

Napalm Death

"De-Evolution Ad Nauseum"

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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 it's 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

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