

Propaganda

"Stick The Fucking Flag Up Your Goddam Ass, You Sonofabitch"

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My father told me "son, it's futile to resist,
You can topple ideology but not the armies they enlist."
I questioned the intentions of the boy scouts chanting
war.
"Well that's the sound of freedom, son" he said.
(Free to say no more.)
But wait a minute dad, did you actually say freedom?
Well, if you're dumb enough to vote,
You're fuckin dumb enough to believe him.
'cause if this country is so goddam free,
Then I can burn your fucking flag wherever I damn well
please.
I carried their anthem, convinces it was mine.
Rhymeless, unreasoned conjecture kept me in line.
But then I stood back and wondered what the fuck had
they done to me.
Made accomplice to all that I'd promised I would never
fucking be.
Never be.
You carry their anthem convinces that it's yours.
Invitation to honor. Invitation to war.
Bette Midler now assumes sainthood.
Romanticize murder for moral.
Tie a yellow ribbon round the oak tree my friend,
And "Gee Wally, that's swell!"
Fuck the troops to hell!

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