

Napalm Death, Food Chain

Artificial for these strictly conscious times.
Organic prothesis with a view to paying in kind.
To ease (the) guilt of scores of undignified ends.
Strung up, disemboweled right out of the pen.
So unbeknowing in their anonymity.
'Cause when you're marked for death,
ears switch off to the screams.
Primal urges.
Blindly cull, tear and chew.
Remember - Don't scorn what God gave to you.
What God gave to you.
Reverting, technologically advanced
yet bloodily we regress.
Reversal - Looking forward to a pressure bolt
through the head?
Numbness - second only to dumbness.
Sure, they don't feel a thing!
Travesty.
Communication block ensures no further usage.
Travesty.
Travesty.
Travesty.