

Napalm Death, Hung

Downwards, downwards-

Life's spiraling descent.

All love is lost.

Premature and unreasoning.

Perversely chained without any values.

Wretched, degraded.

Take it all on the chin.

To forever hold my piece.....

The reins turned noose pull taunt as I fall.

The figment is more painful than the fact,

And I'm the one to hang, just for being me!

The murky clouds wash, solace comforts me not,

And I'm the one to hang, just for being me!

Black numbing blanket smothers attrition once and for all