

Million Dead

"Charlie & The Propaganda Myth Machine"

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If every child chased dreams of societal reorganization
In place of sweet wrappers and escape,
Then we would see mr. cadbury's enlightened
industrialism
For what it really fucking is:
Social morphine ?we'd have ourselves a pre-school
army.
Walt disney is pushing social and sexual hierarchy,
My bed-time stories like a gmtv gomulka.
Slumbering in my jimmy-jammies,
My wondrous imagination long since closed and put
away.
Willy wonka was a capitalist confidence trickster,
A poster boy for neo-liberalism, a full-stop on revolt.
And the bfg a propagandist for an unaccountable
regime,
Orwell's vision with a wrinkled face.
Hold out the arm and quiet the voice.
My first macdonald's visit a vaccination,
Like the time my parents took me to the school / clinic,
And handed me over to the teacher / nurse / whatever.
I too got sucked in by the myth machine.
Unattainable, but i just wish we weren't so fucking
mindless.
Drowned in a recurring nightmare of causal influence.
A little more suspicion in our fairy tales please.
Mum and dad, i'm sorry, i won't do what enid blyton
told me.
Our jealousy at their opportunity:
The once weak will one day rule this world.
The monsters underneath the bed are merely jaded
failings.

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