

De-Evolution ad Nauseum

Napalm Death

Bent double and the vibrancy has gone
Termors upon shutdown of my auto-function
They sold it well:
Contentment with no effort
Domesticated drone lets slip its motor skills
Nothing seems to click
Without my auto-function
They sold it well: Disempowerment
On demand, play dead, play dead, play dead
No verve and no drive, as I passed it all on
Trails of life relieved via my auto-function
They sold it well:
Appeasement and smooth transferal
Do I need to speak? Or emote?
And problem-solve? Or dream anymore?
Have I shrunk in stature or plummeted
Into deep hibernation?
On demand,
Play dead,
Play dead,
Play dead