

# Resisting Tyrannical Government

## Propagandhi

why don't we all strap bombs to our chests and ride our bikes to the next g-7 picnic? it seems easier with every clock tick. but whose will would that represent? mine? yours? the rank-and-file's? or better yet: the government's? but i don't want to catalyze or synthesize the second final solution. i don't want to be the steve smith of the revolution. do you see the analogy? we're the oilers. the world bank- the flames! and just 2 minutes remain in the 7th game of the best of 7 series! yeah, jesus saves! gretzky scores! the workers slave. the rich get more. one wrong move and we risk the cup. so play the man, not the puck. why don't we plant a mechanic virus and erase the memory of the machines that maintain this capitalist dynasty? and yes, i recognize the irony that the very system i oppose affords me the luxury of biting the hand that feeds. but that's exactly why privileged fucks like me should feel obliged to whine and kick and scream- until everyone has everything they need.

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