Napalm Death, Got Time To Kill

Sometimes I wallow, in an air,
Somewhere between a state of good intention and pathos - no worries!

I've got time to kill!

Wear my bleeding heart on a discerning sleeve,
The mind is there but the spirit's weak - time to worry!

When the time is killing concern.
Presumption, an assumption.
Redemption - unsolved.

Riding on the perseverance of others with armchair ideology.

I'm a link in a chain of strength.
Destructive inner fatigue corroding our effectiveness.

Got to kick myself into gear,
Instead of shrinking from activity.

I've got time to kill my concern!