

Social Sterility

Napalm Death

Time for my omittance
From a sterile existance
Where the weekend pays homage
To stereotypical perpetuation

Must inebriate my senses
Into a state of delirium
Before I turn to the meat-rack
For my penial selection

Apathy spreads
In unison with social disease
A scourge that infests
The cattle markets of youth

Unconscious, just promiscuous
Deprived of self-respect
In the selling of their bodies
All emotions dead!

Thoughts absorbed
Lost in sense of direction
It's time to sit down
And reassess my course of action