

## The Sadistic Self-Serving Self-Righteous Rite of Sociopathic Savage Shamans

It's frightfully easy to destroy things. Any vacuous, venomous vandal, any halfwitted hooligan can habitually, happily hurl bricks through stained-glass windows—pompously self-proclaimed “perfecter of the windows,” an artist of highest degree—says he; a stained-glass expert. *Oh, really?* Who's the actual expert? The brutish brick chucking, ruffian wretchedly wrecking windows—that vainly vandyked vandal—or the bloke *laboriously* repairing the broken window?

It's frightfully easy to destroy things. True story—a disturbed, deranged degenerate amputated his own glans penis—*with a hatchet!* So is *he—the* glans penis expert? Ye gonna run straight to good ol' gross-in-the-head with all of yer glans penis questions—*Are you?*

It's frightfully easy to destroy things. Even chimpanzees mutilate the members of rival males. Which is why—likewise, advertisements for urologists routinely boost how ye're ever so pleased, proud o' yer prepucectomy proficiency—ye'll burn it off with a laser, or freeze it off with liquid nitrogen, *kaj tiel plu*. Yet—any miserable wretch, any witch doctor with a bone in the neb, a sack of shrunken heads, an all that can perform—yer beloved, base, bestial, barbaric blood ritual. Does that make him an expert on the prepuce?

Shall we be candid? Like chimpanzees, doctors are dangerous, damn-dirty amoral apes. Simply—savage simians with a sickeningly sadistic sexual fetish for flaying foreskins. Yeah—Yez all have a pathologically putrid perversion, the paraphilia, apotemnophilia—of the prepuce in particular to be precise—so popular with primitives with their primaeval primate predilections for pruning penises. An' owin' to the void in yer simian souls, devoid of *moral agency*—that which separates civilized men from ye becostumed base barbarous bloody beasts—there's no controllin' the compulsion compellin' ye—and there's no telling ye right from wrong. So ye hatchet hefting half-wits happily hack away—cuz ye gotta hack it off—to get it off—when ye're whacking it off; so ye chop it off, or burn it off, or freeze it off, or clamp it off an slice it off—cuz how ye get off.

Shall we be candid? Yez all are frankly—fetishistic, filthy, feral, faeces flinging, mutilating, malevolent, miscreant monkeys of medicine—fancy yersels fine artists, because ye flung poo at the paintings o Pablo Picasso.

Shall we be candid? No matter how tenaciously ye cling to yer comforting cognitive illusions an delusions—deep in denial, dissonance an self-deception, that inane misnomer “*circumcision*” is a soothing, saccharine-sweet, sugar-coated euphemism used by hucksters and charlatans—sensencajo spoutin, snake-oil toutin—droolin, windy lickin quack-tardes. The repeaters of rank, risibly ridiculous medical mendacities such as, “circumcision” is effectively an HIV vaccine—but it only works if ye also wear a condom, an shoot yer heroin out of a clean needle. Ooh... Such superbly severe, stunningly stellar stupidity to incredibly credulously credit. Believe, that—believe this tip, amputating the tip of yer tongue is effectively a cholera vaccine—but it only works if ye also drink pure water.

Shall we be candid? Over there, in far-flung foreign lands—over, over there in the where-ever-the-fekastans brown-skinned, white-coated medical professionals—pretentious, pompously preening peacocks, perform prepucectomies—gender-inclusively—citing the same raft of rancid rationalizations for the same sadistic, sanctimonious, self-serving, self-righteous rite—for *boys and girls alike*. Yet, ye still call it *female* genital mutilation. So, it seems—to stamp the pseudoscience seal of approval onto tribal folklore, an old wives’ tales—ye need white-skinned white-coated professionally pretentious, pompously preening peacocks providin’ proper decorum for transmuting excrement to *aurum* in a medical forum. Wallah! The stultifying stupidstitions of savage shamans, are substituted for the stultifying stupidstitions of sociopathic pseudoscientists. What was once ritualized sexual mutilation, is now a *medical procedure*—a *simple* medical procedure with *no* detriments, an *so many* benefits I can’t count. Yeah, ye got to be lily-white—like a bright white pair of tighty-whities—to give it the ol’ white-coat whitewash an’ wash away the shite stains—thus made a miraculous miracle o modern medicine. So sorry to say—yer kinky cosplay don’t make it okay.

So you want to see a Savage?  
Savagery is so very very easy to spot.  
Well, I’ll tell you where the Savages dwell, they’re over there.  
They’re over over there in wherever-the-fuckastan—that’s where the Savages dwell, Stan.

So just look over there.  
Just look over over there, in wherever-the-fuckastan—  
that’s where you’ll look Stan.  
So don’t look over here, look over there,  
cuz they’re never never over here.  
It’s never never your tribe no.  
It’s never never you Stan, no.  
Well the Savages, they all dwell over over there  
in wherever-the-fuckastan—that’s where Stan.  
Cuz it’s never never your tribe—*no*—it’s never never you Stan  
*no* not you—never you Stan, *no*.

Well I am the haver at hand  
of a handley handheld mirror—one not always so pleased with what he sees in his mirror.  
So I’ll tell you Stan, savagery so easily,  
so very very easily,  
sickly, sickly, seeps in an’ steeps an’ stains every Simian soul.

So just where in the hell do ya’ dwell Stan?  
Well I’ll tell you where, ya’ dwell Stan.  
Wherever-the-fuckistan—that’s where ya’ dwell Stan.  
So stop looking over there Stan  
Stop looking over over there Stan  
Look over here Stan  
Look over over here Stan  
Stare into this here mirror and see the Savage Simian staring back at you.  
Because you too—yes you too  
Oh yes, it’s your tribe too Stan  
That dwells in wherever-the-fuckistan