

## Propagandhi

### "Resiting Tyrranical Government"

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Why don't we all strap bombs to our chests  
And ride our bikes to the next G-7 picnic?  
It seems easier with every clock tick.  
But who's will would that represent?  
Mine, yours, the rank and file or better yet, the  
government's?  
But i don't wanna catalyze or synthesize the second  
final solution.  
I don't wanna be the Steve Smith of the revolution.  
See the analogy? We're the oilers; the World Bank the  
flames.  
Two minutes remain in the seventh game of a best of  
seven series.  
Yeah, Jesus saves, Gretzky scores.  
The workers slave, the rich get more.  
One wrong move you miss the Cup.  
Play the man not the puck.  
Why don't we plant a mechanic virus  
And erase the memory  
Of the machines that maintain this capitalist dynasty?  
And yes, I recognize the irony.  
The system I oppose affords me the luxury  
Of biting the hand that feeds.  
That's exactly why privileged fucks like me  
Should feel obliged to whine and kick and scream,  
Until everyone has everything they need.

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