

Napalm Death, Distorting The Medium

Saturating, pre-assuming icon of the youth,
Ways and means to call the shots,
Fingers in the pies which resign us from vacant urges,
Facing the bombardment - no escape!

Stick your intentions!
Parade of puppets
Sticky sweet - you stink of vulgarity!

Sacrifice the faculties,
All you've achieved is synthetic scenes.

Next step is to gain approval from those who ignore,
Those who recognise the charade,
To fabricate alternatives designed to be expensive
In hand with the regular facade.

Acquire acclaim with plastic actions,
Sickly sweet - you stink of vulgarity!

Sacrifice the faculties,
All you've achieved is synthetic scenes.

Fit into the clich',
A legend in your own brain.
Bigoted, motivated only for prestige.

A mask for your inadequacy.

Preshaping to what's required for slick commerciality.
Censored for subversion,
Redundant machine.

Don't let them mould your identity.