Head? Chest? Or Foot?

Propagandhi

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 jeopordize
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.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/