

## Benito's Earlier Work

### Propagandhi

Blood and soil by any other name  
It all turns out the same  
But I'm immune

Benito's earlier work, a distinctly different tone  
Than that of the grand buffoon marching his worms through Rome  
What can we infer from such crossings of the floor?  
I'm not sure it really matters anymore

Divination through the inspection of the entrails  
Of a society gone completely off the rails  
Optimal group size, scaling ratios suggest  
What any goddamn half-wit could've guessed

My only remaining goal was to leave this world without  
Actually killing someone, I find myself harbouring doubts  
There's a Venn diagram emerging from the mist  
I don't think you're gonna like what it suggests

Sometimes you must go too far  
To find out where your boundaries are  
You say that God has chosen you  
Well, I've been busy choosing too

When your deceptions finally fail  
We will inspect the remaining entrails  
Narcissistic, Machiavellian  
Sadistic, straight-up Orwellian  
Stand back, let's have a look at you  
The little Quisling that you've turned into

Blood and soil by any other name  
You've weaponized your pain

Destined to fail from the start  
As most catastrophes are  
Ancient contagions exhumed  
Turns out that no one's immune