

Napalm Death, Changing Colours

Adapting to different surroundings,
changing your views day by day,
too critical of others
when you too are at fault.
Several sets of opinions
like colours to camouflage yourself.
Like a fox sly in your manouvres,
too soon you'll get caught unawares.
Sometimes I feel pity,
sometimes I feel hatred...
Sometimes you're my friend,
sometimes you're my enemy.
I'll never give you the satisfaction
of knowing how I feel.