

Propagandhi

"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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