

Napalm Death, Primed Time

I've walked to the ends of the earth, and glanced into the eyes of
those who were going the opposite way.
They failed to bridge the gap, first contact was a threat and you
could taste the surging unrest.

Who wrote the law that opposites attract?
Who could be so naive?
Everyone trusts no-one.

Looking out for number one.
Ours is a primed time.

The finite thrill of the loathing - a streak in our life bearing
dreams.
It strengthens to soothe the open wound, but ours is a primed time.

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Bonding? - Do you think I want the upper hand?
Broken contracts, we sow infertile seeds and reparation pales.