

Napalm Death, Striding Purposefully Backwards

What do I have to do for once to make the mark?

What do I have to say to register a point?

Overtaken - all desire and no connections.

I recall these friends in tune

Never would they stoop so low

And turn on those who built them up

Where I'm advised to move

It sickens me to think

When do I reach the place where I will fall from grace?

Conscientious - to the point where I self-implode

I recall these friends in tune

Never would they stoop so low

And turn on those who built them up

Protective - only when I just might get what's due

Steal the march on a friend whose work you'd prostitute

How quickly you discard those around when usefulness is gone

Beating sense into you sadly sits well

However, blows are dull on an empty shell

Prostituted

Prostituted

Prostituted

Prostituted