

## Propaganda

Blitz

Defending this corruption on which you are sat  
You tell me what to think, you tell me this and that  
`Freedom is O.K. you scum` but make sure it`s never used  
In your defence of liberty I always stand accused

And your shadow in the sun always give a shock  
While the hate mail rises like some kind of moral rock  
Propaganda, you scare me to death  
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I know you want to lock me up and see justice done  
You say get the army in, you hope that day will come  
You will give me something to think about Right between my eyes  
Then you`ll see your freedom the day that freedom dies

I can`t see many reds underneath my bed  
But the fascists in the letter-box are messing up my head  
You tell me I`ve got rights, the same for rich and poor  
But you`re behind the police when they`re knocking down my door