

The World Keeps Turning

Napalm Death

No way forward or back, in stalemate, we stagnate
Life cycle is an automation, instinctively, we race to get ahead?
And now our virgin minds are raped
Another insignificance to join the rat race
Self indulgence within our grasp, we're taught but torn
The sanctity of life, so vulnerable, the world keeps turning
We spin out of control
Guided, or could this mean misguided, no time for questions
Preoccupied with pressing on, the world keeps turning
We overdose on overdrive
Superior species with inferior ideas, we overload our bodies and minds
Respect this world while committing suicide, poison trait
We're the cause not the cure, our methods of fulfillment
Will surely drag us down
Guided, or could this mean misguided, our virgin minds are raped
The world keeps turning, we overdose on overdrive
We spin out of control
In stalemate, we stagnate

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