## Napalm Death, Throwaway

Ive slipped the noose, The shackles are off. My maturity fixation outshines. Its go for broke And fuck it all, With head held higher (than thou) I am the man that used to care. Who was I then? So guizzical with foresight. Now Ive favored to savor the flavor Of nine-to-five intuition. Out with the old, in with the new regime. I sold my soul to the rebotised dream. Breaking bones of contention. Im just an empty shell With integrity scooped out. A painted smile, A glass-eye high On two that cant cry. Touch me, Im cold to the merits of (real) love. I stepped back from the edge When other slipped off.