

Napalm Death

"Procrastination On The Empty Vessel"

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Procrastination on the empty vessel
Roll over and over to take a breather
Is this dereliction of duty
To not throw a giant stick in the works?
To labor so rigidly
Fleeing safe havens of natural beauty

Procrastination on the empty vessel
Toil to the bone so the machines roll on
Is this vague assumption
That a call to a halt will signal our untimely end?
To labor so rigidly
All the safe havens of natural beauty

We don't believe that we have the nerve
We can believe that refusal won't hurt
We don't believe that we have the nerve
We can believe that refusal won't hurt
We don't believe much in ourselves

Nil retribution on the empty vessel
Bracing ourselves as we smashed our routine
This feels like liberation
Or a call to a halt that signaled our untimely end
To have labored so rigidly
Barred from safe havens of natural beauty

We don't believe that we have the nerve
We can believe that refusal won't hurt
We don't believe that we have the nerve
We can believe that refusal won't hurt
We don't believe much in ourselves, ourselves

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