

## Propaganda

### "With Friends Like These Who The Fuck Needs"

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With friends like these, who the fuck needs cointelpro?  
I'm punch-drunk on the sickening cadence of iron-fists  
in velvet gloves. The Cheshire grins. The crippling  
Judas kiss to christen thee a sinking ship and the  
purpose of this new counter-intelligence endeavor is to  
expose, disrupt, misdirect, discredit or otherwise  
neutralize any parades that you can't jump in front  
of. Any long years of hard work that ain't yours.  
Sometimes I wonder if you just can't help yourself?  
Overhead bloodthirsty vultures circle patiently. They  
offer condolences (and whisper bitter eulogies). Yes,  
"comrades" come as thick as thieves. But you got  
another thing coming. With friends like these, who the  
fuck needs cointelpro?

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