

Propagandhi "Note to Self"

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No-fly list. No-drive list. No-walk list. No-talk list.
No muckraking journalist left to take stock of
The wholesale omission of outside perspectives.
How does it make you feel to know that you voted for
This?

So much for your hopes and your dreams and your
children.
You just sat there believing in this bullshit system.
Just wishing the mob would magically come to it's
senses.
How does it make you feel to know you just stood by
and

Watched it?

Dazed. Numb. Powerless. Stunned.
While we frantically click our heels, already home.

The bands. The sports. The booze.
It's all that's left of you.
When the cops and the courts refuse
To confess the sins of the few,
What is there left to do?

The answer's there right before your eyes: rise.

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