

Napalm Death, Awake (To A Life Of Misery)

Thought trained to succeed.
From here on the pain begins.
We're maggots, cast in the 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 eases by.
Cushioning the blow of impending reality,
Aimlessness is flogging us - awake!