

Napalm Death, Section

Spit out the poison
That plastic motive
The soothing pain that feeds the hole
A carnage path of one-time friends
A stepping stone to personal ends

A line that piles high
An art of trend
Champagne delusions
Contorts and bends
The seething mass which consumes deceit
The frozen glance
Burn obsolete

All we are is section
Struggling blindly through deception