

Pop Will Eat Itself, Axe Of Men

Are you aware? Do you care?
Are you scared of experience?
Are you guilt-ridden?
Are you ashamed
To be wild and untamed?
Are you in hearing range
Of the tuning so strange?
I can soon change
Your hate to love
You'll find it sends you reeling
Disrove your feelings
You gotta learn to earn
Respect or craawl
As the standing accused
Plan to take a refuse
We will pen them
"The Axe of Men"
You'll find it helps you
It dwells within you
They'll never try
To fry you alive again
Who do you think U R?
Are you forgiving
for the fast living
Are you hip to the flip
Side of censorship?
Do you bring truth
Swear by God's truth
Everything but the proof?
Are you aware? Do you care?
Are you scared of experience
Are you that? Are you this?
Are you prejudiced?
So if I ever see
You getting clever with me
We'll never relax the Axe of Men
Then you'll be drained
Of your training
Through with explaining
Surrendering again
Who do you think U R?
Axe the play act! Yeah!
Axe the quacks!
It's only baloney!
It's only baloney!