Middle Finger Response

Propagandhi

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. That's 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, cunt/cock/ass/mother/father/finger/butt/blood/booger sucking/fucking/shitting/farting/picking/flicking/dicking 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 keft to be read. Pistol in my hand and a bullet in my head. Because the census indicates and this atlas has related 3 billion hymns I haven't irritated. I've got alot of work to do. 3 billion people. That's 3 billion snotty FUCK YOU's.

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