

A Speculative Fiction

Propagandhi

A new iron curtain drawn across the 49th parallel.
Cut all diplomatic ties as we expel
All American dignitaries,
And issue a nation-
wide travel advisory for any others left inside.
Nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide.
The burned out shells of south-
bound traffic lay strewn across a cold
Stretch of would-be interstate.
Still visible below
Below their charred remains:
Pax Americana plates.
Your stupid fucking laser-pucks were just the start.

And while you may stand six full cubits and a span,
A shepard's sling and five stones in our hand
And the battle of 1812 lives in our heart.

We don't care if we're destroyed.
We'll never capitulate.
We'll take the whole fucking world down,
Down with us in flames.

Just a speculative fiction.
No cause for alarm.
We got a good 15 years left
Till the United We Stand
Murals on West Broadway finally fade
And we wave good-bye to such sad, childish refrains.
Exchanged for other stupid lullabies
Like "you can have my guns when you pry
Them from my cold dead hands".

Just a speculative fiction.