

Napalm Death "Judicial Slime"

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Taste me, you made me what I am,
Mind polluting, worthless fuck.
Am I the mental feast, bruised and scarred, the
underdog
A pawn within a losers game, my strength will grow
upon your fear.
Slime, in time you=B9ll face your end line, judge me
not before =
yourself.
Breed, take my pride - that=B9s all you can. =
Hatred surges burning... =
-BURNING ME -
Feed, for what atonement do you seek?
Your dying grasp of loyalty... =
-BREAKS LIKE BRITTLE BONES -
Forgotten past, I stand condemned,
For I am more powerful than you=B9d imagine.

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