

# Unscripted Moment

Propagandhi

We describe the sensation  
As a tearing in our chests  
And there is a quality  
In Feiburg's father's  
Post-war wail that reaches  
Through the world's worst speakers  
And beseeches

Anyone who happens by,  
On their way to somewhere else -  
Clicking through the endless screens  
For the garbage on the shelves  
Reflections of ourselves -  
To consider the cost  
Of all this shit we seem to think  
Will fill our perforated souls.  
We're more hole than human being,  
Can't wash away that stink.

13 billion years in the making:  
A live, unfiltered moment.  
An unscripted encroachment  
Upon the province of routine evil -  
Of all-too-human people.  
So pious, so peaceful.  
So quick to turn on you.

Thought I was fucking outta here  
With two middle fingers in the air.  
Then like a mile-wide meteor,  
He came crashing through my door.

That's just how it goes.  
And everybody knows  
Ain't too much can be done.

All the avarice and greed  
And puny human hatreds  
That dare to come between two human hearts.  
I try not to live in fear  
And I'm truly grateful  
For every happy moment here.  
Upstairs I hear her voice  
She softly singing  
To him and I come undone.  
Something wicked this way comes.

And that's just how it goes  
And everybody knows  
Ain't too much can be done.