

Social Sterility

Napalm Death

[misprinted a "Social Security" (!) on the liner notes]

Time for my omittance
>From a sterile existance
Where the weekend pays homage
To stereotypical perpetuation
Must inebriate my senses
Into a state of delirium
Before I turn to the meat-rack
For my penial selection
Apathy spreads
In unison with social disease
A scourge that infests
The cattle markets of youth
Unconscious, just promiscuous
Deprived of self-respect
In the selling of their bodies
All emotions dead!
Thoughts absorbed
Lost in sense of direction
It's time to sit down
And reassess my course of action

Lyrics provided by

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