

My Own Worst Enemy

Napalm Death

Played out, wide off the mark,
mania develops,
akin to fiction,
more than to a word of fact.

My own worst enemy.

My own worst enemy.

Lifes foul teachery.

My own worst enemy.

Dams of emotion build
a dull and turbid screen,
cloudlike veils of black
in jungles of hopes oppressed.

(repeat chorus)

So many times,
for no reason.

So many promised punches,
for what reason?

Ceaseless decay,
parallel obscene and flagrant.

Ceaseless decay,
restrained my mind coils.

So many times,
for no reason.

So many promised punches,
for what reason?

Ceaseless decay,
parallel obscene and flagrant.

Ceaseless decay,
restrained my mind coils.

(repeat verses 3 & 4)

(repeat verse 1 and)