

Napalm Death, Vegetative State

<i>[Mitch Harris / Greenway] </i>

In the end it comes down to this:
Want, want, want for a blanket of material bliss

Can you live it?
Does it gleam?
Feel it rid the heart of ideals

This is a vegetative state
It's a vegetative state
A vegetative state

What you gather - is that all you're worth?
Playing catch-up with opulence
Want. Want. Want

A get-out clause
Away from the dregs
Leave the dogs to borrow, steal, and beg

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I'd like to know who they're fucking kidding
When they call this a classless society?

I'd like to know why the wight of the law is brought down
When desperation knocks you off course?

Not in the vegetative state

I'd like to know how the high-rolling movers
Manoevure around rules?

I'd like to know why "opportunity for all"
Remains a worthless slew of words

This si a vegetative state

I'd like to know

Uncivilised - that's me
A mongrel too
A bottom-feeder who sees right through

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