

## Napalm Death "Feeling Redundant"

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The past drags behind us like a dead weight  
Prone for the large part, yet piling on the guilt  
Bullying, rebuking, lest we re-imagine

Because by moving in the here and the now  
It has become ingrained as given  
Direction less, transparent, brittle beings that we are

But consider this  
Those who can't escape the past  
Are condemned to repeat it

They place us in a losing battle  
But will we die for any flag? I don't think so  
Quietly unwilling, escorted  
There is little of our choosing

Disorientated by the noise of custom  
It dissipates the present and the future unbalanced  
Excluded for envisioning a new space

Those who can't escape the past  
Are condemned to repeat it  
Are condemned to repeat it

Those who can't escape the past  
Are condemned to repeat it  
Are condemned to repeat it  
Condemned to repeat it

The past gives us oversight  
But we have nothing if it is rehashed  
Are we so stupefied that we've run out of steam?

The past can keep us blissfully ignorant  
Away from a plunge into the virgin unknown  
Are we so fucking drained that we've run out of steam?  
Are we so stupefied that we've run out of steam?

The past drags behind us like a dead weight  
It has become ingrained as given  
Direction less, transparent, brittle beings that we are

They place us in a losing battle  
It dissipates the present and the future  
Direction less, transparent, brittle beings that we are

But consider this  
Those who can't escape the past  
Are condemned to repeat it

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