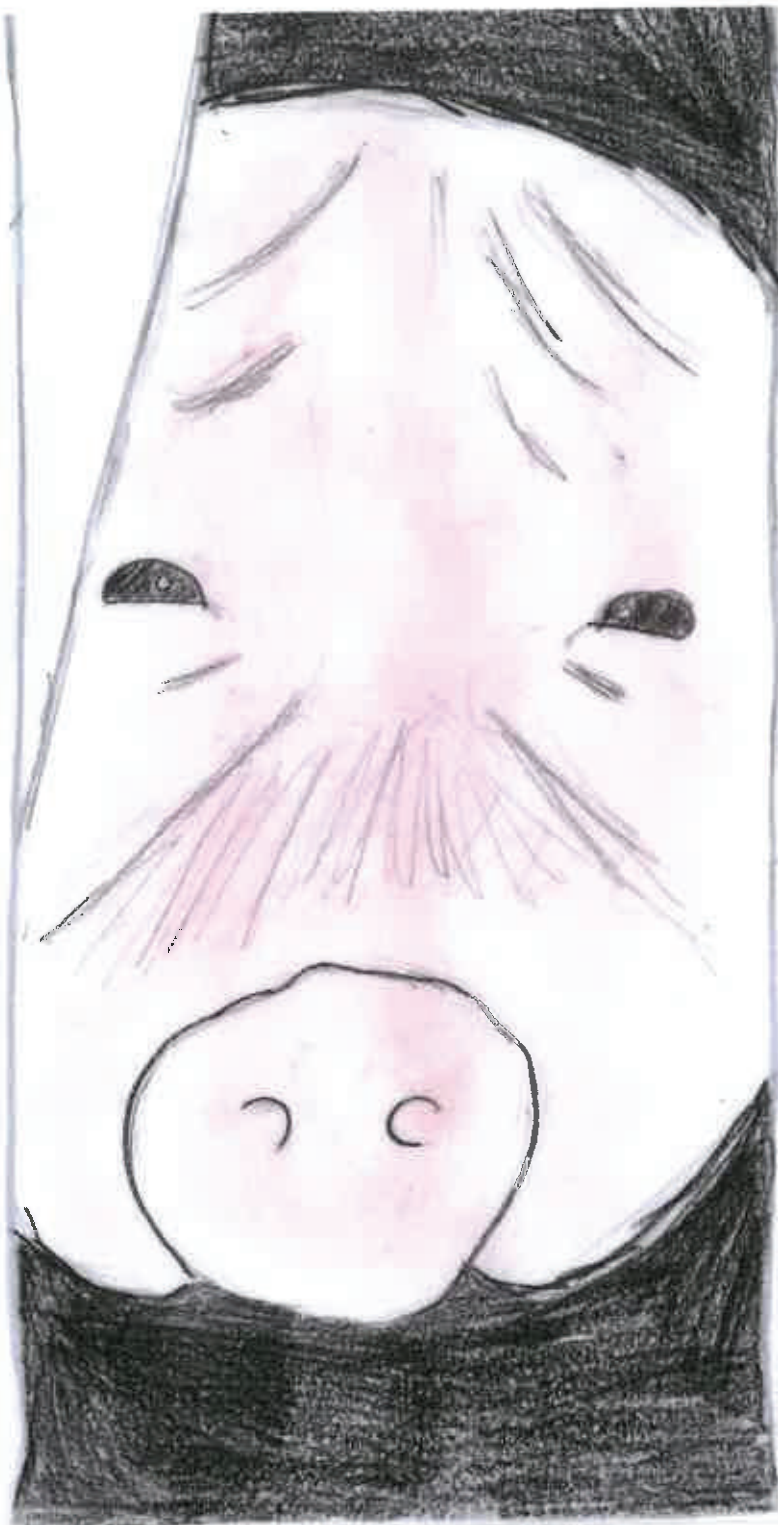




FREEDOM

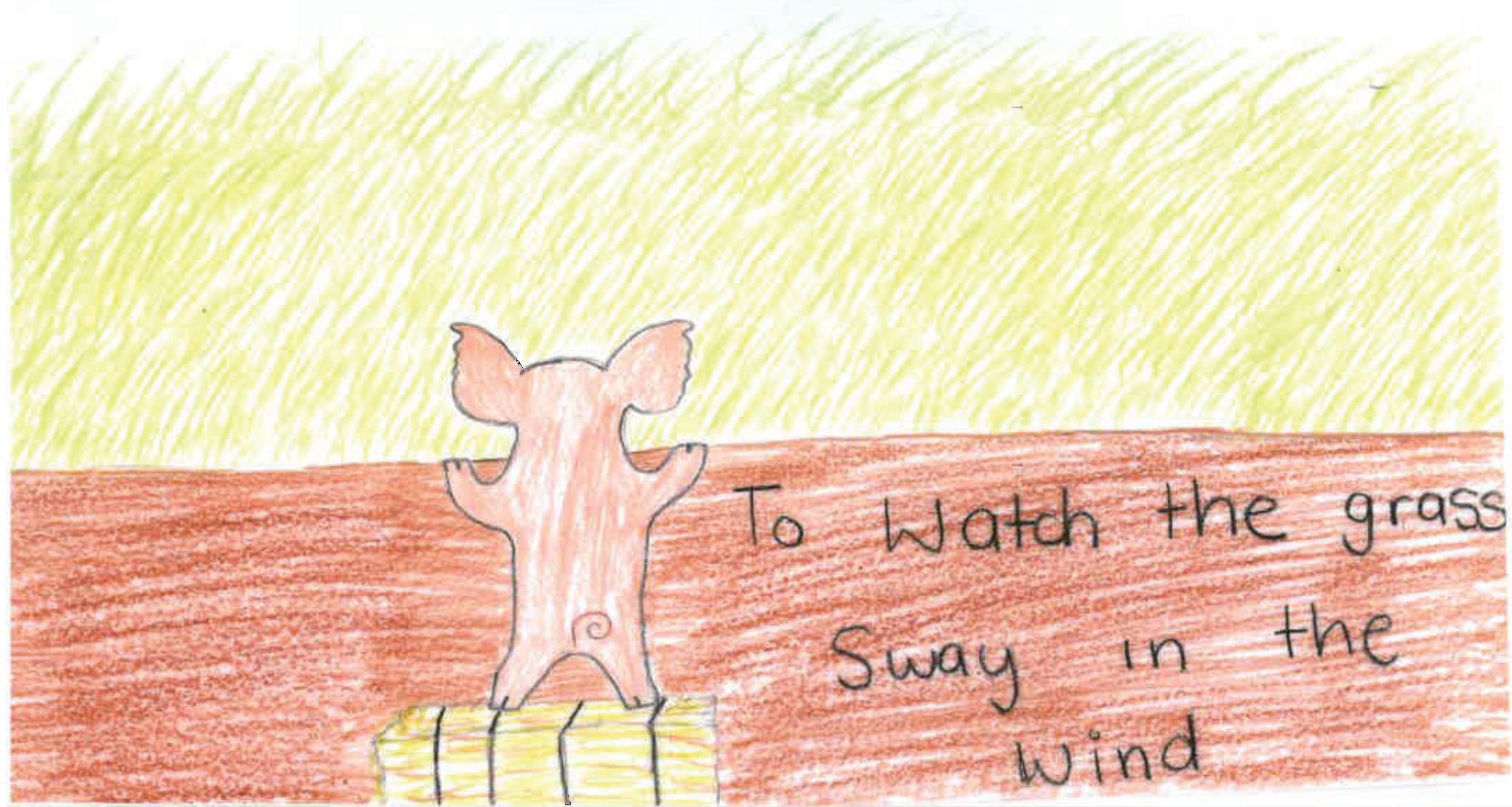


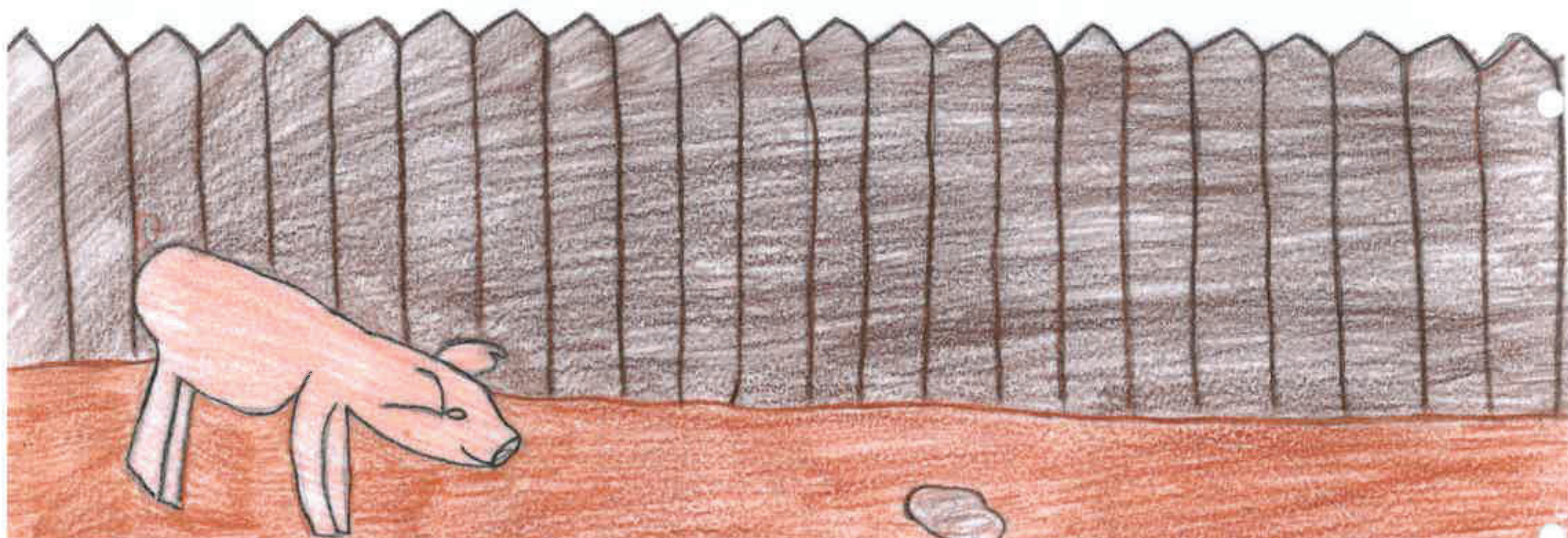
And fly to
a happier
place





Where I can peek over
fences

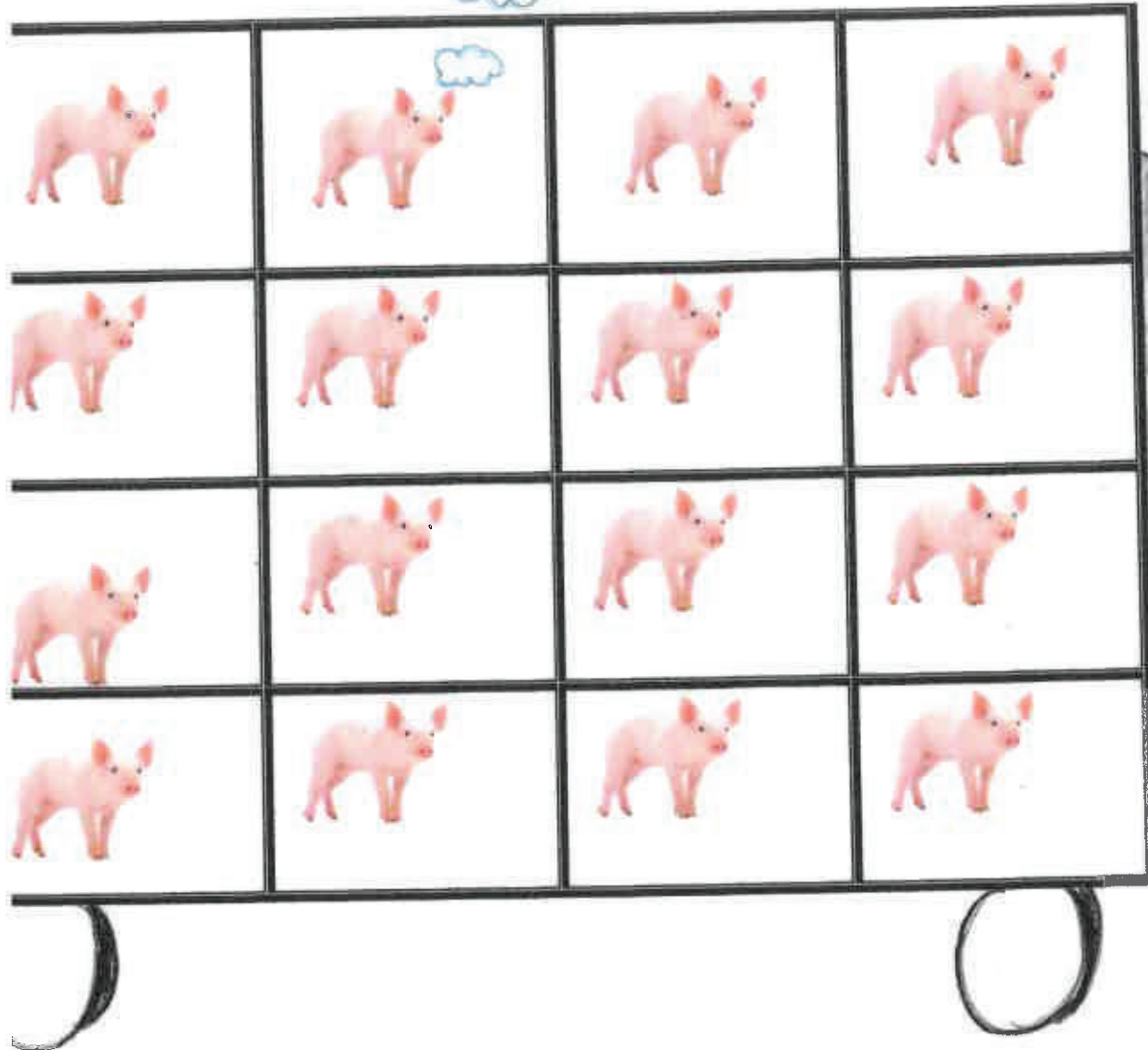




And roll in the filthiest mud, until my
heart's content



But I don't believe that will
ever happen



Herded into the
rumbling belly of a
Smoke belching
monster, tripping
over my brothers
and sisters.

We are
confined and
alone.

Staff
only



Entering
Slaughter
house

Although I am now
free, I now understand
what I am.



A product

