

# Napalm Death, My Own Worst Enemy

Played out, wide off the mark,  
Mania develops,  
Akin to fiction,  
More than to a world of fact.

(Chorus:)  
My own worst enemy.  
My own worst enemy.  
Life's foul treachery.  
My own worst enemy.

Dams of emotions build  
A dull and turbid screen,  
Clouding veils of black  
In jungles of hopes oppressed.

(Chorus)

So many times,  
For no reason.  
So many promised punches,  
For what reason?

Ceaseless decay,  
Parallel obscene and flagrant.  
Ceaseless decay,  
Restrained my mind coils.

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