

Napalm Death, Eyes Right Out

Don't look upon the spoils with accusing gaze
Don't insinuate that this stranglehold should really break
Don't jab conspiratorial fingers in that direction
Don't hold up to the light their dregs of purified poison

Gently you'll be dissuaded, brought around

Don't work out that the suffering mind knows when to die
Don't drink from jewelled chalices and wonder why
Don't steal back from exploiters that stripped you bare
Don't arrive back to thinking that he's got your share

Somehow you've been dissuaded and shut out

Objections raised all softened to a murmur
Wanton blasphemers shrink down in this vacuum

Loudest base pleasures stifled to a whimper
Colour and shade is so bland in this vacuum

Repentant - you've been muzzled in their open arms