

Napalm Death, All Hail The Grey Dawn

<i>[Embury / Greenway] </i>

When I look out of my window
The feelgood factor doesn't feel so great and good

Minors feed the majors
All hail the grey dawn
Where hopes dissolve in rainstorms

When I stare into the TV
There's wealth and health and optimism

These grinning clones are way off
All hail the grey dawn
Where there is no "ideal home";

You're either a have-it-all or a have not
And when you have it all there's a license
To spin the line: "All this could be yours";

All hail the grey dawn

Because clean lines won't enhance your life
When toxic clouds pervade your nine-to-five
And leave you twisted, stunted, stumbling

All hail the grey dawn

For polluted minds contentment only reigns in paradise

Yet sombre TV faces tell the plight
As deprivation's straddled by designer might

All hail, all hail, all hail, all hail

It's not who your are - it's what you should have
To elevate your reason for being
Scramble around in the bare earth
And climb back on the wheel of drudgery

All hail, all hail, all hail, all hail