

# Napalm Death, Warped Beyond Logic

Absorb this, relent  
Approach this in a trance

Monoliths raised - oh aching faith  
Monoliths blotting your landscape

They'll try to coax you in,  
But they'll never snare your mind  
They'll try to cast aspersions  
On your failing, Godless life

Stare with indifference into the invisible eye  
Who so died for many sins -  
Those were theirs, not mine

They'll try to flail you  
With a blast of righteous air  
They'll try to break your stride  
Until you really walk the path of the damned

The Pentecost, no Testament  
Could complement my consciousness

They'll move to turn you  
Against yourself and where you stand  
They'll isolate you  
To the point where non-compliance equals banishment

Theorise, marginalize, chastise