

# Napalm Death, Fatalist

Though we later may walk  
In a valley in a shadow of death  
What should we logically fear?  
Perhaps the complacent urge for a deity  
To make us whole and guide us through  
To fulfil an image that is cloudy at best

Where was the help previously  
When appeals went unheard?  
Huge effort expended on devotion  
For nothing in return  
Grimly clinging, predetermined  
To prop up an image that is cloudy at best  
Resigned rigid, predetermined  
To covet a vision that is forced on the rest

Life becomes an exercise in cutting down your options  
Existing becomes a joyless parade to the end

Life becomes a platform from which to attack free thought  
Existing becomes a prison where self-discovery's forbidden

The fatalist

Any fool starting afresh would surely ditch this  
After two-thousand years of schism  
Only irreligious hearts can do the saving