

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