

# When You Take a Person's Mind

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by [Jon Rappoport](#), No More Fake News

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*From a great distance  
You see little puppets down there  
Injecting RNA into arms  
Faces behind masks  
People locked up in their houses  
It looks all very normal  
As if people have always done this  
But when you swoop down  
And take a person's mind in your hands  
And turn it over  
And really look at it  
You see eternity  
Reshaped into a toy  
That buzzes  
This mind couldn't be what it is unless it was once ENDLESS  
This is obvious to anyone who looks  
In fact there is a museum of misshapen minds  
Relics of bygone ages  
Examples of how you could take infinity and drop it down into  
compartments and weasel holes and mazes and dead end alleys  
at midnight  
Each "new" mind is a system  
Bells and lights and buzzers  
Always looking for add-ons  
Because you see  
A planetary vaccine campaign is really just an extension of  
misshapen minds  
More bells and lights*

From a great distance the whole thing looks like  
A giant tinker toy  
It's only when you come much closer  
Do you see the swollen hearts and the blood clots  
And the dying  
And the weeping

I have a collection of my own minds I used to have  
here and there, now and then  
MY minds

I take them out once in a while  
When I had THIS mind I thought THAT  
And when I had THAT one I thought THIS  
And believed THAT

So many times and places  
Too many to count  
These minds will get a person embroiled  
In all sorts of trouble

He's inside a mechanical buzzard feeding on dead ideas  
He's crawling up the steps of a cathedral like a toy soldier  
with a hernia to listen to the sound of velvet Pope money  
rustling under robes

He's clanking like an old rusty robot into a doctor's office  
And a nurse injects genes on to his iron arm where they  
sizzle like end-stage breakfast in a pan in a lost diner...

This is called CIVILIZATION

This is what people are doing to each other

700,000 vaccine injuries in America alone and you can  
multiply those reports by a factor of 100 to get the real  
number

And now in Massachusetts they're testing babies

Churches are saying the Lord is all right with vaccination

The Sunday bells are ringing

Take the shot before you receive the blessing

Some toy minds are shaped into killers

They're issuing the edicts

And lining up with shields and truncheons on the streets

And some minds are believing television news  
And submitting with pride  
On the lawns of Concord, where the first shots were fired in  
the American Revolution  
They're now injecting children with RNA  
It's a Saturday picnic  
Balloons, pony rides, ice cream, a laser show in a tent  
A bald man with a drooping moustache calls in the President  
through a bullhorn  
And the old doddering leader shuffles into view, a ghost,  
gazing around him in wonder, looking for his childhood or his  
doctor or a penny piece of gum...

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