

Propagandhi

"Fuck Machine"

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It's something physical, conditioned reaction.
It's something physical, conditioned attraction.
But have I finally escaped?
Will my eyes no longer rape the innocent womyn,
children, humyn beings?
Seeing the pain that it brings.
Shallow, superficial decision.
Real beauty obscured by my television.
But this just in! Bikini film at ten.
The female anchor smiles and shrugs it off,
"Boys will be boys!"
Do you really wanna be our fucking toys?
And in again, condone it with a grin.

Sit back, idly chat, smile, prove you're just a fuck
machine.
Is that what you really wanna fucking be??
Conditioned reaction. Conditioned attraction.
Conditioned suggestion. Conditioned rejection.
And yet again, subjecting womyn.
The female anchor's fists finally clinched,
"I'm not your fucking toy!"
And though I long to embrace, I will not misplace my
priorities:
Humor, opinion, a sense of compassion, creativity,
And a distaste for fashion.

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