

Napalm Death, Indispose

Do you think you can trust?
Your mind made up of the things
That cause you to live your life

Displaced
Dispose

Give in
You've got the best of me
Wear thin
Resisting qualities

I had no choice
You've got the best of me
Force me to voice
Resisting qualities

They blame you
Beat you
Drain you of remaining morsels
As you tremble

Shattered
Scattered now before you
They wipe your face in disgust

Indispose

Despite the fact
Accept the fact
You gave your best
Famous last words