Of all the candidates, he was purest.

He lost the election, but won the game
We can all thank one Clarence Thomas
He of puberty hair on coke can fame
A unique and pompous ignoramous.

He bailed out the rich, with loads of cash
And fast-tracked the flow of legal drugs
He's a dapper, clean-shaven beady-eyed fasch
A world-wide menace, his asshole tightly plugged.

Portly Dick Cheney

Portly Dick Cheney
Sat in a shelter
Eating a vat of porkpie
He shoved up his snout
Despite having gout
And said, "What a bastard am I!"

Ol' Nat

Ol' Nat King Cole
Was a merry old soul
Who died of lung cancer
Becuz he smoked cigarettes

Hey, Diddle Diddle

Hey, Drooling Spittle

Hey, drooling spittle
The fat and the drivvel
The cows ditched out the house
We witnessed their panic
Such chickenshit antics
Of "respectable" whores
From a letter of spores

The Queen of Wars

The queen of wars
Advised the boars
On a September day.
"Let's start some wars
These are your chores
We'll bomb both night and day."

"But, war's not nice
Condoleeza Rice
Couldn't we just talk?"

"It's my advice
We must slice and dice
And let the world gawk."

"But, where my dear?
Iraq, Iran
Iceland, Japan?"

"Hell no, you dolts!
Afghanistan

Is, as you'll see
Where we will fan
Our World War III

From dull-witted boy
You'll become a man
It's such a joy
To mass-murder once again

We'll change the laws
Under cover of war
Give the police claws
Who cares what's in store?

We'll send Dick Cheney underground
He don't have the heart for this.
The patriotism alarm, we'll sound
Future social security won't be missed.

That dweeb Putin will even sign on board
'Cuz he hates Muslim fighters, too
For the world's a piece of pie
For us to hoard
Let the bombs fall out the sky!
Now, go do!"

A Frog He Would A-Wooing Go

A Dog He Would A-Spewing Go

A dog he would a-spewing go
"Yeah, go!" says Rumsfeld.
Whether his new Mommie wife
Would let him go.
With a sneaky, cheeky lack of flair
"Here I go!" says Tony Blair.

So off he set, to Egypt yet
Coerced approval he to get
"Please sign on board,
Though the wealth we hoard,
While we massacre some Muslims.
Our righteous cause is a crusade
The poor and weak will thus get paid
With bombs we'll drop upon them."

U.S. money helped terror cells, including Bin Laden's, flourish in Afghanistan after the Soviet invasion.

Americans direct f
and peoples in a
the name of highe

"Is that so?
You tousled-haired twerp!"
So say the be-robed skeptics.
"How do we know
You haven't pissed your pants?
You clip-tongued little lackey!
Without your ships & planes & bombs,
We'd send you fucking packing!"

"But Bad Guys blew the Trade Center
From here to Kingdom Come!
So, we're obligated to bomb and starve.
What d'ya think, we're dumb?"

"You rich, fat bastards from the West,
May be smart, we cannot tell.
Just go home to your pissy island,
Before we send you straight to Hell!"

oreign policy and commit violence against foreign countries
very tangible way and for their own interests, not always in
er values. America has reaped a whirlwind.

Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star

Fickle, Fickle, Massive War

Fickle, fickle, massive war
How I wonder where you'll land
On whose home will you bring gore?
Who's the *real* "terrorist band?"

When the blazing day bombs end
The nightime bombing raids begin
The rumbling thunder announces death
You're not "brave!" You're just murderers!
Who kill without even knowing
Our names or faces
We're children! - You brainwashed
Motherfuckers!

No wonder people are willing to die
To take some of you out, too
If I survive this insane bombing
And don't starve to death...
I'll try and find you
But will look you in the face
When I kill you!

Pat-A-Cake, Pat-A-Cake, Baker's Man

Fat-A-Make, Bake-A-Fake, Slacker Man!

Fat-a-make, bake-a-fake, slacker man
Do not jake, be awake, faster DAN!
Lock it and load it
And mark it with an "A"
And stick it in the oven
For the upcoming action
Later on today!

Four and Twenty

4 & 20 blackbirds sitting in a row
Killed and shoved into a pie, you know?
But it wasn't fully cooked,
So the worms within survived.

The prince and princess got real sick
Their intestines exploded and they died.
The silver spoons didn't do no good
They shouldn't have et, such fancy food.

Simple Simon Started Screamin'!

Simple Simon was a Pie Man
Of the Anarchist Baking Brigade
He pied George Ryan
For all his lyin'
Made of lemon meringue.

Six months time he was paid
"A local hero!" they all said
Simon merely blurted out "Gol Dang!"

They took him down to Statesville
Which is extremely hate-filled
And in a cell he stayed.
To eat his slop
He pushed a mop
And worked on litigation.

The execution was fast approaching
And for the dignitaries
The eggs, they were a-poaching

The Warden came to talk to Simon
"Inmate Simon, you're a Pie Man
We need one baked today.
The Governor's wife is coming
So, there's no time to delay."

"Go to Hell, you evil pig
I will not bake a pie, dig?"

The goon squad came
And made him lame
With cuffs and gas and clubs
The First Lady dined
On porcupine
And assorted pastry puffs.

They strapped him down
And shot him up
To finish up the show.
She picked her teeth, and
Watched him turn purple
As she sat in the front row.

Meanwhile, Simon was dragged outside
And beat some more
He just couldn't hide
From all the gore.

He woke up the next day
On the cold hard floor
Of a filthy isolation cell
Piss and blood were everywhere
And he could hear muffled screaming
From somewhere else in Hell.

His ribs were broke
And He couldn't breathe
The pain wouldn't go away.
But he tried to scream anyway
As he thought of Victor Arante
In the Santiago Stadium.

After Sept: 11: A new worldview

There Was A Crooked Crook

There Was A Crooked Crook
And he ran a crooked campaign
All his underlings were no good schnooks
So the money cascaded in like rain.

They ran a crooked licensing scam
To which the non-drivers
In droves did flock to
Even though the whistle-blowers
Cried "God Damn!"
To each new revelation, Ryan claimed
To be shocked anew.

Funny how all that money found
It's way into his bloated coffers
The 6 Willis children were sent down
As the scandal's burnt offering.

Daley, the pols, business and the press
All say that he is great
So, it's odd that real citizens feel such
Unbridled, searing hate!

So, it's out to political pasture
For this smarmy crooked crook.
His campaign chest is full, for sure
Which he gets to keep, when he books.

As for who will be the next in line?
Well, let's just sneak a peek.
Oh, my God! Another Ryan
Is strongest of the weak!

Little Boy Blue

Little Boy Blagoyevich

Little boy Blagoyevich
Come blow your horn
So, you think you can become governor
In this land of corn!

With Old Uncle Mell
One of Daley's Council dopes
I thought Washington was "swell?"
Why you harbor state-wide hopes?

Three million dollar warchest
Claim to fame's your tongue-tied name
You parrot Peotone for what is best
One of six dogs, in the post-Ryan game.

Hickory, Dickery Dare

Dickery, Trickery Dare

Dickery, trickery dare
The press blew up the scare
The men are clowns
To be brought down
Dickery, trickery dare

(Humpty Dumpty)

Frumpy Madelaine

Frumpy Madelaine sat on her fat ass
This ugly monster's crimes will forever last
All Iraq's children
And all human beings
Couldn't forgive her
For such heinous things.

Peter Piper Picked a Pack of Pickled Peckers

A is for anarchy, which insists on lived truth
B is for babies, cutting their first tooth
C is for Congress, those pampered weasels
D is for Defense, charting war on their easels
E is for Environment, the U.S. is now destroying
F is for forest, that Weyerhausen is bulldozing
G is for global warming, but not to worry
H is for History, that's been so goddamed gory
I is for insight, locked up in our jails
J is for justice, just ignore the details
K is for killing, our country's favorite sport
L is for life, which if foreign, is kept short
M is for MayDay, Chicago Anarchist Bothers!
N is for nationalism, demonizing "others"
O is for Onward! Who give a forum for debate
P is for peace, which all governments hate
Q is for question, which authorities suppress
R is for revolution, liberating the oppressed!
S is for Shatila, on September 17
T is for tinderbox, the lifelong Palestinian scene

U is for understanding, that all people crave
V is for vision, only voiced by the brave
W is for war - massive governmental crime
X is for Malcolm, a fighter sublime
Y is for yearning for passion and for peace
Z is for Zolo, a New Afrikan who'll never cease!

Baa, Baa Black Sheep

Bad, Bad Black Bloc

Bad, bad black bloc
Have you any shame?
"No, Sir, No Sir
We're animals you cannot tame!
We'll actually fight back
When the pig's attack."

One for D'Aubuisson
And two for Pinochet
Three for Bushie Junior
And four for Sandra Day

"Why should we be meek
And mild and goody-good?
With the world a bloody-flame,
We just can't play this fucking game!"

United We're Bland

I saw Dan Rather's
Teary-eyed blather
On the Letterman Show.
And "The Chin" Jay Leno
Won't shake no hands, no mo'!

The U.S. flag's in ev'ry store
On ev'ry car and ev'ry door
Everybody's laid-off now
But we don't hafta worry.
"Cept for anthrax (not mad cow)
If we end the world, we're sorry.

Georgie Porgie

Georgie's Gorging

Georgie's Gorging
Many will die
"War on terrorism"
In a pig's eye!
Massive murder
We must relate
Is the ever-addictive
Health of the State



So. Chi. ABC Zine Distro
Publisher & Distributor
P.O. Box 721
Homewood, IL 60430