

## Middle Finger Response

Propagandhi

Bowl of cherries in Waskasoo 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, mother fucking, cock sucking 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  
Because this census indicates and this atlas has related  
Three billion humans I haven't irritated  
I've got a lot of work to do. Three billion people  
That's three billion snotty fuck you's  
Fuck you, fuck all of you