

## Time Waits for No Slave

Napalm Death

Sanitize  
To blitz every lasting stain  
Turning fashioned...  
Heads turn  
Heads to marvel at plastic landscapes  
Heads to fill a vacuum of synthesized grace  
Globalise  
In continuum to equalise  
turning littered...  
Heads turn  
Heads to forego distinctions to make  
Heads to embrace prospects of life in a cage  
Plastic landscapes, synthesized grace  
Distinctions to make, life in a cage  
Time waits for no slave  
Just give them convenience upon pain of death  
Cut out the middleman  
Keep them uniformly spoon-fed  
Time waits for no salve  
Just give them convenience  
Upon pain of fucking death  
Honoured cattle-class turning fattened heads  
Heads turn  
Heads to enthuse in a permanent daze  
Heads once longing for flaws to disassociate  
Permanent daze, disassociate  
Synthesized grace, life in a cage  
In one breath you denounce  
The authoritarian reach.  
Turn of the cheek and you're basking  
In the fake sunlight of its grip