

Propaghandi

"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 their 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 a part of your fucking machine. I'll jeopardize their dream. I'd rather be imprisoned in a George-Orwellian world, than 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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