

Napalm Death, Fasting On Deception

So long we shared friendship, I thought (but misguided)

Finally you came then, what I knew you were, all along.

Spineless, you pretend to be what you're not to me, and all around me.

Two faced and so self - centered.

It works both ways, but you can't feel you obsessions blinding you.

You abuse, and for what do we get in return?

My last chance to repent.
It's your last chance.
We'll fast on you deception.

After all, you've proved yourself.
So many things maliciously absurd.

I cannot trust you and I never will.
Still a disillusioned friend.