

# 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 left 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.

Lyrics provided by

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