Fuck Machine

Propagandhi

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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, children: 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 shrugs it off, "Boys wil be boys!" But do really want to be our fucking toys?!? And in again, just condone it with a grin. Sit back, idly chat, smile, prove your just a fuck machine. Conditioned reaction. Conditioned attraction. Conditioned suggestion. Conditioned rejection.
And yet again, subjecting women. The female anchor's fist finally clenched. "I'm not your fucking toy!!" And thought I long to embrace, I will not mis-place my priorities: humor, opinion, a sense of compassion, creativity and a distaste for fashion.

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