

Napalm Death, Blunt Against The Cutting Edge

Blunt/ on the cutting/ edge!

This is stylistic disaster
Or so I'm told
Won't meet your estimations
Do well to fold
Can't keep up
to the dummy run
Am I redundant?

Nice and neat
(with a) sideline in grief
I'll stay unkempt

A real cutting edge is the scourge of the norm
For all the angst, you're tantrum-fuelled dolls

Abrasiveness a convenience
Sell for a score
Come up clean doing the dirty
Cut and run, then dissolve

Mould in motion
See straight through
Transparent you

A real cutting edge is the scourge of the norm
For all the angst, you're tantrum-fuelled dolls

I'm blunted, I'm blunted on the cutting edge
Sharpness diminished through truth to myself

I'm rusted, I'm rusted on the cutting edge
Sight-lines cloud over when met with pretence

Together.
Drop the act!
Drop the act!

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Sharpness diminished through truth to myself

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Sight-lines cloud over when met with pretence

Drop the act!
Drop the act!