

Napalm Death "Food Chains"

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Artificial for these strictly conscious times
Organic prosthesis with a view to paying in kind

To ease the guilt of scores of undignified ends
Strung up, disemboweled right out of the pen

So unbeknowing in their anonymity
'Cause when you're marked for death
Ears switch off to the screams

Primal urges, blindly cull, tear and chew
Remember, don't scorn what God gave to you
God gave to you

Reverting, technologically advanced
Yet bloodily we regress
Reversal, looking forward to
A pressure bolt through the head?

Numbness, second only to dumbness
Sure, they don't feel a thing
Travesty, communication block
Ensures no further usage

Travesty
Travesty
Travesty

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