

## **Propaghandi**

### **"Purina Hall Of Fame"**

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Sleeping masters roused to burning homes from beds.  
Steeping toddlers plucked from their watery deaths:  
ribbons, plaques and soft-soap are the ephemeral  
rewards paid to the slaves whose selfless acts accord  
a higher value to their masters, while parting gifts (bolt  
pistols) console the rest. The remainder. Too bad the  
tributes paid to lives that relegate these thrones to  
lives spent valuing the runners-up, are known to be  
neither fleeting nor desirable. But nothing surprises me  
these days. I just sit and watch the box-cars roll by and  
wait. Patient. Unattended. A package under a terminal  
bench. A short fuse to scatter steady hands if I forget  
to remember that better lives have been lived in the  
margins, locked in the prisons and lost on the gallows  
than have ever been enshrined in palaces.

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