

Napalm Death, Blunt Against The Cutting Edge

Blunt/ on the cuttong/ 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 th 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 cuting 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!

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

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

Drop the act!
Drop the act!