

A Means to an End

Napalm Death

Humored, presumed
Hysterical for showing alarm
Wise man, fuck you In the hands of wasters
A means to an end Cast over us appraising eye
Blind us with nonsensical science Don't need silver tongue
Or your feeble gestures Spin the coin, roll the dice
The law of averages is irrelevant
'Cause the outcome's always the same
Always the same Too many distortions in truth
Too few solutions come to light
Stand back, watch the bullshit fly
Always the same Win the hearts of the nation
With great expectations
While focusing efforts on discrediting others
Always the same The naivety of trust could be
A means to an end

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