

Propagandhi

"Middle Finger Response"

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Bowl of cherries in Waskasoo Creek.
A sylvan way of life for those who seek none beyond a
parkland mall.
This land scape oasis now feigns city hall.
And they call this peace.
Not how it seems to me. Sugar-coated disease.
Buckle at the knees.
Your members of parliament lining their garments
With hides of the masses (their heads stuck up their
asses).
Bald little soldiers, flags sewn to their shoulders.
This insight spawns despair.
Why am I not part of this?
Pine cone wealth and cedar fence bliss?
All your novel themes that keep you amused on your
way to
The Canadian, flag-waving-aryan, mother fucking,
cock sucking dream.

Oh yeah!
Nobody cares about the state of affairs.
You can turn blue in the face, but you cannot erase.
Oblivious to the obvious.
I'm making perfect sense but I'm not getting through.
Progress overdue.
But don't expect to find me with a note left to be read.
Pistol in my hand and a bullet in my head.
Because this census indicates and this atlas has
related
3 billion humyns I haven't irritated.
I've got a lot of work to do. 3 billion people.
That's 3 billion snotty Fuck you's
Fuck you, fuck all of you.

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