

Name and Address Withheld

Propagandhi

The following views expressed
Do not necessarily reflect
Those of the prevailing
Order, who prostrate to
Their naked kings, tailor the seams of
Funeral shrouds on foreign shores,
But shed no tears for the dead
The dead of the endless list of
Informal wars - the justification for
Will be spelled out for me coming soon
To a screen, to a screen, near me, near you.

I'm feeling less hopeful
And so much less human
As my days are reduced to
Little more than
Settling for revenge
And wondering whatever happened to the kid that pledged

Chalk it up to an overdeveloped sense of unbridled vengeance.
Somebody fed me too much New Hope for breakfast,
Cause as the empire preemptively strikes back
Again and the voice of Luke's father
Baritones this is CNN
I recall Arab kids slaughtered reduced
To sand-niggers and rag-heads.
And now I'm expected to mourn

Dead Americans?
The executioner's willing citizens?
I'm so sorry
And I'm trying to think it through,
But when the chickens came home to roost

And hand-delivered
And hand-delivered
Matching funeral urns
To the bully that never learns
I could've swore I heard a chorus rise and fall
Wishing them so many more unhappy returns.
But in every war waged,
Only kings emerged unscathed.