Note to Self

Propagandhi

No-fly list. No-drive list. No-walk list. No-talk list.
No muckracking journalist left to take stock
of the wholesale omission of outside perspectives.How does it make you feel to know that you voted for this?So much for your hopes and your dreams and your children.
You just sat there believing in this bullshit system.
Just wishing the mob would magically come to its senses.How does it make you feel to know you just stood by and watched it?Dazed. Numb. Powerless. Stunned.
While we frantically click our heels, already home.The bands. The sports. The booze. Its all thats left of you.
When the cops and the courts refuse to confess the sins of the few,
what is there left to do?The answers there right before your eyes: rise.

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