

Napalm Death, All Links Severed

Without own fate people scorching burns
Turned to back trails the wrong visor waste most by terror
Without the world come treat to would that borsch
Scorned in withed of trots
The wrong visor severed from all senses
You're rein no reason
Coming flame from twisting and chop the chosen
Termed me you're be injection of bacon ways
Save us! Don't make fights passing in that lies
Filled brake ways you're nothing pulsate
Save us! The wrong visor, common visor!