

Eyes Right Out

Napalm Death

Don't look upon the spoils with accusing gaze
Don't insinuate that this stranglehold should really
break
Don't jab conspiratorial fingers in that direction
Don't hold up to the light their dregs of purified poison
Gently you'll be dissuaded, brought around
Don't work out that the suffering mind knows when to die
Don't drink from jewelled chalices and wonder why
Don't steal back from exploiters that stripped you bare
Don't arrive back to thinking that he's got your share
Somehow you've been dissuaded and shut out
Objections raised all softened to a murmur
Wanton blasphemers shrink down in this vacuum
Loudest base pleasures stifled to a whimper
Colour and shade is so bland in this vacuum
Repentant - you've been muzzled in their open arms