

# 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

<https://damnlyrics.com/>