

## Propagandhi "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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