

Propaganda

"Fixed Frequencies"

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Here in the land that Abraham was promised to receive
we listen to you catechize from your pulpit overseas.
You mourn the proofs of our barbarity. Dry your eyes,
oh Pharisee. We both speak a settler's cant. We both
read from the same old played out scripts and hum
familiar tunes, broadcast on fixed frequencies, stuck in
locking grooves. We both profess noble intent as we
civilize human impediments. So if your hands are clean
then noblesse oblige that you wipe that "who me?" look
off of your face and concede our designs separated by
nothing more than place and time. Different scenes,
same crimes. Pray, let him who's without sin cast the
first statues of the former rogues turned folk heroes
that your forefathers hung. Don't lecture me about
plundered soil while you loaf upon your father's spoils.
We want nothing more than what you already have: a
comforting set of exculpatory "facts" like, say, the
myth of an empty land and a conquest so complete we
can pull these tanks from our streets and hand the
loose ends over to bureaucrats and become just like
you - lounging carefree in your cafes, absolved from
sin and human grenades. Entre nous, how did your
desert bloom?

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