

Napalm Death "Purist Realist"

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Purist realist manipulates
Purist realist segregates
Purist realist on their own terms
Purist realist you never learn

Inner loathing, the mounting hate
Hundred fights, a thousand regrets

Sacrifice
You wear me like a second skin

Dwelling on a scene of bitter love
Harping on some forgotten war

The shadow former self

Purist realist manipulates
Purist realist segregates
Purist realist on their own terms
Purist realist you never learn

Two-faced preacher denied yourself
Purist realist, a rotting state of grace

Sacrifice
You wear me like a second skin

The shadow former self

Cannot be me, cannot be me
Cannot be me, cannot be me
Cannot be me, cannot be me

Cannot see the once treasured
Depleting life it shows in
Your weakness, impotence
Inability to have spoken

Summarizing that teasing
That non-restricted feelings
Set in a moment in dealing
Return to the source of regret

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