

Propagandhi, Stick The Fucking Flag Up Your Goddamn Ass

My father told me "Son, it's futile to resist. You can topple the ideology but not the armies they enlist." I questioned the intentions of the boy scouts shouting "WAR!!"

"Well that's the sound of freedom, son." he said (free to say no more)... But wait a minute, "dad", did you actually say freedom? Well, if you're dumb enough to vote, you're f**king dumb enough to believe him. Because is this country is so goddamn free, then I can burn your fuking flag wher ever I damn well please.

I carried their anthem, convinced it was mine. Rhymeless, unreasoned conjecture kept me in line. But then I stood back and wondered what the f**k they had done to me. Made accomplice to all that I'd promised I would never be.

You carry their anthem, convinced that it's yours. Initiation to honour.

Invitation to war.

Bette Midler now assumes sainthood. Romanticize murder for morale. Tie a yellow ribbon 'round the old oak tree and, "Gee, Wally, that's swell!"

F**K THE TROOPS