

Napalm Death "Distorting The Medium"

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Saturating, pre-assuming icon of the youth
Ways and means to call the shots
Fingers in the pies which resign us from vacant urges
Facing the bombardment, no escape

Stick your intentions, parade of puppets
Sickly sweet, you stink of vulgarity
Sacrifice the faculties
All you've achieved is synthetic scenes

Next step is to gain approval from those ignore
Those who recognize the charade
To fabricate alternatives designed to be expensive
In hand with the regular facade

Acquire acclaim with plastic actions
Sickly sweet, you stink of vulgarity
Sacrifice the faculties
All you've achieved is synthetic scenes

Fit into the cliché, a legend in your own brain
Bigoted, motivated, only for prestige
A mask for your inadequacy

Reshaping for what's required
For slick commercially
Censored for subversion, redundant machine
Don't let them mold your identity

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