

# Crass, Systematic Death

System, system, system  
Death in life  
System, system, system  
The surgeons knife  
System, system, system  
Hacking at the cord  
System, system, system  
A child is born

Poor little fucker, poor little kid  
Never asked for life, no she never did  
Poor little baby, poor little mite  
Crying out for food as her parents fight  
Crying out for food as her parents fight

System, system, system  
Send him to school  
System, system, system  
Force him to crawl  
System, system, system  
Teach him how to cheat  
System, system, system  
Kick him off his feet

Poor little schoolboy, poor little lad  
They'll pat him if he's good and they'll beat him if he's bad  
Poor little kiddy, poor little chap  
They'll force feed his mind with their useless crap  
They'll force feed his mind with their useless crap

System, system, system  
They'll teach her how to cook  
System, system, system  
Teach her how to look  
System, system, system  
They'll teach her all the tricks  
System, system, system  
Create another victim for their greasy pricks

Poor little girly, poor little wench  
Another little object to prod and pinch  
Poor little sweetie, poor little filly  
They'll fuck her mind so they can fuck her silly  
They'll fuck her mind so they can fuck her silly

System, system, system  
He's grown to be a man  
System, system, system  
Taugh to fit the plan  
System, system, system  
Forty years of jobs  
System, system, system  
Pushing little buttons, pulling little knobs

Poor fucking worker, poor little serf  
Working like a mule for half of what he's worth  
Poor fucking grafter, poor little gent  
Working for the cash that he's already spent  
Working for the cash that he's already spent

He's selling his life  
She's his loyal wife  
Timid as a mouse  
She's got her little house

He's got his little car  
And they share the cocktail bar  
She likes to cook his meals  
You know, something that appeals  
Sometimes he works til late  
So his supper has to wait  
But she doesn't really mind  
Cos he's getting overtime  
He likes to put a bit away  
Just for that rainy day  
Cos every little counts  
As the cost of living mounts  
They do the pools each week  
Hoping for that lucky break  
Then they'd take a trip abroad  
Do all the things they can't afford  
She'd really like to have a fur  
He'd like a bigger car  
They could buy a bungalow  
With a Georgian door for show  
He might think of leaving work  
But no, he wouldn't like a shirk  
He'd much prefer to stay  
And get his honest days pay  
He's got a life of work ahead  
There's no rest for the dead  
She's tried to make it nice  
He's said thankyou once or twice

System, system, system  
Deprived of any hope  
System, system, system  
Taught they couldn't cope  
System, system, system  
Slaves right from the start  
System, system, system  
Til death do them part.

Poor little fuckers, what a sorry pair  
Had their lives stolen, but they didn't really care  
Poor little darlings, just your ordinary folks  
Victims of the system and it's cruel jokes  
Victims of the system and it's cruel jokes.

The couple views the wreckage  
And dreams of home sweet home  
They'd almost paid the mortgage  
Then the system dropped its bomb