

## **Napalm Death** **"Social Sterility"**

Visit "[Social Sterility](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

[misprinted a "Social Security" (!) on the liner notes]

Time for my omittance  
>From a sterile existance  
Where the weekend pays homage  
To stereotypical perpetuation  
Must inebriate my senses  
Into a state of delirium  
Before I turn to the meat-rack  
For my penial selection  
Apathy spreads  
In unison with social disease  
A scourge that infests  
The cattle markets of youth  
Unconscious, just promiscuous  
Deprived of self-respect  
In the selling of their bodies  
All emotions dead!  
Thoughts absorbed  
Lost in sense of direction  
It's time to sit down  
And reassess my course of action

Visit [Napalm Death](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.