

Napalm Death, Mass Appeal Madness

Tell me, assure me, I really can't believe your dishonesty.
Dissention, seeking attention, yet segregation from the ones' that
really cared.

Tell me, assure me, I really can't believe your dishonesty.
Cash styled deadhead, no conscience or opinions.
Material gain bar happiness means shit.

It means shit.

Mass appeal madness eats your brain. False influence like a leach.
Sucking dry your veins.

Public eyes see fit your second face.
Freakshow - fooling those who imitate.

Clever marketing to dominate. Screwing those who gave you your big
break.

And when the bubble bursts, exposing your selfish crap.
You'll cry for sympathy, we'll just sit back and laugh.