

Napalm Death "Great Capitulator"

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I'd rather die probing something
Than see the urge, shot to fucking pieces
Rip that face off, who goes there?

You may, you may doubt the necessity
You may, you may feign incredulity
You're toeing the line

Quadruple standards for a set of rules
So you don't fall prey to the ill at ease, who goes there?
Cast out, cast out to private hell
Where the, where the loose lipped freely expel

Streams of odious, twisted rationale
Streams of odious, twisted, raving rationale, rationale

Be seen and not heard, balance of disturbance
Decorum? Ooh
The earnest refusal, the bleating manoeuvre
Decorum? Ooh, ooh

Streams of wretched, heinous rationale
Streams of wretched, heinous, depraved rationale,
rationale

Buying the rawest deal
[Incomprehensible]
Apologise, ooh

I'd rather die doubting something
Than be consigned to anonymity
Kicking, screaming, who goes there?
You may, you may surrender manfully
You may, you may die in captivity, die

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