Ripe for the Breaking

Napalm Death

..you weren't born with the world falling at your feet-
The path is long and agonizing being dragged on your knees.
..and the silver spoon in your mouth tastes spoilt with rust,
when all that glitters isn't gold and fortunes turn to dust.
You're prime time for the raping.
And when you don't pander to meet the agenda,
scavengers start to gather.
Perverse visionaries taste the lather;
the just rewards in controlled rebellion.
Tossed and probed like a gristly piece of meat,
lock, stock, and barrel slave.
You just don't contradict big brother.
He's got the right to push you under.
..and they pledge you the earth, then pull you six feet down.
And you're branded with the stigma: unusable dropouts.
..and with inspiration ravaged, you take the final bow,
the creative demeanor shattered into a million pieces.
You're rip for the breaking.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/