

# Supporting Caste

Propagandhi

When the credits finally  
Roll for this, the  
Worst story ever  
Told, don't bother...

Sifting through the names  
For yours or anyone you know,  
Unless they  
Were by chance a shepherd king...

A virgin birth, a resurrection,  
A messianic prince or some  
Such childish thing.

You can storm the edit suite,  
Or move to block its theatrical release,  
But I think we can safely guarantee...

There will be no revisions to the script,  
Made on behalf of a supporting cast(e).

'Cause history exalts  
Only the pornography of force,  
That of murderers and psychopaths.  
The rest of us, of course...

Stricken from the narrative wholesale,  
A backdrop to their tale.

As we, the two-bits,  
Are ushered on and swiftly off this stage with...

The jawbones of asses,  
No stirring curtain call for the masses.

No floral bouquet.  
No breaking of legs.  
No recurring role.  
No artistic control.

And so in these days,  
In this terminal phase,  
It's all left to chance.

A piece of advice...  
If you're cast on thin ice,  
You may as well dance.

Do what you feel you must,  
But as for me I was not  
Put upon this earth  
To subjugate or serve.