

## Food Chains

## Napalm Death

Artificial for these strictly conscious times  
Organic prosthesis with a view to paying in kind  
To ease the guilt of scores of undignified ends  
Strung up, disemboweled right out of the pen  
So unbeknowing in their anonymity  
'Cause when you're marked for death  
Ears switch off to the screams  
Primal urges, blindly cull, tear and chew  
Remember, don't scorn what God gave to you  
God gave to you  
Reverting, technologically advanced  
Yet bloodily we regress  
Reversal, looking forward to  
A pressure bolt through the head?  
Numbness, second only to dumbness  
Sure, they don't feel a thing  
Travesty, communication block  
Ensures no further usage  
Travesty  
Travesty  
Travesty