

Napalm Death, Remain Nameless (Pete Coleman

No place.
My number's up.
Still not good enough.
Sequestered, should I bow my head?
Unlucky?
Not to be a part .
Accept the ordeal, bar-coded.
Cut the deals, downloaded.
Succession strains.
Misinformed.
Denied, your words shattered.
Purposeless.
I'll breath the free air, and remain nameless.