

# Paul King, So brutal

Switch on, 21st century brethren  
silverspoon babies what stirs you at all  
turn me on, oh tv generation  
I'll be the user for your VDU  
of course goodbyes are rarely a sweet thing  
they rarely come easy, they hurt and they're sore  
so don't be cruel, raise your hand and wave  
say goodbye to a century of heartache and pain  
to young America, satellites and red square  
star wars who cares, that's the 21st century happening  
Einstein's fat head, sugar and white bread  
consumer victims and slaves  
the microchip and AIDS  
to all the slaughterhouse denials  
since the Nuremburg trials  
to all that's unknown and said  
so cruel; so brutal  
of course, you'll always find pain if you want to  
why break your heart searching  
for ultra truths, try to understand  
it's a mirror in the desert sand  
like any growth of evil, from nazis to cancer  
it's slow and it's steady, so always be ready  
just look out of your window man, so brutal  
where people search for salvation via cable tv  
and clean cut advisors will point out the disease  
of the junkies and the queers and the scum  
and the filth of the street  
well excuse me sirs, would you pass that by me again  
and by the way  
just who is it who categorises or arbitrates  
are they lizard cold  
unpassioned souls  
the creator, the farmer and the reaper who'll  
show no regret  
who can just sit back on their righteousness  
with the button poised  
or turning on the gas  
so that only the wise, too dumb or too scared  
will survive  
I'm talking religion again  
I'm talking power again  
I'm talking the sci-fi predictions  
of the suffering capacity of man  
so don't look to the east  
don't look to the west  
if you want to survive  
you better look to yourself  
get yourself wise  
step off the carousel...