

Napalm Death, Display To Me

Domesticate me
Into your ideal creation
Fondle me
When in need of attention

Brutalise me
As a target for your aggression

Inject me
With your putrid diseases
Stretch my senses
Beyond the peak of insanity

Why practice methods of prevention
When I can pay for your hideous mistakes?

Blind me
With cosmetic filth
To form the mask that hides your guilt
Insecure, uncaring clowns
Your dolled-eyes don't see
The suffering I've prolonged
For your wretched vanity

Chew on my flesh
With perverted lust
Display to me
The depths of your compassion

As you excrete
My digested corpse
Into the shit-pan
My place of rest