

Napalm Death, Glimpse To Genocide

Blindness leading.

Which one me is real?

Through corridors of uncertainty- a force without form.

I've dug a hole so deep.

full of the shit of compromise.

For one I can't keep

pain on the outside.

Adapt.

Take on release.

Others.

Thoughts infringed.

Adapt.

Take on release.

A life-

On pause syringed.

A glimpse into genocide.

My own emotions, a million strong.

A heart so full of emptiness-