A Speculative Fiction

Propagandhi

A new iron curtain drawn across the 49th parallel. Cut all diplomatic ties as we expel all American dignitaries and issue a nation-wide travel advisory for any others left inside. Nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide. The burned out shells of south-bound traffic lay strewn along a cold stretch of would-be interstate. Still visible below their charred remains: Pax Americana plates. Your stupid fucking laser-pucks were just the start. And while you may stand six full cubits and a span, we got a shepherd's sling and five stones in our hand and the battle of 1812 lives in our hearts. We don't care if we're destroyed. We'll never capitulate. We'll take the whole fucking world down with us in flames. Just a speculative fiction. No cause for alarm. We got a good 15 years left 'til the United We Stand murals on West Broadway finally fade and we wave good-bye to such sad, childish refrains. Replaced with other stupid lullabies like you can have my guns when you pry them from my cold dead hands. Just a speculative fiction. No cause for alarm.

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