

GET OUT!

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I came back to the place that my father calls home. I thought I could rest and be peaceful. For years I had wandered and taken to roaming wherever my feet chose to go. But I found that they'd banished my father away. They'd taken his home and possessions. They'd corrupted his house with their deviant ways with their greed and their graft and their gold. So Get out with your tables get out with your cards, your dice and your sporting and all. Your twisting and dealing is fouling my home. Your greed and your grasping for money will be your downfall.

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So I shattered their tables, and scattered their gold. I was angry like never before.
 And the place that was peaceful was filled with the cries of the cash-speculators and thieves.
 Their faces were ugly, their eyes full of hate for the Man who had ended their scheming.
 But my furious rage was a fire in their faces. They turned and they started to leave.

So you dealers in misery, traders in poverty, stealers of bodies and souls,
 go back to your rat-holes, sink back in your slime. Let the place of my father be free.
 It's a home for the weary, support for the lame, a place to be laughing and dancing.
 It's a store for the wisdom that comes from the Man. It's a place to be closer to me.