

# Propagandhi, Middle Finger Response

Bowl of cherries in Waskasio Creek  
A sylvan way of life for those who seek  
none beyond a parkland mall  
This land scape oasis now feigns city hall  
And they call this peace  
Not how it seems to me  
Sugar-coated disease  
Buckle at the knees  
Your members of Parliament  
lining their garments  
with hides of the masses  
their heads stuck up their asses  
Bald little soldiers  
Flags sewn to their shoulders  
This insight spawns despair.  
Why am I not part of this?  
Pine cone wealth and cedar-fence bliss?  
All your novel themes that keep you amused  
on your way to the Canadian,  
flag-waving-aryan, motherfuckingcuntsucking dream!!!  
Oh yeah!  
Nobody cares about the state of affairs  
You can turn blue in the face  
but you cannot erase  
Oblivious to the obvious  
I'm making perfect sense  
but I'm not getting through  
Progress overdue  
But!!!  
...don't expect to find me with a note left to be read  
Pistol in my hand and  
a bullet in my head  
this census indicates  
and this atlas has related  
3 billion humans I haven't irritated  
I've got a lot of work to do  
3 billion people  
That's 3 billion snotty fuck you's.  
Fuck you  
Fuck all of you