

## **Propagandhi**

### **"Head? Chest? Or Foot?"**

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Three choices. One bullet.  
one trigger. Guess who  
gets to pull it? One leader. One  
thousand slaves. For every  
throne there's one thousand  
graves. (give or take a grave)  
You're all the same. Just part  
of their machine. Perpetuate  
their dream. They subsidize  
your nightclubs and they  
subsidize your malls. They  
herd and brand the masses  
within painted prison walls.  
Until 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,  
then this pacified society  
of happy boyz + gurlz.  
I'd rather know my enemies  
and let you know the same.  
Whose windows to smash +  
whose tires to slash +  
where to point the FUCKing  
blame.  
One future. Two choices:  
Oppose them or let them  
destroy us.

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