

# Napalm Death, Farce And Force

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 f\*\*king 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 f\*\*kers  
But the scheming scum have all bases covered  
Which suits you f\*\*king fine  
From a catalogue of lies, there is scant protection  
So you see dependability is force and fiction  
Which suits you f\*\*king fine