

# Napalm Death, Judicial Slime

Taste me, you made me what I am,

Mind polluting, worthless fuck.

Am I the mental feast, bruised and scarred, the underdog

A pawn within a losers game, my strength will grow upon your fear.

Slime, in time youll face your end line, judge me not before

Yourself.

Breed, take my pride - thats all you can.

Hatred surges burning...

-burning me -

Feed, for what atonement do you seek?

Your dying grasp of loyalty...

-breaks like brittle bones -

Forgotten past, I stand condemned,

For I am more powerful than youd imagine.