Name and Address With-Held

Propagandhi

The following views expressed do not necessarily reflect those of the prevailing order, who prostrate to their naked kings, tailor the seams of funeral shrouds on foreign shores, but shed no tears for the dead of the endless list of informal wars - the justification for will be spelled out coming soon to a screen near you. I'm feeling less hopeful and so much less human as my days are reduced to little more than settling for revenge and wondering whatever happened to the kid that pledged "first do no harm"? Chalk it up to an overdeveloped sense of unbridled vengeance. Somebody fed me too much New Hope for breakfast, 'cause as the empire preemptively strikes back (again) and the voice of Luke's father baritones this is CNN I recall Arab kids slaughtered reduced to sand-niggers and rag-heads. And now I'm expected to mourn dead Americans? The executioner's willing citizens? I'm so sorry and I'm trying to think it through, but when the chickens came home to roost and hand-delivered matching funeral urns to the bully that never learns I could've swore I heard a chorus rise and fall wishing them so many more unhappy returns. But in every war waged, only kings emerged unscathed.

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