

# The Banger's Embrace

Propagandhi

The day the Equinox arrived, our pilgrimage began.  
Twelve hundred miles, a cruise missile to our unholy land.  
We were fucking stoked, unlike we'd been  
Since we were pimped, pubeless teens.

From every corner of the world, our fellow maniacs arrived,  
To prove the meaning of the tunes had not been lost through time's  
Antiquity, but had survived  
To leave this monumental sign.

They say you can't relive the past,  
But as the lights went down, it all came rushing back.  
Half a life away, the night, for the first time in a lonely life,  
A young soul took flight.

They stormed the stage, a thrashing rage, we all screamed, "Terminate!"  
A half-head in a whale shirt went and breathed it in my face.  
I didn't care, it could not impair  
This rhapsodic, transcendental state.

When the music died,  
Two ends of time had been neatly tied.

Descending lights had scorched the plains,  
Returning kings back to reclaim  
Lost disciples that had remained  
To tend the flames.

We stormed into streets, a pack of raging troglodytes.  
We waited for our bus, then rode it hard into the night.  
Far beneath the cold, robotic sweep  
Of the radar operator's pale green glow.

Twenty thousand leagues below,  
To the place where all the best bands go.