

Greed Killing

Napalm Death

The wrong time, the wrong place,
our smiling face of distrust.
Buried, the seed deep in all our heads.
Prepared ouselves for the fall.
The greed killing!
Instinct to mistrust,
instinct- the lust.
Their butchery of feelings,
geared for the greed killing.
The greed killing!
Not now, when then?
Not now, when then?
When?(4x)
The lust denies the need.(5x)
Existence is a steady flow,
the moulded image grows,
No core, no faith in what you are,
the pressure builds right from the start.
Could it be just sour grapes?
Or have we failed to fit their shape?
It's always give, and never take.
How much more can we give?
How much more can we take?