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Legenda ''Green Gang''

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Drowning in dog stew and strangled in vine. Blister wine

Burns the inside . . . (They flew in a line over poppy fields.

They'd drop and they'd blast their supply. On demand! They persist. They pervert. They command: "RED alert." And green burns to yellow, to orange, to dirt covered Baby bones in powder piles. Mile after mile. And a Line costs a dime. A slaughter's a quarter. Yes, the Green God's immortal, whispers "Peace in our time." RED alert!

Here come the Green Gang

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