

Napalm Death

"Warped Beyond Logic"

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Absorb this, relent
Approach this in a trance

Monoliths raised - oh aching faith
Monoliths blotting your landscape

They'll try to coax you in,
But they'll never snare your mind
They'll try to cast aspersions
On your failing, Godless life

Stare with indifference into the invisible eye
Who so died for many sins -
Those were theirs, not mine

They'll try to flail you
With a blast of righteous air
They'll try to break your stride
Until you really walk the path of the damned

The Pentecost, no Testament
Could complement my consciousness

They'll move to turn you
Against yourself and where you stand
They'll isolate you
To the point where non-compliance equals banishment

Theorise, marginalize, chastise

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