# Iteration

## Propagandhi

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Donald wept through the proceedings. His tears soaked through the canvas that cloaked his twisted face and they stained his orange jumpsuit where with such rare distinction he once displayed the evidence of his outstanding contributions to the maintenance of a kingdom come. But those days are gone. He's nothing more than a number on a docket thick with shareholders, engineers, PR firms, politicians: war-profiteers. How the fuck did I end up here? This just isn't fair. Ain't no place for a millionaire. He searches for the words to stop this table in mid-turn, like "we are but old men" and "we only did what we were told," but the laughter from the gallery drowns out these vestiges of a profession's oldest defense. The court will direct the record to reflect compliments from the bench; you sir, are central casting's crowning achievement. And for your outstanding performance in a comedic role, I'd like to dedicate the findings of the jury to the dead. But how can one man ever repay a debt so appalling? Can't gouge 10,000 eyes from a single head so I think we should observe a sentence that will serve to satisfy both a sense of function and poetry: so you will spend the rest of your days drenched in sweat, with your face drawn in a rictus of terror as you remove another buried land mine fuse. Meanwhile, 100 yards back behind the sandbags, a legless foreman pulls the trigger on a red megaphone. Squelching feedback. Drunken laughter. Broken English. His dead daughter's picture. Time and tide, no one can anticipate the inevitable waves of change.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/