

Work to Rule

Napalm Death

You don't need space to focus
There is no cause to dream
Compulsive gatherer leans over drifters
And the lame to get right to the prize
Stampede at expectation's peak
Blow to blow
Job to job
Work to rule, lauded one
Work to rule with derision
You don't need space to focus;
There is no cause to dream
Run a mile
Dialled in
Work to rule, pre-emptive
Work to rule, primitives
In determinate are the hours
Or minutes to happily take stock
At the point when you return to the earth
Precious little left to objectify and shun
Will you wish you'd broken ranks?
Or was 'living' still a drawback?
Indeterminate-
Your achievements just egocentric figments?
To settle down and be tranquil
The preserve of the idle (!)
Obsessive go-getter means to surpass
Every pleasure and dumb time-waster
Stampede at expectation's peak
Take up slack
Break your back
Work to rule on the rack
Work to rule...and collapse