

Propagandhi, A Speculative Fiction

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 burnt-out shells of south-bound traffic lay
Strewn along 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 shepherd's sling and five stones in our hand!
The battle of 1812 lives in our hearts!
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've got a good fifteen years left
Til United We Stand
Murals on West Broadway finally fade
And we wave goodbye to your 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!