

Napalm Death, Glimpse Into Genocide

Blindness leading.
Which one of me is real?
Through corridors of uncertainty
A force without form.

I've dug a hole so deep,
full of the shit of compromise.
For once can't I keep
pain on the outside.

Adapt.
Take on release.
Others.
Thoughts infringed.
Adapt.
Take on release.
A life -
On pause syringed.
(x2)

A glimpse into genocide.
My own emotions a million strong.
A heart so full of emptiness