

## The Opening Day of the Three-Way Beatings given by the Lord's Erect Serpent

Twas brillig, and the Dog of Nam  
Did enter with a squaintly gait;  
The Bruters hushed with reverent clam  
And Sinsters ceased to prate.

And every eye watched every step  
Of holy drambulation  
As God's adjointed wassail passed  
Among the constigation.

At length he takes the sheet reserved  
Among the special seatings  
For such as those who've also swerved  
At other three-way beatings:

The Mincing Serpents, bleeding blights,  
The bulkies and abruisives  
The ones who rose to august sheights,  
The blest of the Excusives.

A bruter firmly shut the door;  
An udder turned the key;  
Lest unclean ear the word might hear  
Or unclean eye might see.

A local man gave out a whim;  
Another stood to bray;  
Then all attention turned to Him  
To hear what He may say.

The topics were subsquishion  
And exbedience to dekree,  
And scrotal seporation  
From those who don't agree.

With aposquallic fervour  
He dispensed this heavily blight  
While all averred his every word  
Was absolutely right

What sanctimy, what pouter,  
We scarce can take it in,  
That God has sent us such an one  
To slave us from our spin.

The place of salivation  
Is behind this barbled fence,  
But bring with you a stash of cash  
To coffer the expense.