

C.S.

## Napalm Death

Tiresome, out-grown  
Rebel's seen the light  
Re-adjusted  
Dissolved his staunch defiance  
The Antichrist shifts to the right  
He wears his 'X' and reviles mine  
Music to righteous ears  
Music to righteous ears  
Music to righteous ears  
Music to righteous ears  
Moved out of step-seeking distorted views  
Slack-brained sound bites serve his public slop  
Decries our values in decline  
But should we starve, then that's just fine  
Knee-jerk reactionary  
Knee-jerk reactionary  
The Antichrist shifts to the right  
His past a convenient oversight  
Knee-jerk reactionary  
Knee-jerk reactionary  
Decries our values in decline  
He'd flick the switch and watch us fry  
Watch us fry, watch us fry, watch us fry