

Propaghandi

"Back To The Motor League"

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I like to party fucking hard. I like my rock and roll the same. Don't give a fuck if I burn out. Don't give a fuck if I fade away. So back to the Motor-League with me before I'm forced to face the wrath of a well-heeled buying public who live vicariously through tortured-artist college-rock and floor-punching macho pabulum. Back to the Motor League I go. Once thought I drew a lucky hand. Turned out to be a live grenade of play-acting "anarchists" and Mommy's-little-skinheads, death-threats and sycophants and wieners drunk on straight-edge. Fuck off. Who cares? I'd rather hi-lite Trip-Tiks than listen to your bullshit. Fuck off. Who cares about your stupid scenes, your shitty zines, the straw-men you build up to burn. It never ceases to amaze me and as I'm suffering your perfection it reminds me of my own race to redress my own sad history of mouthed feet. Eaten hats. Teated bulls. Amish phone-books. Drunken brawls. But what have we here? 15 years later it still reeks of 'Swill and Chickenshit Conformists with their fists in the air; like-father, like-son "rebels" bloated on korn, eminems and bizkits. Lord, hear our prayer: take back your Amy Grant mosh-crews and your fair-weather politics. Blow-dry my hair and stick me on a ten-speed. Back to the Motor League. I guess life is just a popularity contest. Success, the ability to perform within a framework of obedience. Just ask the candy-coated Joy-Cam rock-bands selling shoes for venture-capitalists, silencing competing messages, rounding off the jagged edges. Today is good day to die.

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