

Napalm Death "State Of Mind"

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To transgress out,
Out of a savage state of mind.
A deep rooted, continuous outcry.
Territory under rule.
But from whom?
Do we choose the right to not choose
To be fools?
To grasp greedily,
A freedom from pride.
A binding force, a source of strength.
Territory under rule.
But from whom?
Do we choose the right to not choose
To be fools?
To be content to lose, an act of saving,
Of deliverance for a while.
For the knowing smile of I told you so
Fear and its penalties,
To utter such cries.
I think the choice is there to underule.

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