

Food Chains

Napalm Death

Artificial for these strictly conscious times
Organic prosthesis with a view to paying in kind
To ease the guilt of scores of undignified ends
Strung up, disemboweled right out of the pen
So unbeknowing in their anonymity
'Cause when you're marked for death
Ears switch off to the screams
Primal urges, blindly cull, tear and chew
Remember, don't scorn what God gave to you
God gave to you
Reverting, technologically advanced
Yet bloodily we regress
Reversal, looking forward to
A pressure bolt through the head?
Numbness, second only to dumbness
Sure, they don't feel a thing
Travesty, communication block
Ensures no further usage
Travesty
Travesty
Travesty

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