

Napalm Death, Puritanical Punishment Beating

Automatons strayed from their flock
Cast as the embodiment of ruination

Resounding words from God
And words are all they ever are
Astounding deeds from faith
That never quite astound

Moral yardstick beats us senseless
Observe some wills being broken
Blocked the clear sight

Better an outcast than a forced sycophant
Better a head free from religious checks

No protection - oh well, take a slow sexual death
No salvation through safe birth control (!)

Same sex, different habits - who gives a fucking shit
This won't make the species unfurl

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Slavishly steered by redemption
Stricken by Biblical wrath
When solutions lie in compassionate logic
Not hearsay but the will of man