

Time Waits for No Slave

Napalm Death

Sanitize
To blitz every lasting stain
Turning fashioned...
Heads turn
Heads to marvel at plastic landscapes
Heads to fill a vacuum of synthesized grace
Globalise
In continuum to equalise
turning littered...
Heads turn
Heads to forego distinctions to make
Heads to embrace prospects of life in a cage
Plastic landscapes, synthesized grace
Distinctions to make, life in a cage
Time waits for no slave
Just give them convenience upon pain of death
Cut out the middleman
Keep them uniformly spoon-fed
Time waits for no salve
Just give them convenience
Upon pain of fucking death
Honoured cattle-class turning fattened heads
Heads turn
Heads to enthuse in a permanent daze
Heads once longing for flaws to disassociate
Permanent daze, disassociate
Synthesized grace, life in a cage
In one breath you denounce
The authoritarian reach.
Turn of the cheek and you're basking
In the fake sunlight of its grip