



Dear People,

Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

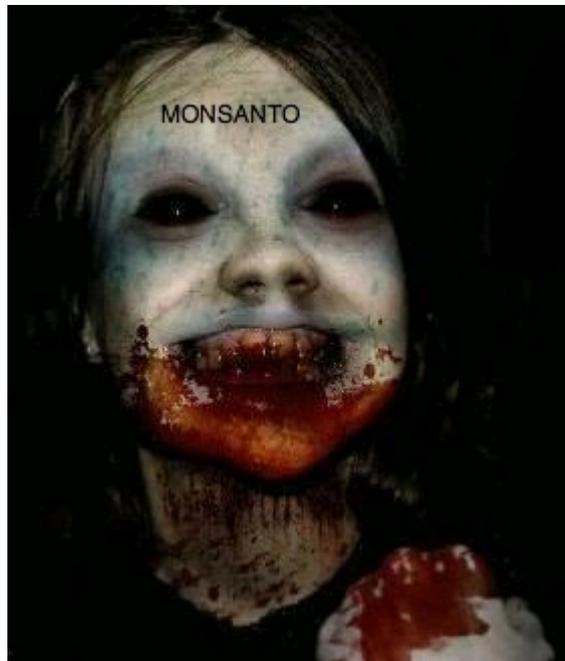
May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...



Dear People,

Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...



Dear People,

Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss

like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...

Dear People,
Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...

Dear People,
Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...



Dear People,
Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...

Dear People,
Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...

Dear People,
Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and

from whom you have stolen.

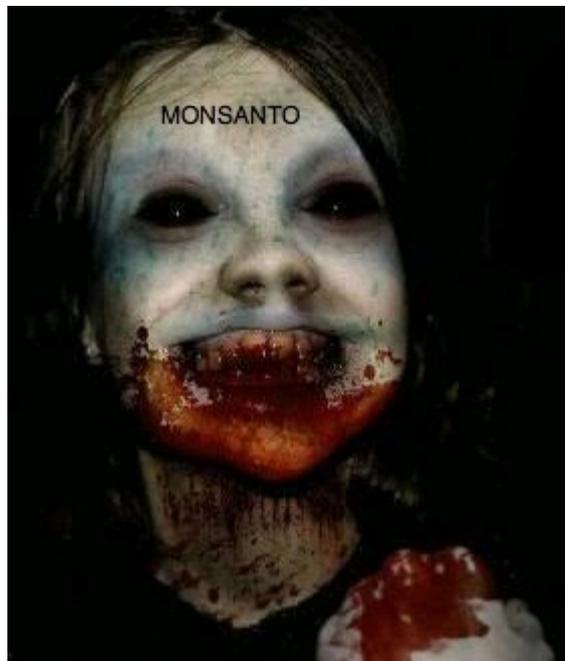
May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...



Dear People,
Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...

Dear People,
Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...

Dear People,
Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

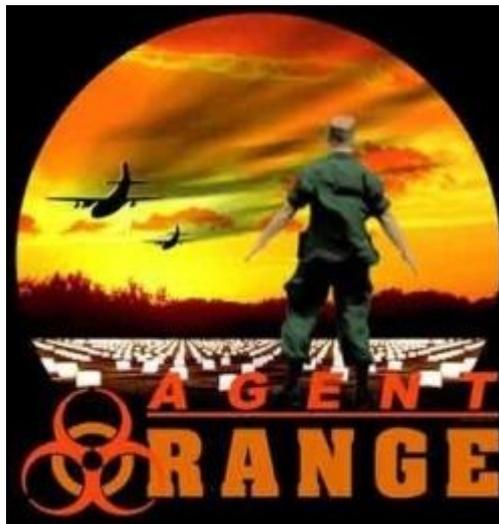
May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...



Dear People,

Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to

the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...

Dear People,

Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...



Dear People,
Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...



Dear People,

Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...

Dear People,

Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

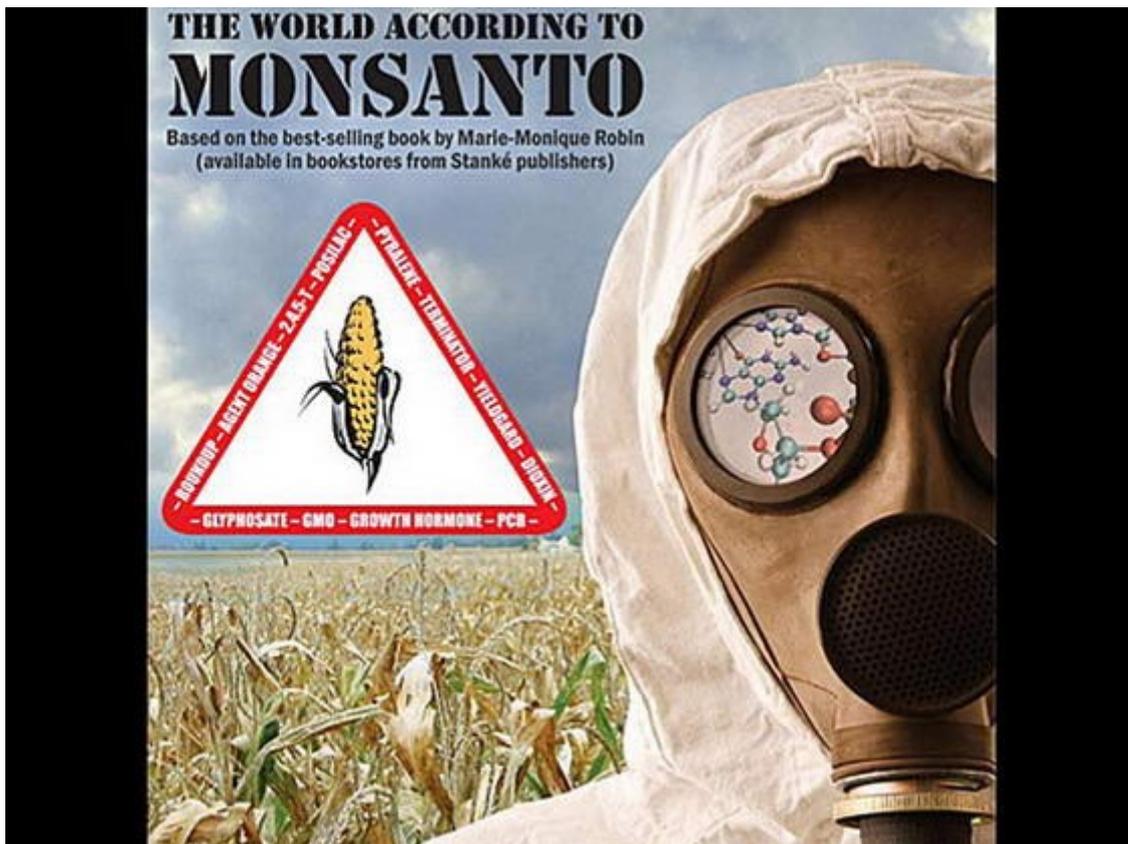
May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...



Dear People,
Your time will come to an end.

Your enterprise, built upon the blood and bones of thousands who starve for your satisfaction and the riches of the greedy amongst you, will come to an end.

Your riches, stolen from the land and from the people, you who even would sue the African farmer who has your seeds blow into his field - they will fall away from you, the goodness of them and their feeding will disperse into the earth and the peace and fearlessness of freedom from poverty will enter the lives of all those who are poor and from whom you have stolen.

May Jah curse you, may He destroy all the wickedness of the works of your hands.

May Holy Mary destroy you, may She tear you to dust and disperse you within the abyss like a serpent of Light ascending in power and glorious beauty through the fractured carcass of Thy Body.

May Simha Mukha, Vajrayogini, Vajrapani and all the classes of Wrathful Tantric deities without exception declare war upon Thy directors, upon thy holdings, returning them to the people.

The land is ours, the land is ours, the land is ours!

We speak with the voice of millions. Therefore, I say again...

MAY IT BE DONE IN THE NAMES OF JAH, ALLAH, JEHOVAH, JESUS CHRIST - YESHUVA - YOD HE SHIN VAU HE . IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST, YESHUVA, YOD HE SHIN VAU HE. IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST, YESHUVA, YOD HE SHIN VAU HE.

"The rich and mighty shall be brought low
And the poor and humble exalted"



