

Napalm Death, Awake

"we aren't their cattle.

We're not being bred for slavery..."

Thought trained to succeed.

From here on the pain begins.

We're maggots cast in a sea of struggle, bait for the big fish.

Crawl, forever crawling.

Faith holds no answers.

Ravenous - they greedily suck away your will to even argue.

A belief in something better.

Downtrodden, hopes still linger. faces bear the same shallow fear of

Forgotten prosperity.

Powers change.

The promise of reward. declarations false and unjust.

Tame insecurity.

A dreamlike notion that life passes by.

Cushioning the blow of impending reality,

Aimlessness is flogging us - awake!!