

Napalm Death, Politicians

Now you are screaming in pain
They are striking you on your face
Their bombs, money and power
They are stepping over you
The dreams of the crowd
Are used to make them strong
Elections, discussions, and conferences
Are the reasons for the street violence
You could be just a number
You could be just a vote
But you are also the reason of their desperation
Politicians, you are shit
Politicians, you are crap
Politicians, you sons of bitches
Outlaws, are you still stealing?
You have to die, yes alright
You will die, yes, die