

Propagandhi

"Head? Chest? Foot?"

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three choices, one bullet, one trigger, guess who gets
to pull it
one leader, a thousand slaves.
for every throne there's a thousand graves
you're all the same, just part of their machine
perpetuate their dream
They subsidize your nightclubs, and they subsidize
your balls
They herd and brand the masses within painted prison
walls.
Till your freedom of assembly becomes the missiles
they create.
Or just mass delusion dancing to this music that you
fucking hate.
But I'm not the same. I'm not part of your fucking
machine.
I'll jeopardize their dream.
I'd rather be imprisoned in a George Orwell-ian world
Than your pacified society of happy boys and girls.
I'd rather know my enemies and let you know the same.
Whose windows to smash and whose tires to slash
And where to point the fucking blame.

One future. Two choices. Oppose them or let them
destroy us.

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