

Supporting Caste (Live for the BBC)

Propagandhi

When the credits finally
roll, on this the
worst story ever
told, don't bother
sifting through the names
for yours or anyone you know, unless they
were by chance a shepherd king,
a virgin birth, or resurrection, a messianic prince or some
such childish thing.
You can [story end is sweet]
move to block its theatrical release,
but I think we
can safely guarantee
there will be no revisions to the script made on behalf
of a supporting caste. Cause history accepts
only
the pornography of force,
that of
murderers and psychopaths, the rest of us of course
stricken from the narrative wholesale.
A backdrop to their jail! As we
with two pence,
are rushed right swiftly off the stage with
Child bones,
of asses,
the story couldn't call for the masses.
No floral bouquet,
no breaking of legs,
no recurring role,
no artistic control! Its so weird these days,
this torment we face,
its all left to chance,
A piece of advice,
if you're cast on thin ice,
you may as well dance.

Lyrics provided by
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