

Napalm Death, Farce And Fiction

I chase my toil
Hammering a nail against the grain of fact
I keep on bouncing back
Misinformation is passed
Look left to the right
Always fight or fight
I painfully dissect
Will never take as read
Yet fall back to earth as the wretch
Which suits them fucking fine
Mister pessimism - a trait we'd all rather
Mister pessimism - after this it comes so natural
Reserving judgement wounds me time after time
Exploitation becomes a daily grind
Take a saccharine shot, not to humour these fuckers
But the scheming scum have all bases covered
Which suits you fucking fine
From a catalogue of lies, there is scant protection
So you see dependability is force and fiction
Which suits you fucking fine