

Humane (BBC John Peel Session 28/04/82)

Vice Squad

What I read in the was reality
Hell created by students of bestiality
If this is the human race we're all sick
Torture an animal, you think you're better than it
Wake up it's time to die again
Your plite must make me cry again
They stick electrodes inside your head
If you're lucky, you'll soon be dead
Choking on tobacco smoked for pleasure
Testing out cream for a wrinkled face
Agony we cannot measure
Trapped behind the bars with no escape
Increasing Cancer Research's wealth
Isn't going to bring you good health
Reality, you continue to ignore
Much more pain for us all to endure
One day your factories and laboratories
Will be burned and you'll be brought to your knees
Then you'll find out what it's really like
When someone slowly ends your life
In factory farms across the country
Millions waiting to be freed
You say that they lack human feelings
This battered flesh on which we feed
Is it really so hard to open your eyes
See through a cruel government's disguise
Use your voice for those who have none
Or has the system struck you dumb?
Upper crust on horseback, so sick in the head
Getting such pleasure from a useless death
Taxpayer's money for the royal stud
So the parasites can let some more blood
Maiming and killing, setting your traps
Animal loving nation, a load of crap
You have no emotions, you're devoid of pity
The lowest part of humanity.
Wake up it's time to die again.

Songwriters

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