

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 quizzical 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.