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.

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