

## **Napalm Death**

# **"Thanks for Nothing"**

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Mitch harris

Serve my head on a plate  
Pulp my heart with ill will  
I did trust you,  
Let to lust you, to be duped

Thanks for fucking nothing !  
Serve my head on a plate  
Pulp my heart with ill will  
Sensed a mystique ? turn to spent air ?  
Killed it dead

Thanks for fucking nothing  
Scap the dephts to salvage something  
Thanks for fucking nothing  
Drained my all, then drop the bombshell

True, we were not joined ?  
Our evey feature spliced  
Though you rushed in and took a lead  
Three words spouted

This contagion  
Crossed all divides  
Caused a shift in protective focus

Three words flouted

Unntimely end, I shouldve clicked ?  
A sensory cut-out  
A spoiling of the harmony,  
Of which we were about  
I dont despise or demonise,  
But I just know your form  
Walk right out and move along,  
And teap before you look

Thanks for fucking nothing !

