

Napalm Death "Per Capita"

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Count, countless opinions, a hotbed of riches
Last remaining entitlement
Feeling valued, devoutly subdued
Per capita, all placated and humored

A billion voices shall all register, they say
Diversity for diverse
Feeling valued, devoutly subdued
Per capita, all placated and humored

The movers, the shakers, largely abject fakers
Scale their ivory towers
Democracy sours, peasants, democracy sours,
peasants
Democracy sours, peasants

Self interest in the pure sense is pushing for the
privilege
Not to be undervalued, singled out, surplus dead
weight
Democracy sours, peasants, democracy sours,
peasants
Per capita, you are entrapped, per capita, you are
entrapped

Away from their precious glass houses
Which you'd shatter with stones of just justice
Exposing the power base for all its filthy favoritism
Per capita, they've got your number

Turning the rest against so called reprehensible
deviance
Setting new precedents for crass behavior
And so persists the untouchable elite

Scale their ivory towers, peasants
Scale their ivory towers, peasants

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