

Who Will Help Me Bake This Bread?

Propagandhi

I speak my mind. I question theirs. It seems to me like no one really cares.
Peripherally blind. Intellectually numb. Ignorance by choice? or just plain
fucking dumb? You're threatened by my mind. You want everything the same. But
my questions still remain. You boycott your brain. You answer with fists. But
my questions rearrange my mind. You can beat this shell about me, but you
can't touch what's inside. So now who will help me bake this bread? Who will
be the first to speak and leave complacency for dead? I've done all that I
can on my own. But stagnant minds persist to squeeze blood from this stone.
But I won't bleed for you. I have no need for you. Death will be the day I
concede to you. (As you can see, I really mean bussiness, Poot!)

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