

# Napalm Death, Abattoir

Feel my hate for you and your kind,  
for the shit you believe in your minds.  
You feel nothing - you just lied to me.  
You have no emotions - just satisfied smiles.

Abattoir

Your mind is like an abattoir  
You used me like a lamb for slaughter.  
I never believed a word you said.  
I'll piss on your grave - laught when you're dead.