

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 bullkies 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.