

Propagandhi, Mate Ka Moris Ukun Rasik An

Dickheads shit-talk and huddled single file
First world frat boys and prairie skinheads who will never walk a mile
or mourn a murdered friend
In these tiny woman's shoes
Drink up and mumble your abuse
I'm still humbled by it all
And around the same time I was riding with no hands
Busting windows and getting busy behind the sportsplex
With Labonte's older sister decked out in her Speedos
Bella was flinching from the sting of a Depoprovera family planning,
Her own Pearl Harbour, and a holocaust spanning 25 years to life
A prison my country underwrote in paradise
And in the shadows of Santa Cruz
She crossed her fingers behind her back
Built Suharto a Trojan horse
and lay still till the motherfucker sent her north
Where as night fell she emerged
With a box under her arm
That held her pledge of allegiance and her uniform
She laid it at the gates of the General's embassy
And her whisper echoed into dawn, as she disappeared
"The truth will set my people free";