

## **Napalm Death**

# **"Time Waits For No Slave"**

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Sanitize

To blitz every lasting stain

Turning fashioned...

Heads turn

Heads to marvel at plastic landscapes

Heads to fill a vacuum of synthesized grace

Globalise

In continuum to equalise

Turning littered...

Heads turn

Heads to forego distinctions to make

Heads to embrace prospects of life in a cage

Plastic landscapes, synthesized grace

Distinctions to make, life in a cage

Time waits for no slave

Just give them convenience upon pain of death

Cut out the middleman

Keep them uniformly spoon-fed

Time waits for no salve

Just give them convenience

Upon pain of fucking death

Honoured cattle-class turning fattened heads

Heads turn

Heads to enthuse in a permanent daze

Heads once longing for flaws to disassociate

Permanent daze, disassociate

Synthesized grace, life in a cage

In one breath you denounce

The authoritarian reach.

Turn of the cheek and you're basking

In the fake sunlight of it's grip

