

I'm the White in "White Trash"



I'm the White in, "Whites are not human beings". I'm the White in, "The White race is the cancer of humanity". I'm the White in, "The White race will be a minority in the United States by the middle of this century". Take a good look, for I could very well be among the last of my kind.

The Grim Reaper is calling my name, yet you pretend not to hear. Over the horizon I can see the Stegosaurus, I can see the Dodo Bird, while you put on a facade of happiness, because you prefer extinction to confronting my executioner.

Is *this* what we have become? Is *this* the same race of people who walked on the moon a few decades ago? How far we have fallen, with but a short distance to go before the western sun, once so brilliant, sets for eternity.

Will you march into your own grave wearing rose colored glasses – or will you awake from your dream world, and make one last heroic stand?

Survive or perish – the choice is yours, European man.

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