

Today's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes

Propagandhi

This tangled web we weave spans from Pine to Ruby Ridge
Back to Shay's defeat
On up to Gufstafsen
Now cue the ass parade of dittoheads and commisars and pricks
Drown out the faintest hint of commie faggot heretics
The nail that sticks up gets hammered down
The master's finest tools are found
Slack-jawed and placid
Amidst the cacophony
Of screaming billboards and Disney-fied history
Sometimes the ties that bind are strange
No justice shines upon the cemetery plots marked Hampton, Weaver, or Anna Mae
Where federal bureaus and fraternal orders
Have cast their shadows
Permanent features build into these borders
But undercover of the
The customary gap we find between
History and truth
Founding fathers
Bask in the rockets blinding red glare
Bombs bursting in air
But the truth is
The back country learned of ratification
The people had a coffin painted black
And solemnly born in funeral procession
They buried it deep in the earth
An emblem of their disillusion
Internment of their public liberty
Someday, somewhere
Today's empires, tomorrow's ashes

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