

Napalm Death, Means To An End

Humoured
presumed hysterical for showing alarm
Wise man, fuck you
In the hands of wasters
a means to an end
Cast over us appraising eye
blind ours with nonsensical science
Don't need silver tongue or your feeble gestures
Spin the coin, roll the dice
the law of averages is irrelevant 'cause
the outcome's always the same
Too many distortions in truth
Too few solutions come to light
Stand back, watch the bullshit fly
Always the same
Win the hearts of the nation with great expectations
while focusing efforts on discrediting others
Always the same
The naivety of trust could be a means to an end