

Propaghandi

"Today's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes"

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The tangled webs they weave span from Pine to Ruby Ridge, way back from Shay's defeat on up to Gustafsen (now cue the ass parade of ditto-heads and commissars and pricks to drown out this faintest threat of commie faggot heretics). Conclusion: the nail that sticks up gets hammered down and the master's finest tools are found slack-jawed and placid amidst the cacophony of screaming billboards and Disney-fied history. Sometimes the ties that bind are strange: no justice shines upon the cemetery plots marked Hampton, Weaver or Anna-Mae where Federal Bureaus and Fraternal Orders have cast their shadows; permanent features built into these borders. But undercover of the customary gap we find between History and Truth, the Founding Fathers bask in the rocket's blinding red glare. The bombs bursting in air. One nation. Indivisible? The truth is when the back-country learned of ratification the People had a coffin painted black and solemnly borne in funeral procession, they buried it deep in the earth as an emblem of the dissolution and internment of their Publick Liberty. Someday, somewhere, today's empires are tomorrow's ashes.

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