

# Sceptic In Perspective

## Napalm Death

It's a straight and narrow path  
Or is it fate which takes our hand?  
Play the game, praise the man  
That fakes the master plan Take the rough with the smooth  
Whose loss do we lose?  
What else could we disprove?  
Who shapes the abuse? You prostitute integrity  
And blindly steal identity Buy it out and watch it die  
Fashion talks, the bullshit flies  
Bite your tongue and breathe a sight  
Take the fall or take the climb Streamlined and new improved  
A nation sadly out of tune  
Is it just old-fashioned  
Creation with a passion? Just an observation  
Of a machine generation  
Push this  
Push this The same old song  
The same old song  
The same old song  
The same old song Is the message lost in this?  
That's not politics  
There's a rhyme to this reason  
They're one and the same Take the heart they've broke  
And the money they've choked  
You're left with no answer  
To this industry chancer Just an observation  
Of a machine generation  
Push this  
Push this The same old song  
The same old song  
The same old song  
The same old song Push this  
Push this

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