

## De-Evolution ad Nauseum

Napalm Death

Bent double and the vibrancy has gone  
Termors upon shutdown of my auto-function  
They sold it well:  
Contentment with no effort  
Domesticated drone lets slip its motor skills  
Nothing seems to click  
Without my auto-function  
They sold it well: Disempowerment  
On demand, play dead, play dead, play dead  
No verve and no drive, as I passed it all on  
Trails of life relieved via my auto-function  
They sold it well:  
Appeasement and smooth transferal  
Do I need to speak? Or emote?  
And problem-solve? Or dream anymore?  
Have I shrunk in stature or plummeted  
Into deep hibernation?  
On demand,  
Play dead,  
Play dead,  
Play dead