

Napalm Death, More Than Meets The Eye

The clever boxtricks
Tells me I'm paranoid.
But as I uncover,
The sourness and decay
Echoes my suspicions-
Civilized nations? - a contradictory farce.
The species supreme speaks with acid tongue.
(there's) more than meets the eye.
Thought process is geared
To caution to the wind.
We shuffle along discriminately,
The danger signs ignored.
Man goads woman.
Child strikes infant.
Turned against each other.
..of those who think it righteous
To liberate the wiser,
Or those who punch hardest
For the land of competition.
(there's) more than meets the eye.
Head swims, heart cries
Because hopelessness resides,
When man last falls.