

Napalm Death, Thanks For Nothing

Serve my head on a plate
Pulp my heart with ill will
I did trust you, led to lust you, to be duped

Thanks for fucking nothing!
Serve my head on a plate
Pulp my heart with ill will
Sensed a mystique, turned to spent air? Killed it dead

Thanks for fucking nothing
Scraped the depths to salvage something
Thanks for fucking nothing
Drained my all, then dropped the bombshell

True, we were not joined/ our every feature spliced
Though you rushed in and took a lead
Three words spouted

This contagion
crossed all divides
caused a shift in protective focus

Three words flouted

Untimely end, I should've clicked? a sensory cut-out
A spoiling of the harmony, of which we were about
I don't despise or demonize, but I just know your form
Walk right out and move along, and leap before you look

Thanks for fucking nothing!