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## **Napalm Death** "Thrown Down A Rope"

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Someone wants me dead From the neck and upwards Rope weaved by these hands Box of my toils

Coerced, dazed by a sucker punch Reeling, believing that these are the dues

Someone wants me dead From the neck and upwards

Pitch back, throwback to a chastised youth No quarter, stifled under a stitch-up hood

To be made an example Will staunch my deviant flow

Held a lever that only I can pull Need a trauma to Silence my loose tongue Loose tongue

Bigots want my head On a plate to sound out

Probing, exposing delicate core to full view Damning, programming etiquette to suit

To dissect and reset Will staunch my deviant flow

Held a lever that only I can pull Need a trauma to silence my loose tongue Group constrictor throttling a bond Call a cull to silence our loose tongues

Silence our loose tongues Silence our loose tongues

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