March Of The Crabs

Propagandhi

We stood our ground waiting for the fight to begin. My eyes squinted at the sun, wondering if they'd swing or run. I tell no lie: jackknives in socks, they're all gonna die. Tensions rise. Pre-pubes swarm the hill like flies. Get the caskets ready, we're going to tear right through this city. That's if the anger don't, that's if the boredom don't, the drinking don't intercept this north-end horde. Who am I? Fighting a war that I can't win. Swelling with things we try to hide.You never leave anyone behind. A harsh return that slaps you in the face. For one last chance, we leave this place. We're all packing up and moving on. I've got a war in the head. Fear our lives won't pass as great events. A better prospect hides up ahead. Do you feel it in the air? We've been crushed beyond oblivion. Farce and death walk hand in hand. Graves and memorial walls hold my family name. Pills and bottles do the same. I hope that freedom's coming our way.The fight never happened. The crowd petered out. We all dribbled home. Mission accomplished.

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