

Napalm Death "Primed Time"

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Ive walked to the ends of the earth,
And glanced into the eyes of those
Who were going the opposite way.
They failed to bridge the gap,
First contact was a threat
And you could taste the surging unrest.
Who wrote the law that opposites attract?
Who could be so naive?
Everyone trusts no-one.
Looking out for number one.
Ours is a primed time.
The finite thrill of the loathing -
A streak in our life bearing dreams.
The connecting virus drives a volatile wedge.
It strengthens to soothe the open wound,
But ours is a primed time.
Although Im not exempt of blame,
It strengthens to soothe the open wound,
But ours is a primed time.
Bonding? - do you think I want the upper hand?
Broken contracts, we sow infertile seeds
And reparation pales.

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