

Walls of Confinement

Napalm Death

Before my eyes I see a wall
Twelve thousand miles high
And the same amount wide Within that wall are faces of people
To whom I once could relate Now communicating seems hard
When there's an ego barrier to break through Opinions of self opinion cloud a new horizon
The vision a mere illusion Biased in conclusion, trapped in seclusion
To the outside, exclusion When an attitude is so biased
What can you expect to change? Banging your head
But the wall's not moving
It's enclosing Burning so much energy
Enthusiasm burning
Is change the real obsession? Or with a sense of pretension
Do you merely strive
For credible attention [unverified]

Songwriters

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