

Propaghandi "Fuck Machine"

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It's something physical. It's a conditioned reaction. It's something physical. It's a conditioned attraction. But, have I finally escaped? Will my eyes no longer rape the innocent womyn, chyl dren, humyn beings? Seeing the pain that it brings. Shallow, superficial decision(s). Real beauty obscured by my tunnel/ tele-vision. But this just in! Bikini film at 10:00 pm! The female anchor just smiles and ahrugs it off, "Boys will be boys!". But do you really want to be our fucking toys? And in again, just condone it with a grin. Sit back, idly chat, smile, prove you're just a fuck machine. Is that what you really want to fucking be? Conditioned reaction. Conditioned attraction. Conditioned suggestion. Conditioned rejection. And yet again, subjecting women. The female anchors' fist finally clenched, "I'm not your fucking toy!". And though I long to embrace, I will not replace my priorities: humour, opinion, a sense of compassion, creativity and a distaste for fashion.

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