

# Propagandhi, Today's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes

This tangled web we weave spans from Pine to Ruby Ridge  
Back to Shay's defeat  
On up to Gufstafsen  
Now cue the ass parade of dittoheads and commisars and pricks  
Drown out the faintest hint of commie faggot heretics

The nail that sticks up gets hammered down  
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 build into these borders

But undercover of the  
The customary gap we find between  
History and truth  
Founding fathers  
Bask in the rockets blinding red glare  
Bombs bursting in air

But the truth is  
The back country learned of ratification  
The people had a coffin painted black  
And solemnly born in funeral procession  
They buried it deep in the earth  
An emblem of their disillusion  
Internment of their public liberty  
Someday, somewhere  
Today's empires, tomorrow's ashes