

Middle Finger Response

Propagandhi

Bowl of cherries in Waskasoo Creek
A sylvan way of life for those who seek none beyond a parkland
mall
This land scape oasis now feigns city hall
And they call this peace
Not how it seems to me. Sugar-coated disease
Buckle at the knees.
Your members of parliament lining their garments
With hides of the masses (their heads stuck up their asses)
Bald little soldiers, flags sewn to their shoulders
This insight spawns despair
Why am I not part of this?
Pine cone wealth and cedar fence bliss?
All your novel themes that keep you amused on your way to
The Canadian, flag-waving-
Aryan, mother fucking, cock sucking dream
Oh yeah!
Nobody cares about the state of affairs
You can turn blue in the face, but you cannot erase
Oblivious to the obvious
I'm making perfect sense but I'm not getting through
Progress overdue
But don't expect to find me with a note left to be read
Pistol in my hand and a bullet in my head
Because this census indicates and this atlas has related
Three billion humans I haven't irritated
I've got a lot of work to do. Three billion people
That's three billion snotty fuck you's
Fuck you, fuck all of you