Napalm Death, Cause And Effect (Part 2)

Reproach envelopes me. A hierarchy through violence - street =
society.
Street society. I voice my contempt.
Convinced of my immunity.
Yet on a smaller scale, in my conflicted world, my resistance is =
stretched.
You sense and provoke.
You mock and degrade my friends and aims, tempting drastic actions - =
baiting me.
My shame turning, turning to rage!
Twisting the knot inside, the final strains of restraint discharged.
Acceleration of loathing, driving my physical force.
The shameful act, the feelings of angst, I considered myself =
incapable.
Lay blame with me for the "bastard" that I am, (you're) too stupid =
to understand the scars your cruel words inflict.