

Lower Order (A Good Laugh)

Propagandhi

My first hunting trip was quite eventful
I must've been about 5 or 6
An essential rite of passage
For those consigned here with a dick
Shot size 5 was recommended for
A clean efficient kill
They laughed as I cried
And stroked his blood-soaked iridescent quills

Don't recall just how I got there
To the hatchery I mean
Stumbled through the bush on a field trip
And there it stood in front of me
I stooped down upon the concrete pad
To verify what I was seeing
The aftermath of stomping boots
Upon hundreds of tiny, helpless beings

Hello despair and booze-fueled rage
How do you do, my gilded cage?

Stupid chick on the conveyor belt
Staring at her severed foot
Stupid pig despairing at the sight
Of his companion on a hook
You ever see that stupid cow chasing the truck
That drove off with her calf?
Stupid lower order always good for a good laugh

Debarked
Declawed
Defanged
Dehorned
Wings clipped
Toes cut
Branded
Teeth pulled

Farewell despair and booze-fueled rage
How do you do, soon-to-be-emptied cage?