

Sceptic in Perspective

Napalm Death

It's a straight and narrow path
or is it fate which takes our hand?
Play the game, praise the man that fakes the masterplan;
take the rough with the smooth.
Whose loss do we loose?
What else could we disprove?
Who shapes the abuse?
You prostitute integrity and blindly steal identity.
Buy it out and watch it die;
fashion talks, the bullshit flies.
Bite your tongue and breath a sight;
take the fall or take the climb.
Streamlined and new improved,
a nation sadly out of tune.
Is it just old-fashioned - creation with a passion?
Just an observation of a machine generation.
Push this.
The same old song.
Is the message lost in this - that's not politics?
There's a rhyme to this reason:
they're one and the same.
Take the heart they've broke
and the money they've choke;
you're left with no answer
to this industry chancer.
Just an observation of a machine generation.
Push this.
The same old song.