

# Napalm Death, Finer Truths, White Lies

What I see is what I be  
I shall point creel in body in torture  
And for what's?  
What I see is what I be  
I shall point beat in body in torture  
Dared the shredded time  
Down come to be wells afford  
And for what's?  
And find my tram intent  
The deep the scale to what the truth  
A mind part my strong intent  
To deep the scale to what the truth  
Awaked in fume of this hypocrite chum  
Brake turned glace with pieces of I am broken man  
Prop me here or let me go  
Awaked in fume of this hypocrite chum  
Brake turned glace with pieces  
Thrown the barrow of broken man  
To here I am you chop me out for getting mind  
I gave you mind, prop me here or let me go