

## **Propaghandi**

# **"With Friends Like These, Who The Fuck Needs Cointelpro?"**

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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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