

# Napalm Death, Cure For The Common Complaint

So drawn? I warm to the fire in their hearts  
This ain't romantic gesturing  
It's a hand to head the charge  
To the indifference of the preening, idle rich  
Such champions are cancerous, tumours in the gut  
of affluent bliss  
Why let these scab observers tag them trouble-makers?  
It's naive? You're on a leash.  
This is the cure for their common complaint (x2, second time scream)  
Ditch the gullibility  
Strike 'til the green runs dry  
bring them to their knees  
Or squander as they thrive  
Reject the cure for their common complaint (x2, second time scream)  
On break,  
Agitate!  
Hoist those standards, arm in arm  
Walk the walk and talk the talk  
Agitate! Agitate! Agitate!