

Napalm Death, Clutching At Barbs

Waylaid by the hand that leads.
Scale the heights of intimacy.
Forewarned, unarmed,
one intoxicating whiff and you're snared.

Dose up to delirium,
cross circles of death for the good,
deflect (all) contests.
One intoxicating whiff and you're snared.

Mock me - I'm convulsing.
I'm clutching at barbs.
Crass pity goes the deepest,
it magnifies the dross.

A grip enforced - barely healing.
I'm clutching at barbs.
Leave me to snatch and paw
then lick my wounds.

Struggle spent, I concede defeat.
Swing for scumbags
who heaved the leash.
Soft hands, sweet chance,
one intoxicating whiff and I'm snared!