

Finer Truths, White Lies

Napalm Death

What I see is what I be
I shall point creel in body in torture
And for what's and for what's?
What I see is what I be
I shall point beat in body in torture
Dared the shredded time
Down come to be
Down come to be, wells afford
And for what's, and for what's?
And find my mind tram intent
The deep, the scale to what the truth
A mind part my strong intent
To deep, the scale to what the truth
Awake in fume of this hypocrite chum
Brake turned glance with pieces of
I am broken man, prop me here
Prop me here or let me go
Awake in fume of this hypocrite chum
Brake turned glance with pieces
Thrown the barrow of broken man
To here I am, you chop me out for getting mind
I gave you mind, prop me here
Prop me here or let me go