

Obstinate Direction

Napalm Death

Premature is our response
To the apathy we're allegedly fighting
When the only voice we seem to share
Is the one of infantile back-biting

As once broken-down barriers
Are gradually being recreated
We neglect our main purpose
And allow ourselves to be segregated

As we slowly fall apart
Divided by bitchery

In a bated breath
Who mentioned the word "unity"?